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LIFE

OF

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

James Hamill

LIFE

OF

JAMES HAMILTON

D.D. F.L.S.

BY WILLIAM ARNOT

EDINBURGH

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LONDON

JAMES NISBET & CO., BERNERS STREET

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ERRATA.

P. 8, line 11 from foot, *for* 4th January *read* 1st January.
300, at foot, *for* London *read* Willenhall.
477, in date of letter, *for* Jan. *read* June.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH, TILL HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

"A TRAP to catch a sunbeam,"—the playful title of a fiction, strangely presents itself here as the fittest phrase to express the aim, sober, grave, and tender, of this real and recent history. Great and good lives,—lives that are at once manly and godly, where the affections that spring from the earth are imbued with the holiness that distils from heaven,—are like rays of sunlight which gladden the world while they shine, but leave it dark and chilly when they depart. O for an art in the moral sphere, equivalent to that of the photographer in the material, whereby we might seize, and fix, and perpetuate those rarer rays which stream through the mass of human history like veins of felspar in a quarry!

This is the specific task assigned to the biographer. Feeble and faint at best must be the image of a life transferred to a printed page, in comparison with that life itself, as it was felt by friends while it lasted, and is remembered still; but, if the original were indeed a sunbeam sent from heaven to cheer a portion of this dull earth, a copy, to some extent true and suggestive, may be taken and kept. The negative which a biography may fix for the use of

posterity will fail indeed to reproduce the vital colours; but if it be at once fond and faithful it will secure a true outline, and help surviving friends to recall the vanished life.

The family from which James Hamilton sprang can be traced for several generations, some as proprietors and some as cultivators of the soil, in the middle ward of Lanarkshire. About the middle of the last century, John Hamilton, laird of Burnside and East Quarter, had reached an advanced age, and was unmarried. In these circumstances it was natural that James, the son of his deceased brother, should, in his youth, permit himself to be buoyed up with the hope of becoming in due time a country gentleman, and so being able to live on his rents without care or labour of his own. The marriage of the old gentleman, however, and the appearance of an heiress on the stage, effectually extinguished the young man's fondly cherished hopes. But that which came in the form of a calamity turned out a blessing in disguise: it supplied the stimulus which was needed to mould and invigorate his character. The event that spoilt his prospect of an inheritance tore him away, before it was too late, from a career of idle sport, already begun, and projected his life upon a course of honourable industry. In 1761, at the age of twenty-three, he married Mary, daughter of Andrew Hamilton of Avondale, who had suffered much in person and property from incursions of the rebels in 1745. Thomas, their youngest son, originator and head of the eminent publishing house of Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London, still sur-

vives at a patriarchal age, in full possession of all his faculties, a pattern at once of the successful merchant, the accomplished gentleman, and the humble yet hopeful disciple of Christ.

William, an elder son, Dr. James Hamilton's father, was born on the 4th of February 1780, at Longridge in the parish of Stonehouse. The course of his early education is summed up in two short sentences of his autobiography, "The Bible was my class book. My mother was my tutor." Somewhat imperfectly equipped, according to his own account, for want of a competent classical instructor within reach, he entered the University of Edinburgh in November 1796. Prosecuting each successive branch of his studies with extraordinary zeal, he completed with great credit his course of philosophy and theology, and was licensed as a probationer of the Scottish Church by the Presbytery of Hamilton in December 1804. After having served about three years as assistant successively in the parishes of Broughton and New Kilpatrick, he was ordained minister of St. Andrew's Chapel, Dundee, in December 1807. There, with a wide sphere and abundant opportunities, he threw himself with his whole heart into the work of the ministry; but as the chapel was unendowed, and did not confer on its minister the privilege of a seat in any ecclesiastical court, he judged it his duty, within a period of two years, to accept a proffered presentation to the parish of Strathblane in the county of Stirling. In this place he continued serving God in the gospel with signal devotion and with much practical success till his death in 1835. As notices of his character and work from

almost the beginning of his ministry in Strathblane will naturally emerge as we proceed, and entwine themselves round our own proper narrative, it is not necessary at this stage to prolong the sketch of his course. In the meantime, however, and by anticipation, it may be well to introduce the estimate of that gifted father, which was formed and expressed in mature life by his still more gifted son :—

"In that manse the animating presence was a 'housemother,' who filled every corner with her kindly, cheerful influence; but somewhat awfully enshrined in his studious sanctuary, sate with brief interval his uncle,[1] the Rev. William Hamilton, D.D. August in an altitude of six feet two, with raven locks brushed down on his high brow, with the darkest of eyes flashing terrible disdain on all shabbiness, as well as indignation at all sin, he was an object of uneasy respect to 'moderate' and temporizing co-presbyters, and to some of the more jovial spirits amongst his own parishioners was so formidable, that rather than encounter him they would escape from his approach by a retreat more rapid than dignified. At the same time, his affections were so warm, his heart so tender, his standard of Christian attainment so lofty, his spirituality of mind was in such grand harmony with his intellectual majesty, his whole nature was so noble, that it was with an admiring, uplooking affection that he was beloved by those who sufficiently knew him. His greatest failing

[1] This sketch occurs in a memoir of his cousin, the Rev. James Hamilton, only son of the publisher, a most devoted and exemplary minister of the Church of England, Rector of Beddington, Surrey.

was a morbid sense of time's preciousness. Every moment was grudged which he did not give to his parish or his library. Even during the hasty repast his mind would be absorbed in the Magdeburg Centuriators or Owen on Perseverance; and what with forced journeys, and rising excessively early, and the absence of all recreation, he may be said to have shortened his days in redeeming the time. For, in regard to this as well as the other talents, the maxim holds true—'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.'

"Although most generous in distributing his books, his money, and his influence, it must be confessed that his reluctance to part with a minute was miserly. Even the snatches surrendered to his family and friends were given with a grudge; and forgetful of the good which through his vast acquirements and conversational powers he could confer on others, it seemed never to strike him that in this form of beneficence he might after all be lending to the Lord, and fulfilling an important ministry.

"Still it was an impressive sight to witness that life so intense and devoted: the day begun with a long perusal of Kennicott's Hebrew Bible, and the evening closing in with the contracted Greek of Eusebius, or the stately pages of Justin Martyr, under the brightest blaze of the argand lamp, and all the space between filled up with vigorous study and visits of mercy. Even now, and recalling it over an interval of thirty years, it is affecting to remember the work which that faithful pastor did for his little flock of a thousand people; the sermons which he prepared for a congregation of ploughmen and calico-

printers, as carefully as if they had been the most learned in the land; the classes, the libraries, the savings' banks, which he established; the innumerable lectures on popular science with which he enlivened their winter evenings, and the good books with which he furnished their homes. And as his image arises again in that rustic pulpit, with its green baize drapery and the westering sun shining in through the plane-trees surrounding the little sanctuary, whilst with eyes suffused, and a countenance radiant with unutterable rapture, he expatiated on the love of God and the glories of the great redemption, we do not wonder that it was often felt to be heaven on earth; nor do we wonder that from the neighbouring city many came out into the wilderness to see."

On the 19th of January 1813, soon after his settlement in Strathblane, William Hamilton married Jane, daughter of William King of Lonend, Paisley,[1] a man who combined in a high degree diligence in his secular business with fervency of spirit in the service of the Lord. He was a citizen of Paisley at a time when that place was remarkable for the observance of the Sabbath, and the almost universal practice of family prayer. Manufactures, in the earlier stage of their growth, did not demoralize and degrade the population, perhaps because then the increase of the inhabitants had not yet outgrown the means of general education and religious instruction.

[1] Dr. Robert Burns, of Paisley, presided at the marriage ceremony, and survives in bodily health and mental vigour to this present day. (Such was the fact when this sheet was sent to the printer; but ere it returned the race of the venerable patriarch was run. He died at Toronto in August 1869.)

"Paisley," Rowland Hill has said, "is the paradise of Scotland, for there Christians love one another."

Mr. King was a cotton-spinner, and he must have been a man of enterprise, for his factory, according to the statistical account, "was the first that was erected in Scotland." He seems moreover to have ruled his own house with as much exactitude and rigour as his mill. His daughter, Mrs. Hamilton, was wont to tell her children how two boys, her brothers, lost their caps, as boys are apt to do, in a gust of wind on Saturday night after all the shops were shut, and how on the Sabbath morning, which, however, fortunately turned out fine, they were led through the streets to church by their father, one firmly grasped in either hand, with bare heads, in spite of all their remonstrances. This God-fearing Scottish cotton-spinner did not see why an idle Sabbath should be spent at home because the boys were somewhat ashamed to march to the church bareheaded. This is the sort of stuff of which the men who made Paisley in those days were themselves made.

But this man, so resolute where duty was concerned, was tender and liberal when any case of need appeared. When his course was run, and they had carried his dust to the grave, a crowd of dependants and pensioners were admitted to the house, in order to receive some mark of kindness in memory of the dead. Among them one poor widow was observed with streaming eyes gazing on his portrait that hung on the wall. "That," she said, "that is the very way he looked when he gave me the twenty-pound note to buy my laddie back frae the soldiers."

This, to the bystanders, was the first intimation of the fact.

James Hamilton's mother, from whom he learned so much, and whom he loved so well, was the daughter of this Scottish patriarch. On both sides he enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of being the seed of the righteous. He was born at Lonend, Paisley, on the 27th November 1814. It was through the accident of his mother's temporary residence in her father's house that Paisley became his birthplace, and in March 1815, when little more than three months old, he was removed to Strathblane, which was to all practical intents the place of his nativity, and continued to be his home till the death of his father in 1835.

The other children of the family were—

WILLIAM KING, born 26th April 1816, minister of the Free Church at Stonehouse.

ELIZABETH, born 24th May 1818; died 13th September 1831.

MARY, born 12th April 1820; died at Edinburgh 5th November 1838.

JANE, born 19th April 1822, married Mr. James Walker, minister of the Free Church, Carnwath, 4th January 1847; died 15th April 1849.

ANDREW, born 14th December 1826; skilled in European languages and general literature; author of an interesting and valuable work on Denmark.[1]

The circumstances attending his birth fixed the attention of his parents with a peculiar intensity on their eldest child, and led them to dedicate him to God with singular urgency at the time, and with undeviating constancy after-

[1] *Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles.* By Andrew Hamilton, Member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of the North at Copenhagen. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1852.

wards. The record, written at the time and on the spot by his father, although it touches private suffering in plainer terms than we should have chosen to employ, seems a thing so sacred that we dare not mutilate it. Only "the day shall declare" how much the effectual fervent prayer of this righteous man availed to bring down upon the babe in all his subsequent life a double portion of the Spirit. If the agonizing cry of the trembling parent seem to draw aside the curtain, and admit a stranger further within the family precincts than a biography ordinarily ventures to do, let the reader tread softly the ground which sorrow makes sacred, and reverence the grief that brings the sufferer so near to God. We transcribe from the journal of Dr. William Hamilton :—

"LONEND, 26*th November* 1814.—This to me has been a day of darkness, perplexity, and distress. Early on Friday morning my dear wife was taken ill. Her labour became severe on Friday afternoon at four. There has been no remission during all the evening, during all the night, and no appearance of abatement even this forenoon. Her spirits are sinking, her strength failing, and her cries pierce my heart and harrow up my soul. Lord, shall the children be brought to the birth, and shall there not be strength to bring forth? Shall the desire of mine eyes be taken away, when on the point of becoming a mother? Lord, what can be the meaning of this dark dispensation? If she be now removed, what end has been served by her union and mine? Oh send forth thy light and truth: lead her through the dark valley, and conduct her forth in safety and comfort. Here I give her and myself and

the infant up to Thee. Do with us what seemeth good in Thy sight. Only make us Thine own: Thine in time, and Thine through eternity; that if we be soon separated in this vale of tears, we may meet in the regions of bliss, and spend our eternity in Thy presence and in Thy praise.

"*27th November. Lord's day.*—'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' This morning, at three minutes before four, my wife was safely delivered of a son. O my soul, never forget all the fear and pain which thou hast felt on her account; and all the vows and resolutions which thou hast made before the Lord to devote the remainder of my life to His service and glory; to promote the temporal comfort and spiritual improvement of my wife; to guard against levity and folly; to suppress peevishness and irritability; to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit. O Lord, I am Thine; Thy vows are upon me. Seal my soul till the day of complete redemption."

While in substance this monologue is sublime, it becomes in form dramatic. What a burst of joy flows forth when the light breaks at length! Nor was this goodness like the morning cloud. These vows were paid. This suppliant cleaved as close to God his Saviour in subsequent prosperity, as in that day of darkness.

In an enumeration of signal providences in his behalf, at various periods of his life, Dr. Hamilton, the father, has given an account of a dangerous illness through which his eldest child passed in infancy:—

"On the Lord's day, August 6, 1815, my eldest child,

who was little more than eight months, and who had been seriously ill for many days, seemed in the morning to be growing worse. As the case was not desperate, I went to the church, and went through the forenoon service, in the hope that his complaint would take a favourable turn by the time that it was over. On my return I found him worse. I had left the people in the expectation of sermon in the afternoon, and therefore was again obliged, though with a painful heart, to ascend the pulpit. On the close of the last service he appeared to be rapidly sinking; and on asking the surgeon his opinion of the case, he declared that the child could not long survive sunset. This confirmed all my fears; but since my dear child's decease was so near, I rejoiced that I had received warning of its approach; requested the surgeon to withdraw, and fell on my knees, with my wife by my side, by the bed of our infant. I cried to God that we would not contend with Him—that our child and ourselves were wholly His—that we gave our infant as a free-will offering—that we were thankful that He had given us warning of His pleasure, and were glad, since such was His holy will, to have the privilege of surrendering voluntarily such a child into His hands. Again and again I cried, 'Father, *glorify* Thy name.' My ambition was that His name should be glorified. And, like a God of infinite grace, he speedily glorified His blessed name far beyond all that we could expect. He guided the skill of the surgeon in another way by bleeding, to preserve our infant; and within forty-five minutes after He had enabled my wife and myself to surrender our infant into His hands, we saw decided symptoms

of the abatement of inflammatory attack. Oh, who is a God like unto our God! and what must eternity be like in the presence of Him who spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all; and on earth hears our prayers, and treats us with such ineffable gentleness and tenderness! During the season of agitating suspense, I enjoyed uncommonly elevated views of the majesty, love, and all-sufficiency of the Lord; and saw most powerfully that though my child were removed, His power, and grace, and glory would remain unchanged, and that in the riches of His grace, and all-sufficiency of His nature, there was still an infinite fulness from which to supply all my need, and replenish and delight my soul with every consolation and joy."[1]

From the time of Moses downwards, it has been observed that, as a general rule, those who are destined to be leaders of Israel in their maturity have been in their childhood drawn out of the water. The hearer of prayer knows that it is "out of the depths" that the most urgent cries ascend to the throne; and he seems, in paternal wisdom and love, to permit the danger to become imminent in order to increase the fervency of the prayer. In whatever way the fact may be explained, the fact itself cannot be disputed, that, for the most part, those who have occupied a high place, and accomplished a great work in the Church, have been brought to the "large place" of their mature activity "through fire and water" in some form during the earlier period of their lives.

Among Dr. Hamilton's miscellaneous papers, I have

[1] *Memoir of Dr. William Hamilton*, p. 98.

found a characteristic sketch of Strathblane, the home of his childhood, which, though without date and unfinished, I insert here as the shortest and best method of conveying to the reader some conception of the place and its people :—

"Sheltered from the north by an outlier of the Ochils, and shut in at either end by its own Dunglass and Dungoiach, with the perpetual Sabbath of the hills smiling down on its industrious valley, and with its bright little river trotting cheerily on towards Loch Lomond, few parishes in Scotland could be more secluded or lovely than Strathblane. With its southern aspect, it made the most of the sunshine, and, if we could trust our childish recollections, we should say that nowhere else within these seas were the breezes so soft; that nowhere else did summer linger so long. But the memory of childhood is eclectic, and we begin life as we end it, wearing spectacles, of topaz, or some substance akin to the transparent gold of St. John. Mine were amber-coloured. In the dim winter days I used to look with envy at certain spots far up the mountain, for I fancied that they were suffused with constant sunshine. It was a great mortification to find at last that they were only patches of withered grass; and, for fear that in like manner the glory should go off, there are other early illusions which I have refrained from inspecting too closely. Forty years ago, Strathblane still retained some traces of primitive simplicity. The name of Rob Roy filled a larger place in the imaginations of the people than the Duke of Wellington; and all who had reached fourscore could recall the times of the Pretender.

Mrs. Provan had been eight years old when a detachment of the rebel army passed through the Muir of Fintry, and as she was the only one left at home the Highlanders coaxed and threatened her by turns to reveal the hiding place of the meal and cheeses; but although she had seen them buried in the moss, the little maid was firm, and neither swords nor "sweeties" could extort her secret. Some of the old men still wore the broad blue bonnet, and a larger proportion of the old women in showery weather drew the hood of their scarlet mantles over their snowy mutches. The arrival of the first umbrella was a comparatively recent and well-remembered era. The fortunate possessor was a Miss Robertson of Leddrigreen, and the first day of its public exhibition was a rainy Sabbath. Being apprised of its presence in church, all the youngsters turned out to view the phenomenon, and as the old lady advanced through the descending flood under covert of her moving tent, they eyed her with such admiration as some of us have felt the first time we saw a man go down in a diving-bell.

"As in all primitive places, the people were by no means locomotive. Margaret Freeland, for upwards of eighty years, never slept under any roof but her own. Once she was overtaken in Glasgow by a terrible storm, and her hostess would not let her return that evening; but as, owing to the strangeness of her situation, she lay awake all night, she still could boast that she had never slept out of her own bed. One man had visited the great metropolis. This venturous spirit was John Livingston, a tailor, and to distinguish him from John Livingston the

precentor (*alias* 'singing Johnnie'), he went by the name of 'London John.' We had for a long time no foreigners; the only exception being a cobbler, an old soldier from England. William Orme and the villagers of Edinkiln did not amalgamate. To him they appeared coarse and slatternly; and, with tea and fried bacon to his breakfast, but with seldom a decent Sunday suit, he appeared to them little better than a glutton and a self-coddling sensualist. I suspect, however, that his Doric neighbours might have taken, with advantage, a leaf from the soft spoken stranger's book of etiquette."

Like many boys, who have ultimately become preachers, and some who have not, he was much addicted to preaching at a very tender age. In one important respect, however, his juvenile efforts in this direction were peculiar; his were not extemporaneous harangues, but regular written sermons, not spoken, but read in select circles of his companions. These discourses, when he was between nine and ten years of age, were pronounced by one of his cousins, some years his senior, to be better than those of a certain noted parish minister in Lanarkshire. Whether the youthful critic was too partial to his friend, or whether the dignified clergyman with whom he was compared was not a formidable rival, does not appear. One feature of this picture is interesting to us,—the mimic sermons were written and read. The literary instinct already appears in germ; the small seed is invested with a species of sublimity, when we think of the tree that may spring from it.

The education of the family at this time was conducted

at home by a resident tutor; and his brother, who was his fellow-student, bears witness that, though exceedingly fond of play, James would on no account consent to abridge the hours set apart for study. He was not a book-worm from inability or disinclination for sport. His mind, even from childhood, was singularly well balanced. Judgment took command from the first, and mere inclination was resolutely kept in subordination.

Under a general law of the manse, the boys were permitted to spend an hour or two of the evening in the library, even while their father was at work there, but one stern condition was attached to the privilege—absolute silence. "You may come and read as long as you please, and when you are wearied you may retire, but you may not open your lips while here." William, the younger brother, seems, for the most part, to have considered the privilege dear at the price; but although he was sparing in the use of it himself, he bears witness that "James enjoyed it mightily for many years."

A reminiscence of this fascination of his childhood occurs appropriately in the introduction to a work of his ripest years, *Our Christian Classics*. "In the following pages the compiler must plead guilty to a certain amount of self-indulgence. It was his lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them they had become a kind of companions, and, in their coats of brown calf and white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself. By and by, when he was allowed to open the leather portals, and look in on the solemn authors in peaked beards and wooden ruffs, his reverence deepened

for the mighty days of the great departed; and with some vague prepossession, his first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example, and sit poring for hours over Manton and Hopkins, Reynolds and Horton. Indeed, so intense did this old-fashioned affection grow, that he can well remember, when compelled to shut the volume and retire to rest, how, night after night, he carried to his cot some bulky folio, and only fell asleep to dream of a paradise where there was no end of books, and nothing to interrupt the reader. And although it is impossible to recall, without a smile, such precocious pedantry, the writer is grateful for tastes then formed and for impressions then acquired. Busier years have made those early haunts forbidden, but not altogether forgotten ground."

Besides sitting for hours in the library reading sombre folios, the boy took great delight in listening to the conversation of those grave and learned men who frequented the manse as the friends and fellow-workers of his father. Chief of these conversational attractions was a certain Mr. Bell, schoolmaster of the neighbouring parish of Campsie, author of a geography which bears his name, and annotator of *Rollin's Ancient History*. He is described as having been bodily a short, thickset man, with coarse features, two or three huge warts on his face, and one eye nearly closed; mentally a walking encyclopædia, from which a stream of knowledge flowed like oil from a barrel when the bung comes out. The chief difficulty that occurred in this literary intercourse was to get Mr. Bell stopped after he had begun to flow. These were precious opportunities for our student.

Silent at his father's knee he sat, while the rest of the children were at play, drinking in knowledge as thirsty lips drink water from the cooling stream. As the redoubtable geographer warmed with his theme the eye that was at liberty to move glanced grandly in unison with the versatile evolutions of its owner. Nor was this man a dictionary merely; although his mind was stored with the knowledge of the world, his treasure lay in heaven, and thitherward his heart tended, like the needle trembling towards its pole. The time at length came when the rural philosopher must die. His friend, the minister of Strathblane, hastened to his bed-side as soon as he heard of his illness. On his return his family observed him deeply affected. Mr. Bell, he informed them, was dying; but such a deathbed! It seemed not a dying, but a translation. This man of learning was leaning like a child on the Saviour's breast. He was saying and singing, as he walked down the sides of the dark valley, "I will not fear, for thou art with me."

By the conversation of such men, and the example of his father, besides the books which he read, the mind of the scholar was stirred, informed, and moulded. Although I have not found any record that assigns the time and manner of a decisive heart change, the spiritual life at this period seems to have developed itself concurrently with the intellectual. By its fruits in those early days we know the existence and strength of his faith, rather than from any articulate testimony. Every Saturday night some God-fearing men, chiefly from the neighbouring bleachfields and print-works, convened in the manse for the purpose of

reading the Scriptures together, and offering in unison specific prayer for the minister and his ministry on the following Sabbath. The minister's eldest son was a constituent member of the meeting; the fragile scholar boy and the brawny labouring men, with one heart, but differing voices, offered alternately the united supplications of the company for the descent of the Spirit to make the word of the Kingdom powerful in the assembled congregation on the Lord's day.

The earliest journal that has come into my possession is dated 31st December 1827, and bears as title on the blank leaf—"Journal of the literary occupations of James Hamilton." I look with deep interest on the faded paper and boyish handwriting of this humble and now venerable book. Here a life in earnest begins. The spring that bursts from the ground here, we now know, became a great river ere it reached the sea. The student was at this time only thirteen years of age; but he bears himself most manfully even at the outset. As a student, from the very first, he is a workman who "needeth not to be ashamed." The first lines breathe the air of a healthy, hearty earnestness. He has girt up his loins for a life-long journey. He will not look behind him. Here is a student who thoroughly loves his work, and walks into it with a will.

The first ten months of 1828 seem to have been spent at home, partly in miscellaneous reading, and partly in specific preparation for entering the Greek and Latin classes in the University of Glasgow. The records of the successive months contain little more than a list of the books that he has read. His appetite was from the first

voracious. Indeed any judicious and experienced adviser, on glancing over these records at the time, would certainly have recommended a very great reduction in the quantity of the boy's reading. But the event justified the practice which at the time was dictated only by the mental appetite of the youthful scholar. At the moment any observer might have seen that he read much; but in due time it became evident that he also read well. The mass of miscellaneous information which he drank in during those early years was by some peculiar instinctive process stowed all safely away, not in a promiscuous heap, but in regularly arranged and labelled compartments, ready to come forth at call, as they might successively be needed in the various exigencies of his subsequent life.

The variety is as noticeable as the vigour of his reading. "Read Bonar on genuine religion, and the articles Opheology, Spectre, Nile, Nileometer, and the life of William Cowper in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"Wrote an essay on population. *30th September*.—Slept in the new manse for the first time." Such is a specimen of the entries in this juvenile day-book.

It is not our business here to discuss the propriety of the custom, prevalent in Scotland, of sending boys to college at a very tender age. It is enough for us to record the fact that James Hamilton entered the University of Glasgow on the 3d of November 1828, before he had completed his fourteenth year. His two classes for the first session were the Latin and the Greek. Mr. Walker, who presided over the Latin class, was an accomplished man, and a competent scholar, but by that time

enfeebled through advanced age. The Professor of Greek was the late Sir Daniel Sandford, justly designated by his eminent pupil, James Halley, "the light of Glasgow College." I have never known any teacher equal to Professor Sandford in the art of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils for himself and his theme. By his tenure of the chair, alas! comparatively short, a great impulse was given to the study of Greek in the west of Scotland.

On the 7th of November, four days after his entrance, the student's first letter home was written. As it is the earliest example that has come into our hands, we submit this primary epistle to the reader entire :—

"GLASGOW, *November 7th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I paid my subscription, or rather your subscription, to the library yesterday, and one pound of deposit; so you may have any book you wish, by sending me word, provided it be not a novel, and have no valuable engravings in it.

"On Wednesday afternoon I felt very sorry at your going away. But after a little conversation with the Miss Marshalls, and reading a piece of Horace, my spirits recovered. I hope you and my dear mother (for so I must begin to call *mamma* now) got home in perfect safety, and found all at the manse quite well.

"Yesterday I was called on for the first time to read Sallust, and received a great many compliments from Professor Walker.

"I do not know who is likely to be Lord Rector this year. I understand that Lord John Campbell is to be a candidate. But as there is no student to whom I choose

to speak, with the exception of Mr. Archibald M'Intyre, I cannot say anything about the matter. And, indeed, if you take no more interest in the matter than I do, it would be preposterous in me to trouble you with any conjecture about it.

"I am as comfortable here as I think it possible I could be. Enjoying, as I do, perfect health, and having every comfort that I could desire, I have much cause of gratitude to God.

"Miss Betsey Marshall is in much the same way as when you were here. The ladies here desire to be kindly remembered to you all. And now, my dear father, farewell. Write soon. Give my kindest love to my mother, aunt, William, and all my sisters, Mr. M'Intyre, and Andrew, if he chooses to take it; and believe me, your ever affectionate JAMES."

Brave boy! Not yet fourteen: mother and manse for the first time clean out of sight: plunged into the heart of a great city; pushing his way along crowded streets, where every face is strange. There is a fit of home-sickness; he does not deny the fact; but neither does he whimper over it. A talk with his landlady and "a piece of Horace" put the disease to flight, and we hear of it no more.

A journal, written during the summer of 1831, assuming rather than asserting the commencement of his spiritual life, is mainly occupied with circumstances that helped or hindered its development and progress. Considering his training and his mental constitution, and the method of Providence ordinarily followed in similar

cases, I think it is altogether probable that the new life began at an age so early that it could not be definitely marked either by himself or others; and that, through the blessing of God on a pious nurture and holy example, it grew with his growth. At the same time it is evident that in his case, as well as in the experience of almost all other Christians, there were periods of sudden and great advancement in the divine life. An illness under which he laboured, and which he believed to be unto death, though certainly not the occasion of his first dedication to Christ, seems to have been the immediate means of much growth in grace. I look with peculiar interest on the notes which he has left of his experience during that sickness. They reveal to me some things which I could not otherwise have understood so well in his maturer life. There was such a strength and steadiness, such a depth and permanence in his personal religion, when called to mingle for many years with the miscellaneous society of London, that even, in absence of information, would have led one to suppose that his faith at an earlier date must have been, through some special divine dealing, very deeply and widely rooted. The sight of his private day-book, written at Strathblane during the summer of 1831, removes the veil, and explains some things that otherwise would have been to some extent inexplicable. The Lord doeth all things well, and makes all things work together for good to His own. The Lord sees the end from the beginning, and prepares His own instruments in time for the work which he foresees to be necessary. It is not while the sun is shining that the roots of a plant are refreshed and

invigorated for resisting a subsequent drought, and perfecting its fruit in harvest. It is under the dark cloud that the process of strengthening the foundation goes on. God's husbandry in the spiritual sphere follows the analogy of that in the natural. It is in the dark and cloudy day, ordinarily, that the new creature, also the planting of the Lord, makes most progress in getting itself "rooted and grounded" in the hidden depths of redeeming love. By the wise and kind providence of God this youth, while not yet seventeen years of age, was brought and kept for a while in his own consciousness close to the edge of life and near the entrance of eternity. There he acquainted himself with God; there he became strong in the faith for future work. There the vessel, previously chosen, was purified, enlarged, strengthened for receiving in greater measure the name of Christ, and pouring out that name as precious ointment to the end of his life, and wheresoever his lot might be cast.

"*Sabbath, May 29th,* 1831.—The kind providence of God has hitherto upheld me in the enjoyment of much health and comfort; but now I seem to feel that my connexion with all that is seen and temporal is near a close. A pain which I have felt at intervals in my side for some time past reminds me that I am not to live always, and probably not long. It is a solemn thing to die. The dearest of God's saints have shrunk at the prospect of crossing the dark waters, and unless they had had the arm of Immanuel to lean upon, the floods would have overwhelmed their souls. O for an interest in the Redeemer's righteousness! Could I assure myself of pos-

sessing *that*, death would be welcome. O Lord, say unto me that I am thine, and I am prepared for what Thou wilt, and what time Thou wilt."

"*Saturday, June 11th*, 1831.—To-morrow the Sacrament of the Supper is to be dispensed here. O for the wedding garment! This may be the last opportunity that I will have of commemorating the death of the Redeemer. O that my desires were more strongly drawn out after him! He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. O that I could see more of his beauty and comeliness! Lord, grant that in encompassing Thy table my faith may be strong, my love to Thee ardent, my sorrow and humiliation for sin greater than they have ever been heretofore. Open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing till there be not room enough to receive. I have renewed my covenant with Thee. Enable me to remember and keep it. May it be an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure, and never to be forgotten.

"I should like to do something for the cause of God before I go hence, and be no more. For some time I have spent a few hours occasionally in writing a life of the eminent Mr. Baxter. It is nearly finished. This week I commenced writing a small collection of hymns for the Lord's Supper. Some of them were so pleasant to myself that I thought it possible that, were a number of them collected and printed, they might be the means of cheering some of Zion's pilgrims on their heavenward journey. I have also contemplated a translation of Arrowsmith's *Tactica Sacra*. To the execution of these undertakings I would devote what time can be properly spared from my other studies."

"*Sabbath, June 12th,* 1831.—This day sat down at the table of the Lord. My own impression is that I shall not hereafter taste of the fruit of the vine till that day that I shall drink it new in my heavenly Father's kingdom. Had some enjoyment in the ordinance, but too little spirituality for a dying creature. I have this day solemnly and publicly said that whatever others do, I shall serve the Lord. Help me, Lord, to keep this resolution, and may the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, not allure me from Thy ways. Guide me by Thy kind counsel through life, and after death receive me to Thy glory. Amen."

In the earlier portion of the summer recess, on the occasion of the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at Strathblane, he devoted an entire week to religious reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer. By these exercises his sense of sin was greatly increased, as his tender and full confessions show; but though he increased in the knowledge of his own unworthiness, his hope and happiness did not fade, for the more he discovered of his own need the more he saw of the Redeemer's fulness. On the whole, while his religious exercises at this time certainly ran mainly in the direction of a keen self-dissection and stern self-condemnation, the tone of his mind remained thoroughly healthful. His faith throughout remained firm and his hope bright. Severe and protracted introspection did not in his case generate in any degree a morbid moroseness. It made his piety stronger without diminishing its elasticity and cheerfulness.

Considering the form which his religious activity at

this time assumed, and the views of those authors with whose works he was most familiar, we need not be surprised to learn that he wrote and signed a formal personal covenant, dedicating himself to God in the gospel of his Son. In order that those who knew him in later years, and admired the buoyant, hopeful, winsome type of Christianity which he exhibited in the various circles of London society, may know something of the roots which bore so many sparkling clusters, I think it my duty to give this document in full. It is written out at the end of the book, and under the corresponding date in the journal occurs a notice of the circumstances connected with it:—

". . . Endeavoured to humble myself before the Lord because of these sins, and plead the righteousness of Jesus as my only ground of acceptance. I wrote down the form of a personal covenant, finding that that which I made this time two years wanted some things which I now wished to be in it. But the church and the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting prevented me from proceeding any further that day; so I this evening did on my bended knees, in the presence of the God of heaven and earth, set my worthless name to the covenant, and vouch him to be my God and Father, the Lord Jesus to be my only Saviour and Intercessor, and the Holy Spirit to be my sanctifier and guide. This done, I besought a special blessing on the approaching communion for myself and fellow-worshippers.

"THE COVENANT.

"O Lord, I have sinned in Adam, and at my coming

into the world I was covered with guilt-pollution. In the first actings of my infant years I manifested the strength of that depravity within which made me prone to every evil and backward to all good. The whole tenor of my life has been a building of actual guilt upon the foundation of original corruption. I am a dying as well as an immortal creature, and if I die in my sins I must perish everlastingly. But no efforts of my own can save me from my sins, for the longer I live I sink the deeper in the mire; nor do my efforts to extricate myself avail. Unless a stronger arm come to my deliverance I must perish; but such a deliverance is to be had in the Lord Jesus. Upon the sure testimony of Thy own Word I believe that a gracious covenant was from all eternity entered into by Jehovah, the first person in the blessed Trinity, upon the part of heaven, and by Jehovah, the second person in the Godhead, even Immanuel, the second Adam, on the part of lost sinners, whereby, on condition of His fulfilling all righteousness, the elect should be saved. And I believe that the terms of the covenant have been fulfilled by his meritorious life and death, and that now the way of salvation is opened up, and that he who believeth on Jesus shall not perish, but have everlasting life, and that henceforth there is no condemnation to them who are in Him.

"O Lord, I would ascribe everlasting praise unto Thy name for this well-ordered covenant, and would now take hold of it for my soul's eternal salvation, through faith in Christ. I acquiesce in, love, and admire, the covenant, as all my salvation and all my desire. I embrace Jesus

Christ as he is offered to my acceptance in the Gospel, in all His offices of Prophet, Priest, and King,—as my Surety, Intercessor, and Redeemer; and in him God, as my God and Father, and the Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier, Comforter, and Guide.

"Every sin that has had dominion over me I renounce, grieving that so many idols have had dominion over me, and praying that grace from on high may be given me to carry on, in the strength of my mighty Redeemer, an unremitting and successful war against all my spiritual enemies.

"To Thee and to Thy service I surrender all the faculties Thou hast bestowed upon me, and pray that Thou wouldest honour me to be successful in Thy service. Grant unto me more and more to know Thee. Strengthen in me that which is good, and root out that which is evil. Make Thy grace sufficient for my need, and perfect Thy strength in my weakness. Support me in the time of trial and temptation, and stand by me in the hour of death. Do Thou then lift upon me the light of Thy reconciled countenance, and make me to behold it. And may all near and dear unto me possess an interest in the blessings of salvation.

"O Lord, behold me, I am thy servant; and in token that I am thine I do hereto subscribe my unworthy name, JAMES HAMILTON.

"*June 8th*, 1832.

"To Father, Son, and Spirit, one God, be glory for ever. Amen."

At this period, plans for the arrangement of his studies

frequently occur in his journal. Although he never practically attained his own ideal, it is evident that he derived very great benefit from the habit of mapping out beforehand the work which he desired to overtake, and noting afterwards the measure of his success or failure. Both in the ordinary studies of his course at college, and in reading for his own spiritual profit, his life was a constant and eager effort to forget the things that were behind, and to reach forward to the mark of a higher attainment which he had set up on the horizon of the future.

"*Saturday, June 25th.*—Impressed with the importance of observing methods (which I am sensible that I have hitherto too much neglected), I purpose to form, and, if health be granted to me, to follow out a course of theological reading. For some time I have been in the habit of reading a portion of Henry's Commentary every day. This I intend to continue. I ought to read some system of Divinity,—either Doolittle, Dwight, Hill, or Boston. Read also the following." Then follows a list of 87 works, 17 of which are biographical.

"*Wednesday, June 29th.*—Rose to-day at four o'clock, and finished Baxter's Life. I laid it before the Lord, and implored his blessing on it. I intend to devote next Saturday to the correcting of it, previous to sending it up to the London Tract Society, in whose series of Christian biography I wish it to be inserted. If well, I may perhaps write a similar account of Boston, Halyburton, or some of the eminently pious ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. The pleasure and benefit resulting from the exercise are ample recompense for the trouble."

"*Friday, July 8th*, 1831.—Sent off Baxter to-day, with the following letter:—

"'SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing to you a life of Baxter, written with a view to insertion in the series of Christian Biography published by the London Tract Society. In writing it, I consulted all the authorities which I could meet with (Mr. Orme's *Memoir* excepted), but have used the words of Baxter himself, as contained in his *Narrative of his Life and Times*, when this could be done with propriety. I lay claim to no merit, except that of a strict adherence to the truth, and a studious wish to admit no expression which might give offence to any individual who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Whether or not I have succeeded belongs to you to judge.

"'Should I be so happy as to have this Life accepted, I would have no objections to write a similar account of Boston, Doolittle, Halyburton, or some other eminent divine, in the course of a few months.

"'If the MSS. be not wanted, have the goodness to return them.—I am, Sir, with much esteem and respect, your mo. obedt. sert.,

"'JAMES HAMILTON.

"'*June* 30, 1831.

"'To the Secretary of the London Tract Society.'"

Many readers who have been delighted and instructed by the products of his matured mind will be interested to observe how early and how eagerly his instincts led him into authorship. His Memoir of Baxter was politely declined by the Secretary of the London Tract Society.

Nothing daunted, the youthful biographer obtained an introduction to the conductor of a similar society on a smaller scale in Glasgow, who thankfully received from him and published the Life of Baxter in an abridged form. In subsequent issues, they sent out notices of the lives of Jonathan Edwards and Boston from the same juvenile, but already prolific pen. Not having access to these tracts, I cannot judge whether the author's lack of patronage, or the substantial defects of his earliest efforts, may have been the cause of his want of success with the great Metropolitan Society. Certain it is that at a later day biographical tracts by James Hamilton would not have gone a-begging from their door. At a later date, they discovered and acknowledged his worth in the department of Christian Literature for the People. Twenty years afterwards, they solicited his help. It is interesting to mark the contrast; and, accordingly, we place on record here the principal parts of the letter addressed by the Secretary of the London Tract Society to Mr. Hamilton.

"I beg leave to enclose a communication respecting a new journal for the masses, which this Society contemplates establishing. I most respectfully, yet most earnestly, solicit the favour of at least an occasional contribution to the pages of this magazine. The press groans with the weekly issue of periodicals steeped in sensuality, imbued with a secular spirit, if not tinged with infidelity. It is surely time that an effort should be made to rescue this department of literature from the hands in which it has hitherto been too much left, and so consecrating it to the Redeemer's service. To do this effectually we must have

not only sound piety, but consecrated talent of the highest order that can be procured.

"From the moment the Journal was projected my thoughts have turned to you, as the writer capable of gaining the ear of the masses, and winning the way to their hearts.

"My connexion with this Society is of a comparatively recent character, and I learn with regret that from some cause imperfectly understood, you have not hitherto written anything for us. I trust, however, that this difficulty is not an insuperable one. The cause of the working man I must leave to plead with you. You would have, I hope, if our arrangements are successful, writers of eminence as your coadjutors.

"You will pardon me if I am reluctant to contemplate a total refusal of my request. For years I have been a profited reader of your writings. To *Life in Earnest*, perused and reperused, I personally owe deep obligation, and to recommend it to others I have always felt a great privilege."

Let it be fairly acknowledged, however, that twenty years elapsed between the time when James Hamilton solicited the Society for employment, and the time when the Society solicited him for aid. It may be freely conceded that the biographer of Baxter had grown in power during the interval, and yet it is possible that if the earlier representatives of the institution had been more attentive and more acute, they might have seen in the volunteered contribution from Strathblane something worthy of their notice, both on account of what it achieved

and what its achievement by a youth promised for the future.

As the season advanced, the impression that his time would be short gained ground. At this period he seems to have thought that secular studies were labour lost, inasmuch as he did not expect to live long enough to turn them to any account. "What time I can command I mean now to devote to the perusal of such books as are best fitted to prepare me for crossing the dark waters.

"*Tuesday, July 26th.*—Last Saturday I was called to attend the funeral of my cousin, Jeanie Adam, at Paisley. Three months have not elapsed since in the same churchyard I saw the remains of my aunt committed to the grave. Of her happiness I dare not entertain a doubt, for I never saw, and never again may see, one whose affections were more completely raised above all that is seen and temporal, and whose conversation was more in heaven. Jane Adam also died declaring her hopes of acceptance with God, rested on the finished work of Christ alone; and who that ever put their trust in Him were ever put to shame? Many of my relatives are now in glory, and my heart's desire and prayer for those who yet remain are that they may be saved. May we be followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.

"*Sabbath morning, July 31st.*—A new ailment has been sent to bid me prepare to meet the Lord. But blessed be His name, I think I can say, 'I know in whom I have believed.' Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commit myself; and while heart and flesh do faint and fail, be Thou the

strength of my heart and my portion for ever. The filthy rags of my own righteousness I entirely renounce, and desire to be clothed upon with Thy perfect and all-sufficient righteousness. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Heaven is too holy a place for one so vile, but oh, shut me not out of Thy presence, where alone there is fulness of joy!

"When I am taken away from them, O Lord, comfort my dear parents. May they not sorrow as those who have no hope. Enrich them with Thy best blessing. Be the God and Father of all near and dear unto me. Bless my brothers and sisters. May they have a loving spirit towards each other, and may they be all united to Thyself. Prepare them for Thy heavenly kingdom, and may the soul of none of them be lost, but may we spend a happy eternity together, for Thy own Son's sake. Amen.

"Many are the precious opportunities I have neglected and allowed to pass unimproved. My life has been unprofitable, O may my death be more blessed than my life! May it be the means of leading some who have hitherto been careless and unconcerned, to consideration and serious concern for the salvation of their precious souls; then shall I not have lived in vain.

'To Jesus, the ground of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne.'

"*Saturday, August 6th.*—I have had some thoughts of writing a series of lives of the principal theological authors of the Scottish nation, to be sent to the *Christian Instruc-*

tor. In it I would propose to insert memoirs of Boston, Binning, Rutherford, W. Guthrie, Durham, Craighead, Muir of Paisley, Wishart, Webster (James), etc. In doing so, I would acquire a knowledge of our ecclesiastical history which I might not otherwise attain, and might possibly have some little effect in drawing attention to their writings, which might be followed with most beneficial results.

"*Saturday, August 27th.*—To-day was reading the account in Gillies of the awakening at the Kirk of Shotts. How stately were God's goings in his sanctuary that day! Awake, O arm of the Lord, as in the days of old! O blessed Spirit! breathe on these dry bones with which the valley of the visible Church has so long been filled, and they shall live. The fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever? Where now are the men who would renew the scenes of Cambuslang and the Kirk of Shotts? Surely there are not a few to be found who would rejoice to see these days of the Son of Man renewed. When will that communion solemnity arrive at Strathblane, when there shall be a general weeping and mourning for sin, and men crying out, 'O that I knew where I might find him!' Such glorious seasons *are coming.* Ere long the wilderness and solitary place shall become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be counted for a forest. When I use these words they remind me of Mr. M'Donald of Urquhart, whom I heard preach from them on the evening of the Glasgow Fast, last April. I shall ever remember that holy man's sermon. Surely he preached with the Spirit, and no other

preaching can do good. I do not know whether to set him or Mr. Sherrif or my father highest of the preachers I have heard. Surely they are all precious in the sight of God, whose approbation and blessing if they gain, what more need they mind?"

Towards the autumn, without any express notice of the fact, it appears from the tone of his journal that the expectation of an early removal gradually wore away. Relieved from the restraint under which he had placed himself, he launches forth again with vigour into all the departments of useful knowledge that lay within his reach. At this time he had not completed his seventeenth year.

"*Friday, September 2d.*—For two days have been engaged without ceasing in reading Sir H. Davy's *Life*, a book which, when I once begin, I do not know when or how to leave off. What an astonishing man he was! One would think that nothing in the world escaped his notice but the God who made it. He appears to have gained everything but the thing he most desired, and that was happiness. For as far as I may judge from his *Memoirs*, he had none of *that* to spare; and the reason is plain, because he sought it in meat and drink, in the theatre, the ball-room, and the billiard-table, in his medals, and his laboratory, instead of seeking it where alone it has ever yet been found—in God. My prayer to God would be, Lord, make me a *Christian* philosopher, or none at all. Withhold this world's learning from me if the price of it is to be my interest in the Saviour.

"Get and read Dr. Erskine's *Letters*, and *Meditations of*

Hall of Dunglass, immediately, also Middleton's *Biographia Evangelica*."

His sister Elizabeth, beautiful and winsome in person, of precocious intellect, and early developed spiritual life, was removed this season, at the age of thirteen years and five months. This was the first breach in the circle of the family; and touching proofs appear from time to time through all their subsequent history that the treasure taken away was counted very precious, and that the blank stood long open refusing to be filled up. Her illness was protracted, and both its character and its duration tended at once to develop more fully the loveliness of the patient, and to make all the house cling more fondly to the spirit that was passing away. The case occurs so frequently that experienced observers have been inclined to set it down as a general law that consumption seems to single out as its victims the finest specimens of our kind. Whether it selects the refined, or refines after selecting them, it is certain that we have seen many very lovely sun-settings through that dark cloud which hangs so heavy and so constant on the horizon of humanity in our northern clime.

Indications from all quarters show that in those years Elizabeth was the centre of attraction for the whole family, and in some measure also for a wider circle. She read French, and had made some progress in Greek. Her disposition was both sweet and sprightly. The sick-room became the favourite place of resort. In this case too the insidious malady exerted its proverbial power of deception. Expectations of her recovery were entertained till near the close; and, strange to say, it was the bright-

ness of her eye that quenched these hopes at last. An eminent physician called for consultation said on retiring, in reply to her mother's anxious inquiries, "I don't like that bright eye." Alas! this was the symptom which had hitherto sustained the hope of the fond but unskilled mother. Such a radiance she thought betokens a longer life on earth; it rather betokened an early removal to heaven. The parents, warned by the physician's gentle but faithful hint, prepared themselves to resign the gift into the Giver's hand. The desire of their eyes was removed with a stroke, but the faith of their hearts remained firm, and they cherished the memory of Elizabeth as still a member of the family, though taken home before the rest.

"*Saturday, September* 10*th.*—After an illness of more than a year and a half's duration, my dear sister seems now to be drawing near the end of all things earthly. It is cause of gratitude to the Father of mercies that she shows satisfactory evidence of a state of reconciliation to God, which at this moment affords me far greater comfort than her living to the utmost term of human existence destitute of the grace of God could have done.

"*Tuesday, September* 13*th.*—Dear Elizabeth has been now for some hours in the enjoyment of immortality. She joined the general assembly and church of the first-born at a quarter before twelve this forenoon.

"My prayers for her are now ended, and I would now thank the Lord for the kindness of His ways of dealing with her—for her easy dismission from the body—above all, for the work of grace which He hath carried on in her heart.

"For myself and my surviving relations, my prayer is that the Lord would be pleased to make us possessors of the faith and patience of those who now inherit the promises, and then we shall also be made partakers of their joy."

"*Sabbath, October 2d.*—Was chiefly occupied in reading *The Pilgrim's Progress,* with Scott's notes. Many have considered this book next in value to the Bible, and of any books I have yet read it is certainly the chief. The cause of its being so good is that it has so much of the Bible in it. Reading it with self-application, I thought that I had a good hope through grace that I was travelling the pilgrim's road to the celestial city; but my conscience bears me witness that in nothing do I equal Christian save in his deviations from the strait and narrow way; and in these I am more than his equal. If the Lord would only bring me back to himself as often as I wander from his good ways, let Him do what seemeth Him good with me as far as other things are concerned."

The entries in the journal during this season are frequent and full. They are all occupied with spiritual reflections, strangely mature considering the age of the writer, and interspersed with plans and resolutions for prosecuting his work. In order to economize space it is necessary to make selections from papers that are all of a similar character. It was a season of great intellectual activity and of rapid spiritual progress.

"*Glasgow, 5th November* 1831.—This morning I left my father's house in order to attend the session of college. In my present circumstances there is much which calls

for my most lively gratitude. I have a house to myself, which is rendered somewhat like home by having my sister and the furniture to which I was used there. I hope to derive much pleasure from attending upon the Greek, and especially the logic class. Above all, I have the means of grace—good ministers, good books, and the Bible. With the health I enjoy, and by the blessing of the Lord, this may be a profitable winter both for my intellectual and spiritual improvement. Lord, I thank Thee for Thy goodness."

"*Sabbath, November 6th.*—Renewed my solemn engagements to be the Lord's—to fight against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil—to be for the Lord, and for Him alone. May He grant that in all circumstances wherein I may be placed His glory may be the object of all my exertions, and His word and will the rule of all my actions.

"*Monday, November 7th.*—I am to attend the Greek and logic classes this winter. Though I cannot be certain that it will be at all times expedient or even practicable to follow them out, I make the following suggestions for the employment of my time till the Christmas recess:—

"Rise at a quarter to 7. Read Henry's *Commentary.* Attend Greek and logic classes from half-past 7 to half-past 9. Breakfast. 10 to 11 write logic lectures. 11 to 12 attend the logic class. 12 to 2 write letters; prepare for Greek; write notes of the logic lectures; get books from the library, etc. 2 to 3 Greek class. 3 to 4 walk, dine. 4 to 6 Greek. 6 to 7 logic. 7 tea. Half-past 7 to 9 logic. 9 worship. Half-past 9 to half-past 12 read two chapters of Greek Testament, and go to bed.

"*Mem.*—Read Potter's *Antiquities. Theatre of Greeks*, Rollin's *History.*

.. "*Sabbath, November 27th.*—A pain at one time in my breast and at another time in my side, made me apprehend that earth and the things of earth were to me near a close. These apprehensions the Lord has disappointed, and the day of my visitation is still lengthened out. O may I improve it for the gracious end for which it has been given!

"I would wish to improve time better. For this purpose I would avoid all unnecessary or useless visiting, never go out to any party more than once in the week, and seldomer if I can. Never be more than seven hours at a time in bed during the winter, except when unwell, or deprived of my usual rest. Spend as short time as possible on my meals when by myself.[111] Always carry about some book for occupying odd minutes. Attend to my most necessary studies first. Do things methodically.

"There are a few things which I would like to do before my next birthday, viz.:—Finish my lives of Christian authors for the Tract Society. Write some life for the London Tract Society's series. Form a society for religious purposes among the sons of clergymen attending the College. Write a collection of hymns for young men.

"*Tuesday, December 6th.*—For some days past have been very busy preparing for the Greek Prize Profession, and, if well, must be equally busy for two weeks longer. It is hard work. Two months of it would make me unfit for any exertion. And this is all for a single prize, which I am far from being sure of gaining, and which, though gained, can do me little good. How different from that

prize which is held out to the acceptance of all, and which will impart joy unmingled, honour unfading, and happiness eternal, on its possessor! For this prize may I be continually straining every nerve, and in due time, by grace from on high keeping me from fainting, I shall reap.

"*Thursday, Dec. 22d.*—This was the day of the Greek Prize Profession. The competitors were, Georgius Forsythe, Jacobus Connal and Hamilton, Joannes Wardlaw, Jos. Crompton, and Ramsay Campbell. I professed the Odyssey and Iliad, 2 books of Herodotus, 5 of Xenophon, 3 Tragedies of Sophocles, and 8 of Euripides."

At the close of the session he obtained the first prize in this examination, besides the first in logic and the fifth in Greek.

This is a very formidable ordeal through which all regular students of arts in the University are obliged to pass. Each student takes his seat successively, and alone, on an old arm-chair, which has for its bottom a smooth black stone of unknown antiquity and virtue. In the case of those who are satisfied with the minimum, an officer with a mace and a sand-glass standing by, calls out "*ad alium, Domine,*" when the subject has been five minutes under the operation, and he is accordingly set at liberty, like a sheep from the washing, to make way for the next. But when the "mighties" contend for the mastery, a whole day is set apart for the conflict, and the arena is crowded by anxious and interested spectators.

The scene, as it occurred on a preceding year, has been photographed by Hamilton's pen in his usual style. In

reviewing the memoir of James Halley (3d Edition, 1850), he introduced the following description :—

"When we arrived at Glasgow College, more than twenty years ago, the *nom de guerre* which we heard in its busy class-rooms most frequent and most formidable was Jacobus Halley. We soon acquainted ourselves with the personal appearance of this literary Goliath. He was a tall youth, with large bones, and a light springy step. He had a high and cylindrical head, something like what we suppose Sir Walter Scott's must have been. His hair was light, inclining to red. He had evidently lost the sight of one eye, and often applied his forefinger to the lid, as if it were still in pain; but through the survivor there streamed an animation sufficient for many ordinary eyes; and through every pore of his pale and etiolated countenance there radiated a penetration and alertness which made him look as if he were seeing with all his face. When some hard question in prosody was performing the circuit of the silent benches, the concentration on that corner of the class-room showed that the hopes of the *Græci* rested with this fair-haired Porson; and when he rose to read Homer or Aristophanes, the long paragraph which Sir Daniel allowed him to appropriate, and the loud applause which greeted the brilliant translation, announced a favourite of the Professor, and a champion of the students. We still remember his Blackstone examination. It was a day in the dingy Glasgow December, and the great hall of the library, with its solemn folios, was made cheerful by a splendid fire; and round the awful chair, with its sand-glass suspended in

laurel, was congregated a huge ring of red-robed spectators, whom the heavy swing of the great college bell was constantly augmenting. Depositing their arms—vast piles of Greek books—the challengers took their places. We only recollect those who, in Hebrew phrase, would be called the 'three mighties.' And when, preceded by the macer, and followed by his learned colleagues, in his shining boots and rustling gown of Oxford silk, Professor Sandford took his place, it might be seen in the sparkle of his eye, and the proud elasticity of his graceful movements, that a great contest was coming off. They were the happy days before he tried to be a statesman, and when his favoured class enjoyed the full treasures of his accomplished mind, and the fresh outpourings of his enthusiastic eloquence. The tournay commenced with one whose terse renderings, and clear categoric answers, bewrayed the mathematical precision which was soon to win the senior wranglership at Cambridge.[1] Then followed a scholar less dry, but equally concinnate, whose manly intellect and elegant erudition were destined to succeed Arnold at Rugby, and impart new dignity to the Deanery which Milner once filled at Carlisle.[2] And so fine and unfaltering was the demonstration made by each, that in common years either must have won the prize. But, '*ad alium, Domine,*' it still was Halley's turn. Tripping nimbly forward, and depositing on the table the learned heap with whose contents his cool assured look bespoke a confident acquaintance; first prose, then poetry, he turned

[1] Archibald Smith, Esq. of Jordan Hill.
[2] Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

it all into English, so fluent and so happy; and all hard questions of syntax and archæology he answered with such an easy completeness that examiners and onlookers alike felt it the *ne plus ultra* of scholarship, and the rapture with which it was received left no doubt regarding the result.

"This is the student whose fame still lingers within the halls of his *Alma Mater*, and of whom a loving friend has compiled the faithful memoir which suggested this notice." [1]

About the New Year, the earnest student was drawn unwittingly into a scene of dissipation, which he neither enjoyed nor approved. It may not be amiss to submit here the letter to his sister, in which he describes his misfortune, to show that in the aristocratic circles of Glasgow at that time hospitality was sometimes more profuse than refined. The tendency in a wealthy commercial community is to exhibit in their entertainments a sublime indifference to pecuniary cost; and those among them who have adopted a different standard of measurement find it difficult to stem the tide :—

"*January* 1832.

"MY DEAR MARY,—On Friday Jane and I went to Mr. ———'s in the expectation of getting tea, as had been promised, but were a good deal surprised to find instead a ball! I, who could not dance, was glad to be kept in countenance by so grave men as the Messrs. P—— and D. S——. There were at least forty young people. They got two urns filled with negus set in the lobby, and

[1] *English Presbyterian Messenger, Feb.* 1851.

all were allowed to take as much as they chose; one little girl took seven glasses, and was so ill that she had to go to bed. It was near twelve before we got home. Though the room was very hot we got no cold. I saw Mr. P—— next day, and he said it was after one before all was over."

He expresses no opinion on the character of the entertainment. His only interest in the matter concerned the loss of an evening. Time was his treasure, and he mounted guard upon it with a miser's jealousy.

The summer vacation of 1832 was spent at home in constant activity. His efforts seem to have been equally divided between the prosecution of his intellectual studies and the cultivation of his own spiritual life. The journals exhibit as usual an alternation of hard head-work and tender spiritual aspirations. The dispensation of the Lord's Supper in his father's congregation is "a well in the desert." The perusal of Baxter's writings makes him ashamed of his backwardness in the divine life: the Sabbath-school opens up to him an unlimited sphere of activity and enjoyment.

"*Sabbath, July 29th.*—This day fortnight I was at Kippen Sacrament, and I bless the Lord for having brought me there, for surely His banner over me then was love. While seated at His table my heart was drawn out after Jesus, and melted at the contemplation of His sufferings. I felt an inexpressible delight in again surrendering myself to Him and His service, and was willing to do or be anything for His sake. I felt willing to be with Him even then—absent from the body, present with the Lord. To be in such a frame always—how happy! But this

treacherous heart will not be long one way, especially in the right way; and without a constant administration of grace from on high, it is awful to think to what depths of wickedness it will descend.

"I have much happiness in teaching the Sabbath-school. This would be greatly increased, no doubt, could I satisfy myself that a work of grace was really going on in the souls of any of the children. But the beginnings of grace are often imperceptible to outward observation."

Towards the close of this year we find him again in Glasgow, attending the University for the third session. The following letter is addressed to his youngest sister, then a very little child:—

"*November* 1832.

"MY DEAR JANE,—I send *you* this letter because it will contain nothing but what is level to your capacity, and which, at the same time, will be interesting to you, namely, the assurance that I am quite well, and am your most affectionate brother, JAMES HAMILTON.

"*P.S.*—There have been sad riots in Paisley yesterday. I have seen no accounts, but have heard plenty. They were attacking the doctors, and breaking their windows. No life was lost. Paisley will never be my birthplace after this, unless it mend its ways. J. H."

This was the season of the first outbreak of cholera in this country, and the riots to which he refers were certain ebullitions, partial and temporary, of the poor people, when a wild suspicion for the moment took possession of them that the doctors designedly propagated the disease.

"*Saturday, November 10th.*—This has been a week of constant occupation, whether to the purpose is a different consideration. If I live to the winter's close, I expect to have many weeks of unremitting toil. Thus it is that men labour for the meat which perisheth, and thus I labour for knowledge which I may speedily forget, or which, if remembered, I may never have opportunities of turning to account. But how few thus labour for the bread of life—how few spend their days and nights in seeking to know God and Jesus whom He hath sent, and whom to know is everlasting life!

"Much study is a weariness to the bodily frame, and its exhausting influences soon tell upon the mind. How cruel to themselves are those men of literature and science who make a working day of the Sabbath!—who bitterly complain of the hardships of the way in which they travel, but refuse to avail themselves of the rest and refreshment the Sabbath periodically brings round—who are conscious that they are pilgrims in a desert, but refuse to turn aside to that *oasis* which meets them at the close of every six days' journey."

TO HIS SISTER.

"*December 5th*, 1832.

"Dr. Wardlaw was to have delivered a grand sermon against Establishments on Sabbath night, but studied so hard during the week that on Sabbath neither he nor the sermon was forthcoming. Just like some acquaintances of mine last winter (I do not include myself in the number), who used to sit up so late preparing for the Greek

class, that they slept so long in the morning that the Greek class had to do without them.

"Dr. Thomson's geographical ladies are on the increase.

J. H."

The brief postscript refers to a praiseworthy effort made by the late Dr. James Thomson, Professor of Mathematics in Glasgow, and father of Sir William Thomson, who now occupies and honours the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the same University, to extend the benefits of a higher education to the citizens generally, and especially to the female sex. He was the first of our academic men in Scotland, as far as we know, who made the attempt; and it is only now that both in Edinburgh and Glasgow his idea has begun to be carried out in a systematic manner, and on a larger scale.

The allusion in the body of the letter, though playfully expressed, as spoken to a child, points to what was at that period a great and keen ecclesiastical controversy in Scotland. At that early period the question which has risen to the surface of practical politics in our own day, whether there should be an Endowed and Established Church, was debated with much earnestness and not a little acrimony. The champions on both sides were led at times to take up extreme positions; and these excesses have impeded somewhat the progress of that review which the great problem is undergoing now; but in the main that old battle did much to prepare the way for a better era, which seems now to be dawning on the nation. In the allusion to the indisposition which prevented Dr. Wardlaw from delivering his promised lecture on behalf of a Voluntary

Church, our student betrays somewhat of the class prejudice with which, at that period, the zealous members of the Establishment were tinged. In his circumstances he could not but adopt the views of those by whom he was immediately surrounded, especially as his father and the godly circle of his associates were all attached to the Established Church. However, notwithstanding the partial alienation which this controversy produced, young Hamilton cherished even then a very high respect for Dr. Wardlaw, and lived, as these pages in the proper place will prove, to pronounce the Church's common eulogy over his grave.

We resume the journal.

"*Saturday, December 15th*, 1832.—Since Thursday last week I have every evening had some engagement or other —to a lecture, to a meeting, to dinner, etc., each occupying, I should say, more than two hours at an average, and, with one day's exception, I am similarly engaged for all next week. Now, all this appears to me quite wrong. I am here at great expense to my father, for the avowed purpose of prosecuting my studies at College, and adding to my previous information. And for this purpose all the time I have is short enough, after making deductions for those necessary interruptions occasioned by calls from friends, letter-writing, and a hundred other things. Now, if I choose to accept of every invitation, and at the same time am desirous to obtain a respectable standing in my classes, I must redeem the time thus squandered from what quarter I can get it—that is to say, from sleep; in other words, from health, for a proper measure of sleep is as essential

to health as time is to study. I am therefore determined to take effectual measures for diminishing these encroachments on my leisure, should I be spared till after the approaching holidays. Once going out, whether to breakfast, tea, or dinner, is sufficient for one week. Since Monday ten full hours have been spent in College-meetings, visits, etc. Of these at least eight may be spared in all time coming.

"Time is a talent; and, with all the rest, must be accounted for. If called on to account for the way in which each moment of my time has been employed to a fellow-mortal, how silly and contemptible would the reckoning appear! What, then, must the ordinary employment of them appear when viewed in the light of eternity?"

"*January* 2, 1833.—During the past year I have read thirty-nine duodecimos, eighteen octavos, and one quarto —in all fifty-eight volumes. I also wrote an abridgment of Boston on Fasting, a translation of Theophrastus, an essay on the Rhetoric of Aristotle, another on the Rule of Faith, etc."

A little later, 8th January, he writes to his father:— "This is the best time of the College—this and the next two months,—when we have a good steady supply of work, but not too much, and few interruptions." This short sentence, we think, exhibits the *beau-idéal* of a student's spirit. Here is a strong and healthful appetite. The "supply" he desires and rejoices in is "a supply of work." He is supremely happy in the prospect; for, on the one hand, as the interruptions will be few, the quantity of work will be sufficiently large; and, on the other

hand, prudential considerations, springing from experience regarding his health, are satisfied by the reflection that there will not be too much.

The summer vacation of 1833 was spent at home in the usual way. Few memorials of that season remain, except the inevitable and formidable lists of books read, and hours daily occupied, with here and there a hearty plunge either into himself or into some injudicious visitor for the loss of half a day. Neither from letters nor journals can any continuous narrative be constructed: but as you follow the track of the student you meet evidences on every side of the same constant and zealous labour. Both his instincts and his adopted principles pressed him continually forward. Idleness and procrastination were alien alike to his constitution and his convictions. His mind was a bow always bent; to be unstrung was to be unhappy. The current of his life was always flowing, never stagnant, never even slow.

Here and there, as in the next extract, we obtain glimpses of a conflict which Paul waged long ago between two natures, a worse and a better, an old and a new, in his own breast. In this matter, however, the only safe and healthy state is a state of active warfare, for victory will not be complete until the pilgrimage is done.

"*Thursday, June 6th*, 1833.—On looking back I see a great many things to cause self-abasement. In everything I come short, but there are some particular deficiencies with which I feel myself especially chargeable. One of them is a want of candour, often attributing to the worst of two motives particular actions of certain individuals.

This is a very odious and sinful spirit, and I humbly pray that I may be delivered from it in time to come. Nearly allied to this is a censorious disposition, commenting on the faults of others, and in frequently noticing the failings even of the excellent of the earth. I waste much invaluable time; the consequence of which is that I do not make that progress in learning that I ought, do little good, and leave to the last things of high importance. By frequently lying so long in bed in the morning I leave myself little time for reading the Bible, and am hurried in devotion. Often listless and unengaged in family and public worship. I have again and again found myself more willing to pass by a wrong thing in another, as if I had not observed it, than incur the bad opinion or ill-will of man by standing up for the honour of God—as if the good opinion of man were better than the favour of God. O Lord, lay not these sins to my charge. Against these I would especially watch and strive in the time to come, by the aid of Divine grace."

"*Sabbath, August* 11, 1833.—In reading Henry Martyn's Memoirs, the sacrifices he made that he might do good to souls could not fail to press upon me a painful and troubling sense of the little good that I have done, and the little labour which I have undergone in the cause of God. Oh for that spirit by which he was actuated, or rather, that that mind which was in Christ may be also in me! Then will I overcome this fear of man, which has hitherto proved to me such a snare, and kept me silent and inactive when I should have been zealous for the Lord of Hosts. Then will no sacrifice—nothing in the way of performance so

difficult, or of endurance so painful—cause me for a moment to hesitate when the salvation of souls is at stake. I have this day been thinking that I may find it my duty to go and preach the gospel to the heathen. Before I can do so—and if I see a call of God to do so, I trust I shall—what self-denial will be needful! What a missionary I would make at present—with a mind so filled with schemes about academic distinction, so vain and earthly in all its tendencies, so apt to be dismayed by every discouraging circumstance!"

In the beginning of November, braced up in health as well as furnished in mind, the student betook himself once more to his philosophical studies in Glasgow.

In the fourth and last year of their undergraduate course, students at the University of Glasgow attend what is called the Natural Philosophy class. Like most of the other classes, it meets twice a day; the first hour is occupied with prelections by the Professor, and the second with a public examination of the students on subjects which have been previously explained. It is a course of applied mathematics, ranging over mechanics, optics, electricity, and other departments of physics. The class was at that time competently conducted by the late Mr. Meikleham. The examinations were oral and public; each student answered in presence of all his peers. This system, combined with the practice of awarding prizes at the close of the session by the majority of votes, proved, under a competent master, eminently successful. It produced in the pupils a healthful, well-sustained enthusiasm.

As the students entered the class with various measures

of mathematical acquirements, the Professor at the commencement of the session gauged the capacity of each, and ever afterwards took care to accommodate the depth of his question to the depth of the scholar's attainments. Some were permitted, when their turn came round, to answer respectably a simple interrogatory regarding the more obvious physical laws, while another was permitted to perform a solo with chalk on a blackboard among the intricacies of algebraic formularies. On these occasions, human nature, instead of being dammed up, was permitted freely to flow, and the stream did yeoman service in driving round the educational machinery. When the Professor had chosen his man, and the chosen man, justifying his teacher's confidence, had tunnelled through his mountain, and emerged, chalk in hand and blush on countenance, on the other side, then the old man's eye glistened in liquid delight, and his formal "Silence, gentlemen," was manifestly not meant to check, far less to extinguish, the rapturous applause with which the roof was by this time ringing. In such scenes, and by such methods, a generous rivalry was stimulated, and ordinarily those men who strove hardest for the mastery in the class were sworn friends ever after on the wide stage of the world.

A surviving fellow-student delights to tell how the Professor on one occasion called up Hamilton to demonstrate the proposition from Newton's *Principia*, Book i. sect. 3, that "if a body revolve in an ellipse, the force tending to the focus of the ellipse varies inversely as the square of the distance," and how he performed his task in such a manner as to fill the face of the venerable but ruddy philo-

sopher with beaming delight, and draw forth from the youthful audience a louder and more articulate satisfaction. Nor is the narrator an incompetent judge of prowess in these recondite matters. He is Dr. John Cunningham, a man of prodigious mathematical faculties and attainments, a Christian of the same type and section of the Church with the late Michael Faraday, and, like him, uniting the most retiring and modest simplicity of character with the highest scientific acquisitions. This man, now venerable in years and aspect, has devoted his life as a missionary to the Jews in London. A philosopher who might have coped with any of his contemporaries in plying the calculus which extorts from Nature her secrets, treads the dark narrow lanes, and climbs the dark narrow stairs, of the metropolis, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. There he labours, sowing good seed on beaten way-sides, contented to follow his Master's footsteps where he is not "seen of men."[1] John Cunningham cherished a fond friendship for his fellow-student while he lived, and survives to lament his comparatively early removal.

There is not much of permanent interest in the letters and journals of this session. A few brief extracts are subjoined.

[1] Some years since I had occasion to meet a Wesleyan missionary from the Fiji Islands, on leave of absence in England for the benefit of his health, and was much interested in learning that he was the brother of Mr. Adams the astronomer, who, simultaneously with Leverrier, but independently, discovered the planet Neptune. How diverse on the surface, and yet how closely connected in the deep, were the positions and occupations of the two brothers! One, in the central home of British science, measuring out the heavens, and determining where an unseen planet must be rolling; the other on a small speck of earth standing out from the surface of the southern ocean, labouring to win some degraded savages to Christ. Sublime occupations both! *Par nobile fratrum!*

"*December* 13*th*, 1833.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I am glad that the book of travels gives satisfaction. By reading such books, taking care to follow the route of the traveller on a map, you may soon come to have a good knowledge of the geography of different countries, along with a great deal of information besides which it is desirable to possess. It is no waste of time to read good voyages and travels, the lives of great men, and works of history. I think now that if I could manage it I would read a multitude of such books, and regret having read so few when I had better opportunities. This winter I do not expect to have *one hour* for such purposes, nor can I well anticipate the time when I shall have sufficient leisure to acquire much of what I am horrified at the idea of wanting—general knowledge. I therefore consider myself entitled to prescribe to you what I have myself failed in, in the same way that a condemned criminal may exhort others to take warning from his fate."

"*Sabbath, March* 9, 1834.—I went to hear Dr. Cooke of Belfast with my dear friend Hanna this evening. He goes home to-morrow. The Lord watch between him and me when we are parted from one another! I felt that I have been much the better for his conversation during the short intervals that we have been together during these few days. He has the right views of what a minister should do and be. Would that there were many such!"

The friendship thus begun continued unbroken to the last, and Dr. Hanna survives to mourn with us the absence of a precious member from the ever lessening circle of

kindred spirits that gravitated towards each other by the force of common aspirations in those early days.

"16*th April* 1834.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Friday is a holiday, but I must stay in town, comforting myself with the prospect that a fortnight will bring me home for altogether. I have got an addition to my library—a very beautiful copy of Magee on the Atonement. It is a present from the students, and from the inscription having something about 'zeal for the best interests of the University,' I suppose it is given for the same reason for which Dr. Fleming and others would say it should have been withheld. My conscience does not reproach me for the manner in which I have exercised my rights as a member of Glasgow University. If political principles be hereditary, I apprehend mine ought to be comprehended in this—1. What is right is the true expediency; 2. The real rights and interests of the many should be preferred to the alleged interests of the few. Whether this be Whiggism, or whatever it be, I am not conscious of having done anything contrary to it in these matters. And though I was always aware, and am now more than ever, that this was not the way to secure the favour of Professors, I have the satisfaction of knowing that there is more honesty, kind-heartedness, and talent among the twenty-four names attached to this present than are to be found in the majority of the faculty."

The preceding letter alludes to the lively contest between the Liberal and Conservative parties, which terminated in the election of the late Lord Cockburn, one of the judges of the Court of Session, as Lord Rector of the

College. It is quite refreshing to hear the clear, frank confession of a Liberal faith in the sphere of temporal politics, from the lips of this grave and studious youth. Nor is it merely an adherence to a party through hereditary prejudice. It is manifestly a matter of the judgment, and based upon what he considered the right and the true. So effectively had Hamilton led the Liberal phalanx in that campaign that the victors resolved to express and record their satisfaction by a united and formal presentation. The inscription, with its list of appended names, is subjoined. The principles that were then dwelling in the breasts of generous youths have since that time told effectively in various places and in various spheres.

There is scarcely any species of certificate on which we should be inclined to set a higher value than the spontaneous and enthusiastic acclaim of his fellow-students.

"COLLEGE OF GLASGOW, 1834.

"Presented by 'the Cockburn Committee' to Mr. James Hamilton, the son of a most learned, upright, and pious father, in testimony of their high sense of his distinguished talents, profound erudition, indefatigable industry, stern integrity, and honest independent zeal for the best interests of the University.

Robert Walter Stewart, M.A.	William Park, M.A.
John Craufurd, Med.	Thomas Dymock, M.A.
Alexander P. Stewart, do.	Thomas Thomson, Arts.
James Davidson, Arts.	David Stewart, Arts.
Colin Campbell, Jun.	Joseph Compton, Arts.
William H. Graham, Arts.	George B. Moncrieff, do.
David Thomson, do.	William J. Unwin, B.A.
W. Urquhart, do.	John M. Douglas, Arts.
H. W. Nesbitt, Med.	Alexander P. Forbes, Arts.
Adam Roxburgh, Theol.	Michael Connal, do.
John S. Wardlaw.	George R. Kenedy, Theol.
James Halley, A.B.	Alexander Gardiner, A.M."

Conflicts on various subjects between the students and the Professors were of frequent occurrence in those days, and constituted interesting episodes in the otherwise dull routine of College life. They have long passed away, and it is not necessary to revive them. Suffice it to remark, generally, that liberal ideas on many subjects were invading the monkish cloisters, and ordinarily the students caught the spirit of the age somewhat earlier than their seniors. Hence some smart skirmishes between the more advanced and more liberal-minded students on the one hand, and the dignified Conservative heads of the Senatus on the other—not on points of theology or philosophy, but on certain practical matters of administration. In short, some wavelets from the great storm that raged outside between those who demanded reform and those who resisted it, had leapt over the dark battlements of the ancient University, and raised an unwonted commotion in its hitherto still, if not stagnant, waters.

On one occasion about this period the collision between the progress of Liberal ideas among the students, and the Conservative tendencies of the Senatus, went so far as to threaten danger to the discipline of the University. The students plied the Senatus with "memorials," and the Senatus launched forth "minutes" against the students, until the duel assumed ominous proportions. Threats of expulsion were introduced, not very skilfully, into the minutes. These were repaid with interest by memorials, drawn up in a phraseology of conventional respectfulness which was not meant to conceal,

as one of the remonstrants characterized it, "an undercurrent of contempt."

The commonplace observation, it may be frankly confessed, was true of those wars,—there were faults on both sides. The students were too bold and self-confident, but the Professors lacked the wisdom and generosity that would have directed, instead of merely repressing, the impetuosity of youth.

Another summer vacation passes without change of methods, and it may therefore be left without a record. Next session he entered the classes of theology. He does not signalize this stage of his progress by any permanent notice in either letters or journals. The obvious reason of this reticence is, that the choice of his profession had been decidedly made long before. He did not need to consider, at the close of his undergraduate course, what direction should be given to his studies in the next stage of his progress. The choice of his sphere and work was made at a very tender age, and it was made with a complete intelligence. I have never known any one more constantly and thoroughly dedicated to the Lord's service, like Samuel, from his birth, in his childhood, and in his mature age. The vows of his father, uttered before his birth, were fondly accepted by himself as soon as his understanding opened. His father's judgment became his own; and at no subsequent period did he ever manifest any tendency either to reverse the decision he had formed, or to regret the step he had taken. His heart was all in it, and always in it.

If, a few years after this date, and immediately before he

was called to the ministry, he experienced some desires to devote himself to botany, and relative literature, there was still no dubiety as to the aim of his life. With his tastes and acquirements in natural science on the one side, and his physical constitution, feeble in those organs on which a preacher must mainly rely, on the other, it is not wonderful that he should have entertained the question as to the position in which his talents might be best laid out in the service of God; but whatever amount of debate was admitted at any time, it was a debate as to means, and not as to end. He was bought with a price, and he was bent on glorifying the Lord that bought him. The only inquiry he made at any stage was, How and where may the talents intrusted to me be most profitably expended in my Master's cause?

In some of the theological classes of the University at that time a beneficial influence was exerted upon the students, but in others, if the young men did not educate themselves, they fared the worse. In some cases patronage had filled a chair in accordance with some obscure private connexions, in flagrant defiance alike of the public opinion and the public good. A person endued with a perennial childishness, not very many degrees above absolute imbecility, might, if he gained the patron's favour, be placed in a chair in which he should doze and vegetate for half a century, to the unspeakable injury of two generations. In those days there was neither security for a right appointment at first, nor provision for retirement when age and infirmity had done their work. The aged incumbent must live, although the students should be left

to take care of themselves. But in Providence compensations come up in a wonderful manner, when and where they are most wanted. The particular form in which these preserving and healing powers of nature appeared in the College of Glasgow when James Hamilton studied theology there, was a liberal, earnest, patriotic spirit, diffused in large measure among the students. If they shivered sometimes when condemned to sit out their hour on the benches of the class-room, they kept themselves warm by combining together both for mental discipline and spiritual health. To the theological societies and the missionary meetings of those days the memory of many men now scattered over the world in the service of the gospel still fondly reverts, as to springs of water in a dry place. By means of earnest and able teachers in departments where such held office, or in spite of a teaching that was cold or incompetent where that obstacle unfortunately stood in the way, many of the students that passed through the Hall in line with Hamilton, have, through God's good hand upon them, reached and held important positions in the Christian Church.

His younger brother having this year entered the University, he writes to his sister:—

"*Nov. 5th*, 1834.

"MY DEAR MARY,— . . . William is enjoying the Latin very much,—as much as I enjoy the chemistry. . . . Dr. M'Turk gave his first lecture yesterday, and, like my neighbours, I had pen and ink ready for taking notes, but as nothing notable occurred most of us saved our paper, but I did not see anybody sleeping. Dr. M'Gill's

lectures make amends, and if his future lectures be equal to the two which I have heard, I shall never hear to hear any one speak disparagingly of them. William Burns, of Kilsyth, is in the Hall with me, so are a good many of last year's acquaintances, some strangers too."

The allusion to William Burns, singled out from all the rest, and named as his class-fellow, in the light of subsequent events seems almost prophetic. It is altogether prophetic in the best sense; for that deep congruity of spirit which drew these two together in their youth, continued in force, and in due time knit them into a pair, one at home and another abroad, in the mission work. United thus by one spirit in early life, in their death, as we shall find in the course of our narrative, they were not divided.

"GLASGOW, *Nov.* 28, 1834.

"MY DEAR JANE,—Yesterday, you know, was my birthday, and I lay awake a long while, scarcely believing that I could be twenty years of age. And I have just been thinking that in these twenty years more time has been wasted than Milton took to compose *Paradise Lost*, or Newton to write the *Principia*. If you be a good arithmetician, you may perhaps get on to learn mathematics, and then you will be able, like Mrs. Somerville, to understand the *Principia*, which is more perhaps than other three ladies in England do. . . .

"Edward Irving has been in town for more than a month, meeting with a few people in the Lyceum Rooms every Sabbath. I believe he performs very little of the service

himself, merely addressing the congregation in a few words before the close. His health is bad. It is supposed that his lungs are diseased. Three Sabbaths ago I met him riding in the High Street, being the first time that I have seen him since he used to play with me in the old manse of Strathblane. He has seen changes since that time, and has made the sad descent from the highest popularity to the deepest obscurity."

A casual meeting for a moment between Edward Irving and James Hamilton, as two atoms meet in the air, then pass, and never meet again! History will connect both with the National Scotch Church in London. How like, and yet how diverse! In the one, piety, genius, power, all wrecked by a wayward spirit, and an enthusiasm which mightily impelled, without a sober judgment to direct; in the other, piety, genius, and a Christ-like meekness, which did more execution upon the enemies of God and man than any giant-champion who might make the battle-ground shake beneath his feet. When the engine slips off the rails, the skilfulness of its structure and the force of its fire avail it nothing.

As a student, James Hamilton was as blithe and discursive as a butterfly, but as busy and successful as a bee. His learning was spread wide, but it was not therefore spread thin. While he was engaged in the professional study of theology, he contrived to carry on always some under-plot without marring his main pursuit. Of his subsidiary studies, botany, natural history, and chemistry were the chief. Botany was a life-long recreation, but

in this year, and during the currency of his theological course, he made an earnest and not unsuccessful inroad on the domain of chemistry. A class-room, in the form and of the dimensions of a small theatre, had been built beyond the walls of the College, to accommodate the numbers who flocked to the study of chemistry under the late eminent Professor Dr. Thomas Thomson. I remember well a pilgrimage made by a few students from the Divinity Hall at the close of the session to the chemistry class-room, where our sectional pride was abundantly gratified by hearing Hamilton called to receive the first prize in a class of several hundreds engaged professionally in the study of medicine. In great glee we marched along College Street to see Hamilton "beat the medicals."

It is right, and may be useful to mention here, that while he was indebted for success in these sciences to his own intellectual aptitude and his persevering zeal, he was indebted, under Providence, for the opportunity to a moderate patrimony, which relieved him wholly from the necessity of working for his bread. While Hamilton was thus enabled to enrich his mind, and lay in precious stores for future use, James Halley, and other companions and contemporaries less gifted, were obliged to toil four or five hours every day grinding juniors, in order to procure the means of attending the University themselves. Very little provision was made in those days for assisting students who might have shown themselves worthy of being assisted. For the most part the bursaries that existed were at the disposal of patrons who admitted

no influence except that of private partialities. Better days have come for Scottish students. A great number of bursaries have been instituted since that date, almost all open to public competition. Of late years not a few princely gifts have been bestowed or bequeathed by patriotic private citizens, for the purpose of encouraging learning in connexion with the Scotch Universities. Although few and feeble in comparison with the rich foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, some endowed scholarships are now in full operation, especially in Edinburgh, which enable young men of intellect and energy to prosecute their studies somewhat beyond the period of the ordinary curriculum, without the necessity of toiling all the time for daily bread.

This session was suddenly and prematurely closed on the 16th of April, by the heaviest stroke that had ever fallen on his head—the death of his father. On the 5th, eleven days before his decease, he preached a public sermon in St. David's Church, Glasgow. It so happened that on that occasion I saw and heard the minister of Strathblane for the first and last time. I remember well both his figure and fervent manner as he preached. He gave me the impression of the Baptist preparing the way of the Lord, with none of the Baptist's sternness. I stood in awe before him, but it was the awe inspired by the tenderness of a messenger who besought us to be reconciled to God. From want of vigour in the chest, his voice was not well under control,—indeed the power of his preaching owed little to the instrument by which the message was articulated. It was not the measured

cadence of a cultivated orator that carried you away, it was the holy elevated earnestness of the man that made a listener's heart burn within him, in spite of defective vocal modulations.

James spent some hours with his father that evening in Glasgow, in animated conversation on the themes which parent and child relished in common—the things that concerned the kingdom of Christ, and next morning saw him off by the stage to Strathblane. It was the last meeting of these two, who had been very lovely in their lives. He preached in his own church on the following Sabbath, was taken ill on Monday, and, after a very short illness, gently passed away.

The great bereavement was simply and briefly announced in a letter to his uncle, the publisher in London, the first of a long series affectionately written by the nephew, and affectionately preserved by the uncle, which will afford us important aid at every stage of our narrative, even to its close.

"STRATHBLANE, *April 17th*, 1835.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—On Monday my dear father complained that he felt unwell, and at tea-time was seized with a shivering fit, and persuaded to go to bed. It seemed at first to be merely a cold, and no danger was at all apprehended,—so much so that I was not sent for from town; but he had a worse night on Wednesday, and yesterday morning my mother sent to town for Dr. Rainy. About mid-day yesterday it was evident that his strength was giving way, and when Dr. Rainy arrived at ten in the evening, he found him so low that he had no hope of his

recovery. His throat, which had been much inflamed, had now become greatly suppurated. He only lingered till midnight, and then his prepared spirit winged its flight to that heaven which had so long been its home. Oh, my dear uncle, you know how unsearchable are His ways, and this is one of them. Mamma was dreadfully agitated last night, but is more composed to-day. It was only this morning, when Dr. Rainy returned to town, that I heard that my father was so ill, and that he was gone. I am not able to give more particulars at present, but his mind was happy, happy.

"Pray for us, and God bless you, my dear uncle.—Your affectionate nephew, JAMES HAMILTON."

It will be convenient to introduce here an extract on the same subject from his journal, although it is dated at Easterhouse in the beginning of the following year:—

"What have I been called to see and feel since I made my last entry in this journal! Since then I have experienced at least one dangerous illness, have lost a father such as few had to lose, and I, and those who are dearest to me, have gone from a home which we loved, and where we almost dreamed that we were to abide for ever, to sojourn in what we may truly call a stranger-land. Last winter was almost entirely given up to the acquisition of human knowledge, and the pursuits of literary distinction. There was every appearance that my wishes would be gratified. On Thursday, the 16th of April, having just completed an essay which I expected would gain a prize, and as the day was one of the most beautiful days that

ever lighted up the spring, I wandered four or five miles up the Clyde in search of plants. Little did I imagine, as I looked forward to my return home, which another fortnight would bring about, and laid schemes of employment and recreation for the summer, and thought of the possible gratification which might be occasioned to those I most fondly loved by a successful termination of the winter's toils,—little did I imagine that at that very hour the hand of death was on the object of my warmest affections, and that next day I should be called to a desolate home, to find my mother broken-hearted, my brothers and sisters all sick of an alarming malady, and my father's lifeless remains. In a few days myself was taken ill with sore throat also; and as if to pour contempt on all my pride, when the 1st of May arrived, my medal and my prize-books came in the evening, and found me in bed, scarcely begun to recover. After such an admonition I would be more brutish than any man if I did not regard this world's honours and pleasures as vanity. The warning, I trust, has not been altogether in vain. I now feel alarmed when mere secular studies are beginning to occupy the place which God claims for Himself. O that He were more constantly and indisputably supreme in my affections! Till His throne be established here, if He has purposes of mercy towards me, He will visit my backslidings, and when His mercies fail to accomplish it, make Himself remembered by 'terrible things in righteousness.' Lord, help me to live above the world. Keep me from ever being so engrossed by its cares as to forget the one thing needful.

"Here we have commenced, about two months ago, a Sabbath-school. I do not yet feel the same interest in these children as I did in those I left at Strathblane, but I must remember that all souls are equally precious. I often wonder how I am so lethargic and lifeless amongst the scholars, when I always feel as if my time were short, and that I am soon to give in my account. I am not what I would like to be. I would like to make more exertions to promote the comfort and happiness of my beloved mother, whose heart is oppressed with a load of sorrow accessible only to the hand of the Great Physician, and to advance the spiritual improvement of the rest of the family. I would like to be more lively in prayer, more humble, less fretful, less vain-glorious. I would like to live nearer to God, and possess an assurance of my own acceptance. I would like to read the Bible more as the *Word of the living God.*"

"*June 30th*, 1835.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—When I look at the date of your last letter, I fear you may begin to feel uneasy at my long silence. The truth is, when I was purposing to write to you a fortnight ago, I was attacked by one of the most obstinate colds I ever recollect to have had, which has confined me to bed for nearly all that time, and which still renders writing a formidable employment. I am sorry that I am not yet able to give favourable accounts of mamma's health. For nearly a month she has not been out of bed, and so far from being better, I think she has for the last two days been weaker than ever. This long protracted debility is a cause of much anxiety to us all.

The summer is hastening away without having produced any of those beneficial effects which we thought it only required time to accomplish. And in a month or two we must leave Strathblane, which I do not see how she can stand in her present infirm state."

When a minister in the country is called away by death, some peculiar features adhere to the bereavement. It is not only that the modest income ceases immediately, but the house, the birthplace and home of the children, must be abandoned at once. The first morning that they awake fatherless, they awake as strangers on the only spot they have ever known as their own. The widow, while her wounds are yet green, must remove with all her family, to seek elsewhere a place of abode. In this case the suffering was much mitigated by the possession of a little property, which, carefully husbanded, satisfied the simple wants of mother and children, and sufficed to carry forward the education of all three sons.

Suddenly at this crisis our youthful student was thrown to the front, and obliged to cope directly with the various troubles of life—as the support of his widowed mother and the guide of his younger brothers and sisters. Loyally he accepted the task, lovingly and courageously he discharged it. Now appeared the value of the training he had received from his father, and the grace he had gotten from God.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS FATHER'S DEATH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MINISTRY.

A JOURNAL is extant containing an exact record of his employments from day to day during the whole of the vacation that immediately succeeded his father's death. This book, however, is entirely silent regarding his progress in the divine life. It takes no note either of his joys or his sorrows. The exercises of his spirit and the emotions of his heart during that trying season he has deliberately omitted to record. The memory of them has passed away with him. His great sorrow, however, did not impede or divert his course as a student; it rather quickened his pace by supplying additional motives. From the 1st of May to the 29th of October 1835 the daily tale of work is briefly, coolly, sternly entered. The summer was one continuous effort, and the only relaxation seems to have been a frequent change of occupation. From Latin to English history, and from mathematics to Luther's Bible, he turned freely and frequently, but never from work to rest. If he is somewhat wearied by five hours of seventeenth century theology, eleven hundred lines of Virgil, in preparation for his degree, must do duty as a period of rest; and when his eyes grow dry over the

Greek of Thucydides and Euripides, he will bathe them in the large and luscious tomes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

The hour of rising varies from five to seven, and the preparation of his father's Memoir occupies a portion of almost every day. On the 1st of May the Ewing medal, for an account of the Wars of the League in France, with other honours, are sent home to the manse. The sight of trophies saddens the winner's heart, because the lips whose praise he coveted were cold and silent.

In September the daily entries cease, and instead the following record stands :—" 11-19.—These nine days were almost wholly lost by preparations for leaving Strathblane, and by arranging the library after reaching our new residence. Left Strathblane on Wed. the 16th. Read 200 pages of Whewell's *Astronomy and General Physics,* and Pillans' *Letters on Teaching,* 140 pages ; also 150 pages of Dods *On the Incarnation,* and Crabbe's Poems, vol. i., 300 pages."

Thus the departure of the minister's family from the manse is wrapped up in a bundle of figures and names. Not a word betrays any emotion. I suppose the reason why the emotions were not written is that they were too big. This eldest son of a widow gathered up the goods of the family, and led his mother and her younger children forth from the house of his childhood with a courage more than stoical, for it was the fruit of Christian faith. By maintaining a complete silence regarding the feelings of the moment, he has in effect cast a veil over his face while it was wet with weeping, that a grief so sacred

might not be exposed to the public gaze. What he desired to conceal we shall make no effort to uncover.

The library, we incidentally learn, was the bulkiest part of the "flitting." The labour of arranging it interfered with study for several days. That same library, in which he had often revelled while yet a child at his father's knee, enriched by many additions of his own, stood as a stately monument in his house at Euston Square, the mine in which he quarried for his gold, and the object of interest to the casual visitor.

On 9th September the change of address is intimated to his uncle, still without a syllable on that removal from the home of his childhood, which must have been one of the saddest scenes of his life:—

"In future be so good as address letters for us to the care of Messrs. Ogle and Son, Glasgow, for there is no post-office within three miles of Easterhouse. I shall be in town almost every day in winter. Besides Divinity, Hebrew, and Church History, I propose to attend the classes for Anatomy and Natural History. And as I intend to take my degree this year if I can get it, I shall have enough to do during the winter. That is what I like, for I become unhappy when inactive."

In the first instance, the family found a comfortable residence at Easterhouse, a few miles eastward from the city of Glasgow. A month later he is able to give his uncle a more cheerful report:—

"EASTERHOUSE, OLD MONKLAND,
Nov. 16*th*, 1835.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I do not believe that I have written

to you since we came to this place, and that is now two months ago. We are five miles from town, and William and I go every day to attend the classes there. We leave home in the Canal passage-boat after breakfast, and return about five in the evening. Mamma's health is greatly improved. We are within a mile of Baillieston Church, one of the new erections, the minister of which, Mr. Gray, is a good man, and an interesting preacher. I must say that in its altered circumstances I had much rather be here than at Strathblane."

The last sentence refers to the settlement of a minister as his father's successor. He was vigorous, scholarly, and accomplished. He failed not to show that sympathy and tenderness to the family of his predecessor which their character and their circumstances deserved, but it was all too evident to James that the tone of his father's teaching in the parish would in many respects be reversed. The incumbent did not long survive.

In tracing the course of James Hamilton's life at this, as at every period, one is amazed at the quantity of evidence, scattered on every side, of a teeming activity that never knew repose, and an appetite for acquirement that seemed to grow by what it fed on. A book inaugurated 17th July 1835, and filled to the brim, presents a most interesting and suggestive miscellany. On the fly-leaf it is entitled, *Φαντασιαι*, and in a regular introduction gives the following account of itself:—

"As much good timber is carried down the Mississippi and drifted into the Atlantic Ocean, where it is destroyed

or lost, as would, if interrupted in its progress, build a navy. I have committed to writing few thoughts worth preserving, but by having no proper place to put them I have lost a multitude. For such stray thoughts Dr. Thomas Brown (vide *Welsh's Life*) kept a book which he called a chaos. It shall be a magazine in which to treasure up all those thoughts which are not required for present consumption, but which may all be needed in a future dearth—a lumber-room of unclaimed and unassorted ideas—a *πανδοχειον*—for the temporary accommodation of all stragglers, great and small."

The first entry in this day-book of floating ideas is entitled *Christian Unity*, and is inserted here entire :—

"In heaven there will be no such thing as formal reconciliations. Without the intervention of a third party Paul and Barnabas would at once be friends—friends for eternity. No explanations, no making of apologies, no *satisfaction*. It is only a proof of the sad imperfection of the present state, that all those who are reconciled unto God through Christ do not *necessarily* continue steadfastly attached to one another. The moment a good man enters heaven he finds himself one of a band of brothers, though in the midst of that company towards which his heart is at once drawn out in the tenderest love may be those of whose presence he used to be shy, whose motives he was wont to suspect, and whose persons he held in dislike. From the moment that the first note of the heavenly music strikes the ear, all hearts must beat in unison."

The next head is Selfishness. On the series goes till the book is crammed to its last fly-leaf with a congeries

of thoughts and things as variegated as the contents of the earth,—as bright withal, and as beautiful. Comments on texts of Scripture alternate with extracts from scientific books, and physical facts commingle with moral speculations. His mind passed through the confused tumult of miscellaneous life as a magnet passes through a heap of sweepings from a factory, leaving everything that was mere dust behind, but emerging with all the filings of real steel that lay in the way adhering to its sides, to be stored for future use. The ultimate extent of his acquirements, with the high uses to which he applied them, constituted another example of the Scriptural maxim, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

From the multifarious contents of this book we submit another specimen, showing that his mental activity was continually shaping itself into schemes of practical usefulness :—

"6. *History of the Church of Scotland.*—I have been asked if there is no history of the Scottish Church fit for the use of schools. I know of none. Defoe's is perhaps the most suitable, but it was not written on purpose. Such a history should be concise, without having the appearance of an abridgment, should be written in an engaging style, and should be free from the prejudices and misrepresentations mixed up with most of the popular histories. Such a work would be of great value. By making the youth of the present generation at an early period acquainted with the constitution and eventful history, the services, and the piety of our National Church, their affections might be gained in its behalf, and their

minds fortified against the prevailing efforts to prejudice the public against it. The usefulness of the undertaking should render it sufficiently dignified. If not anticipated in my design, and if health and opportunity be given, I may myself attempt it. J. H.

"*Aug.* 7, 1835."

Immense quantities of botanical observations are scattered over all his journals. Many pages are filled with notices of particular plants, and of the localities in which they were found. In this sense it may be said that flowers were freely interwoven with all his studies. But though botany everywhere bulks most largely, it did not, among the physical sciences, obtain a monopoly of his attention. The journals of 1835 teem with facts in various departments, accompanied with appropriate philosophical speculations. Nothing escaped his notice, and nothing that attracted his notice was omitted from his notes. A whale was cast ashore in the Clyde, and its skeleton exhibited in Glasgow; forthwith all its measurements go into his journal, with relative comments and queries. We learn the girth of the aorta, and the quantity in gallons of arterial blood that is drawn in by every contraction of the left ventricle. In the same or a subsequent exhibition is a living rhinoceros; he also is dissected in the book as minutely as his dead marine *confrère*. Facts are gathered and speculations hazarded regarding the distribution of plants over the earth, from one or more centres. The miners of the neighbourhood, with whom one has time enough to converse during the slow progress of the canal-boat to the city, supply him with some curious informa-

tion regarding the relative position of the various strata through which they penetrate in sinking their shafts. Forthwith he must endeavour to account for the facts by geological generalizations already made, or set the unexplained facts aside as materials of a new generalization.

Interspersed with these notices in the domain of natural history, occur miniature biographies of certain ragged urchins who stand on the roll of his Sabbath-school, with anticipations sometimes anxious, sometimes hopeful, regarding their spiritual progress. On the whole, the tracks which the student has left of his course during this year constitute a precious and beautiful miscellany. This is not a prejudiced or one-sided intellect; it is peculiarly well balanced. This ship is remarkably well trimmed, and may be expected to cleave steadily, even through stormy seas, if her course should happen to lie in that direction. Science is neither divorced from, nor overlaid by, religion. These two, both living, grow in the same soil, and intertwine their branches, as usefully and as beautifully as the forest-trees and the vines on the hill slopes of Italy. In the material world and the Scriptures this scholar is equally at home. In both fields he expatiates with delight, simultaneously or alternately. On one page of his journal you may find confirmation by fact and experiment of Darwin's theory, that the ascent of the plumula in germinating seeds is stimulated by air, and the descent of the radicle by moisture, and on the next page you may read that "Robert Black and David Brownlee repeated their psalms without fault," while Andrew Burt and John Brownlee made one slip each. Thus, in

the true philosophic spirit, he observed his facts carefully, and recorded them exactly, in whatever domain they might be found. To write down whatever he saw or heard seems to have been with him both a passion and a habit.

He had an eye for what is grand or beautiful in external nature; yet he fully and practically owned that the immortal young miners who were growing up all around, are more wonderful works of God, and more worthy of cultivation than the flowers that blossomed on the surface, or the minerals that lay in the crust of the earth. Without conscious effort, and with singular precision, he gave everything its proper place. In his view, natural law and spiritual revival were parallel lines, which might run near each other in the same direction for ever without running foul.

The account of his reading during this season is enough to make one giddy. "Rose at 4, rose at 5," varied by an occasional indulgence till 7 o'clock, make up the tale of time. The number of hours devoted to each department of the day's duty is daily chronicled: so many in the canal boat; so many in attendance at classes; so many in reading, or in conversation with visitors. Then comes a note of the pages that have been read, distinguishing the sizes of the several books. At the close of each month there is a summation of quantities,—June gives 2580, July 2250, and August 2110, pages.

I suppose the work and the record of it act and react on each other alternately, as cause and effect. It may be true that if he had not noted so carefully for his own eye what he did, he would not have done so much; but it

may also be true that if he had not done so much work, he would scarcely have written out so clearly the evidence of his indolence. The merchant who keeps his ledgers all correct will probably make money; but, on the other hand, it is precisely the money-making merchant that delights to enter his gains in the book.

The Session 1835-6, while he resided at Easterhouse, was the last that he attended at the University of Glasgow. With the exception of some months of 1837, devoted to the study of botany under Sir William Hooker, his relations with the western metropolis were closed in May 1836. His long residence in Glasgow must have exercised a beneficial influence in moulding his character. The College, situated in the heart of a great mercantile city, cannot become isolated and wrap itself up in the folds of a mysterious antiquity. While an educational institute of the highest class exercises an elevating influence on the commercial community by which it is surrounded, that community reciprocally interfuses a wholesome air through the cloisters of the College, and checks its tendency towards mediæval monasticism. If the founders of colleges in England had happened to erect their structures over the coal and iron-stone beds, and Oxford had found itself in the centre of modern Birmingham, the Tractarian retrogression towards Rome would probably not have occurred. These fungous growths do not thrive under the tread of busy multitudes, and near the fires of a vast national industry. Modern life, if it had existed in great masses on the spot, would probably have overcome the attraction of ecclesiastic antiquity. When a student ob-

tains his collegiate education in immediate contact with a large, wealthy, and not illiberal community, there is a better chance that his common sense will be as well developed as his scholarship.

Besides the immediate work of his classes, he was occupied during the winter with the Memoir of his father, and the inevitable, invariable Sabbath-school.

"*29th February* 1836.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—How can we thank you for your invaluable present? The gift and the giver, and every thing connected with it, make it unspeakably precious. I had little idea that such an engraving was to be produced. It is a wonderful likeness, and has brought the tears into many an eye. You have done what will be a gratification to hundreds. The very sight of this will bring my dear father's discourses and his living character more vividly to mind than any words printed in a book. What a happy thing that that likeness was taken!

"I do not know whether I told you that we had established a Sabbath-school here about four months ago. It has prospered beyond expectation, and is attended by upwards of thirty boys and fifty girls. It has done more than any other thing to interest me in the place, and I cannot tell how happy I would be were I sure of its doing good. The children have a bad example in their parents, many of whom attend no church, and spend their Sabbaths in the public-houses, with which the neighbourhood abounds. Mr. Gray is a diligent minister, and spends much of his time in visiting his people."

At length, in May 1836, he succeeded in bringing out the Memoir of his father, in one volume, with some posthumous writings in another. Sustained by the counsel of his uncle, the courageous youth addressed himself to the task with a heroic devotion. The work bears marks of a maturity altogether beyond the editor's years. Never did son more reverentially, and ardently, embalm his father's memory, and never had worthy son a worthier father as the subject of his first great literary labour.

In the memory of Scottish worthies who have passed the age of fifty, a halo of lovely holiness still hangs round the head of the late minister of Strathblane. It is well that those who knew and admired the virtues of the son, should be reminded that he owed much to his father. James Hamilton in his youth enjoyed, in very large measure, the advantages which the Scottish form of piety in the earlier portion of the century was fitted to confer, with few or none of the disadvantages which to some extent really adhere, and to a much larger extent are incorrectly attributed to it. In the home of his childhood there was, to the full extent, the Scriptural seriousness and devoutness, with none of the sourness which strangers often ascribe to the religion of the country. The light which the gospel shed on the manse of Strathblane was a gladsome light. There was strictness, indeed, in the service of God; but there was also the joyous freedom of dear children. The union, manifested by Dr. Hamilton in London, of old, deep, Scottish Presbyterian orthodoxy with the lovely pliability of a universal charity, was the legitimate result of early training and example.

"EASTERHOUSE, *June 30th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—The kindness of your letter has done me great good, and made me feel what I will not try to express. I own that I was anxious about your opinion; for if the Memoir were not in some degree adequate, I was sure you would be disappointed; but you have more than relieved my anxieties; and now, though the book were to dissatisfy all the world besides, it would comfort me to think that it had interested you. For the additional and unexpected act of kindness in regard to the engraving, accept my warmest thanks. I wish I could convey them.

"I hope James will come to Edinburgh next winter. I intend, if all be well, to go thither myself, and it would make it perfectly delightful if James were there. I have laid in a considerable stock of divinity already, and what I want now is instructions how to lay it out to advantage. Good Dr. Macgill has given me a system, and I am going to Dr. Chalmers to get some life put into it; and though James does not stand in the same need of the Doctor's inspiration, I engage that he shall find the winter spent at Edinburgh the most valuable, and possibly the most agreeable of his life. The Session there lasts from the beginning of November till the end of March. Do persuade him to come."

The summer passed without change of circumstances or variation of occupations. Again, as in former seasons, lists of his Sabbath scholars, with jottings of their lessons, alternate with Greek and Latin, with theology and philosophy, with scientific observations, and pedestrian feats.

Many hills were climbed, and many valleys crossed, in search of plants to increase his acquaintance with the Scottish flora. A solitary tour to Loch Katrine was performed in August. The record of observations is as usual complete. We insert the first page as a specimen of his method.

"*August* 2, 1836.—Set out for a tour to the Trossachs. Took the boat to Falkirk, where I arrived at half-past three. Walked from that to Stirling, rather more than ten miles. Passed through Larbert, a village with a beautiful church. To the north of it, and in the parish of St. Ninian's, is Torwood, famous for Donald Cargill's excommunication of the King, Duke of York, Lauderdale, etc. Still further is Plean, the residence of the late Colonel Simson, who has built and endowed on his estate an hospital for old seamen. At Beaton Mills saw the old cottage where James III. was murdered; was shown parts of the upper and nether millstones, with the marks of the spindle-sockets which had been in use at the time. Then proceeded to the field of Bannockburn. The Bruce's flag-stone still remains. A weaver had built it into the wall of his house, but the laird very properly made him take down the wall and surrender the stone, which is now defended from further perils by a strong iron grating. The cows were feeding very peaceably in the morass where Edward's cavalry made such stumbling amongst Bruce's spikes and pitfalls. The room where James expired is a small place, with a roof too low to admit of your standing upright. The corner where he lay is still pointed out by the side of the fire."

In the same style, Stirling, Callander, and every place of note on the route, are delineated, socially, architecturally, archæologically, and most of all botanically. The whole comes out a rapid, fresh, beautiful conglomerate. Nothing is omitted, and no two things are counted too diverse in kind for lying next each other. As they came to hand, they are heaped up—old legend, modern aspect, ruined tower, physical observation,—are all thrown pell-mell on the top of each other, for the student is collecting materials at present; he will classify and generalize by and by.

"EASTERHOUSE, *Oct.* 21*st*, 1836.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Since I got your letter of August 13th, I have written to James, but it is more than time that I should write to you also.

"We were glad to learn by a letter from Bogside, a few days ago, that it is likely James will be in Edinburgh this winter. We are all going in together, and have taken such a house as will hold us all for the winter. We would be very happy that James should occupy one bedroom that we can spare; and perhaps he and I might make common cause of another room to study in. But if James prefers the independence of an Oxford bachelor, there are hundreds of lodgings at present to let. For our residence this winter, we have secured the ground floor and sunk *flat* of a house in Buccleuch Place, near the College; but if Edinburgh should not prove too cold for us, it is likely that at next term we may take a house large enough to hold all our books, etc., and make it our permanent abode. Dr. Chalmers does not begin his lectures till Wednesday

the 16th of next month. If James has Hill's *Lectures on Divinity*, and the Doctor's works on Natural Theology and the Evidences, he should bring them with him; not forgetting Butler's *Analogy*. Might it not be worth while for James to attend Dr. Welsh's lectures on Church History? I believe they are this Session to refer chiefly to the Church of Scotland. But Dr. Welsh is a philosopher and a man of taste, and worth attending, whatever be his subject. Tell James I am only waiting his letter to send my congratulations on honours which I am sure must be conferred one of these days, and am felicitating myself in the prospect of golden hours together."

In November 1836, the family removed to Edinburgh, and he enjoyed the much coveted privilege of attending the prelections of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh on Theology and Church History. A journal of work then begins on 20th November, and differs in nothing from its predecessors, except it may be in giving still more minute details of hours spent, books read, and work done. No history of his spiritual progress at this period is written; at least none is extant. There is every reason to conclude that his faith continued strong, and his love fervent, but for the most part he has kept silence on these high matters, and written only the narrative of his external life.

His effort to induce his cousin to study for one season in Edinburgh failed. That pleasure, though fondly anticipated, was never enjoyed.

The summer came, and with it new opportunities of prosecuting his favourite studies. Although passionately

attached to home, he still leaves it for the botany that may be gathered, by the help of Sir William Hooker, in the west. Undistracted by the work of his own classes, which are conducted during the winter, he will this year throw himself with all his might into the summer course of botany given for the benefit of the medical students of the University of Glasgow.

In the following notes we obtain some interesting glimpses of a remarkable man, the late Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, Dr. Thomas Thomson. Although in manner he was proverbially distant and silent, he seems to have let himself out freely in conversation with his former pupil.

"123 NILE STREET, GLASGOW,
May 8th, 1837.

"Came from Edinburgh to attend Sir William Hooker's lectures on Botany. On this side of Falkirk, Dr. Thomson came into the boat. Had more than an hour's conversation with him. I told him of Dr. Johnson's (Durham College) paper, which I heard read at the Edinburgh Royal Society, April 17th, in refutation of the Doctor's analysis of a Baryto-calcite-primeval. 'He wrote me a letter about it, but as he had only the tenth of a grain to work with, I paid it no attention.—Dr. Hardy's lectures on church history were the best course he ever attended. So popular was he that you had to secure your place—there was no getting in afterwards.—Dr. Watson's *History of Philip of Spain* is the best historical work ever written. There is none so well arranged. Dr. Watson was Professor of Logic, and he and Irving were the only professors that he

ever heard swearing in the class.' He did everything to make himself singular, and attract notice. Dr. Thomson has seen him hop on one leg the whole length of the class-room in the midst of a lecture.

"We had a debate on patronage. The Doctor believes it necessary to the union between Church and State. What is the use of building more churches when people won't come out to fill them? The church I attend contains none but well-dressed and genteel-looking people (St. David's), and it ought to be a poor church. You will find the saying of Dean Swift to hold true: 'The top is all froth, and the bottom all dregs, for all the religion of the land is among the middle-classes, and it is well, for while they remain uncorrupted they may reform the higher and the lower.'

"I have no doubt that geology furnishes the best argument for a particular Providence, and that the most convincing proofs will by and by be those brought from geology. If there have been successive creations, there must be a particular providence, and I know no more conclusive argument for the Christian miracles,—for what are these creations but so many miracles."

"*May* 10.

"Called at the College laboratory. Dr. Thomson saying something about his own son Gideon going to India, I said it was not likely I would ever be there. 'You don't know where you may be yet. Sir Francis Burdett said that he could not tell but he might be an oyster some day, but he knew he could never be a Tory. Now you see he is a Tory, but he is not an oyster yet.'"

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

"GLASGOW, 30*th May* 1837.

"Took tea at Dr. Forbes's. Great deal of interesting conversation, not excepting the mathematical part of it. . . .

"26*th*.—Two ladies who were calling sent kind regards, which I undertook to deliver, but neglected to ask their names.

"30*th*.—I have spent no such delightful day as this since I came to Glasgow, nor indeed for a long time past. Sir W. Hooker had fixed this morning for an excursion with his class to Bowling Bay. So at 7 we set sail in a most inauspicious rain, which prevented all, except about fourteen of the most zealous, from venturing. The rain soon went off, and troubled us no more. When we reached Bowling we found the worthy knight, who had sailed up from Kilmun, awaiting us on the quay. After some waving of hats and other preliminaries, he marched up at the head of his battalion to attack a breakfast marshalled in the inn. We soon put the whole of it to flight. Besides despatching kippered salmon and a couple of eggs, I myself did good service both on toast and rolls. Rising at five, and a sea-voyage, made me valorous. Then 'Run to the mountains, run, boys, run.' After surveying the Roebuck Glen we went a good way up the hills, and got, besides a profusion of the common plants, a few that are rare. With the names of these I need not entertain you. When the trip was finished, I crossed over to Erskine, accompanied by William and Joseph Hooker. But I must not tell how we ate grapes and cherries in Lord Blantyre's garden, and how Joseph Hooker, in climb-

ing a lofty fir to get at the eggs in a heron's nest, in Lord Blantyre's heronry, broke a branch, and fell down a great way, and tore his clothes, and had to go home in David Stewart's. Suffice it to say, that after dining at Erskine Manse, home we got by the last boat, and that, after transacting various things, I am now closing this letter hard upon twelve o'clock. My kindest regards to Halley. My love to you all. I have much reason to be thankful that I enjoy such health and opportunities for prosecuting a study that I love so well, and must take care not to give it the place of better things. In its own place it is good, but nothing is good in God's place.—I remain, my dear Mary, your affectionate brother, J. H."

TO HIS BROTHER ANDREW.

"*Wednesday, May 21st*, 1837.

"I HAD a party to breakfast, that is, myself and three more—Arnot, Joe Hooker, and a Mr. Sinclair, an Edinburgh friend of William and me. Joe Hooker had collected for me upwards of a dozen mosses when we were at Bowling, and, as I know nothing about these plants, he was kind enough to arrange and name them for me. I went out leaving them all displayed on the table, and, returning two hours afterwards, was dumfoundered to find that my Highland hostess had been beautifying the table; the labels with the names were all piled up in a little heap by themselves, and the mosses packed indiscriminately into the little vasculum. I tendered a very gentle remonstrance on this piece of ill-judged attention, the result of which is that plants have risen so highly in

Mrs. Gilmour's esteem, that if in sweeping the floor she chances on some useless leaf, it is carefully picked up and laid on the table, or some other place of safety. The afternoon and evening were not interrupted, and I bestowed them on my own uses.

"*8th.*—Set out immediately after breakfast to search for some rare plants in Possil marsh, but after ploutering two hours in the bog, came home as wise as I went. So after dinner struck away up the Clyde as far as Daldowie, and fell in with my old acquaintance, Mr. Campbell. He was taking his evening promenade in a pair of those sandals without heels or toes—Scoticè, *bauchles*—near a very pleasant hermitage below Daldowie House, his own residence, I presume. He mourns that yonder he cannot find anybody that cares about a plant, though in his younger days he knew old George Don. So I had some more stories of old George, and some of the old ones over again. 'Many's the hungry belly that botany has given me. I remember travelling a whole day, from daybreak to the gloaming, with an umbrella over my head all the time, in search of the *Erica cinerea* (bell heather), with white flowers, but I got it at last, just when it was growing dark.' It was growing dark soon after I parted with this botanist of last century, and I assure you it was very romantic to wander down the banks of Clyde, through Daldowie and Kenmuir woods, to see the wild flowers and hear the wild birds. But what was as cheerful a sight as any, at one place I had paused a while to gather a saxifrage, when I heard a frequent plashing in the water. At first I thought it was some mischievous boy

throwing stones, but soon found that the trouts were at supper, and the party was a large one. I never saw so many in one place. Further down, numbers of people were fishing, but the trouts seemed to pay no attention to them. Slept soundly, having walked altogether nearly eleven hours this day."

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

"GLASGOW, *June 20th*, 1837.

"*Tuesday 21st.*—To-day I dined with Sir William, and I doubt if I ever enjoyed a dinner party so much. I had a right to enjoy it, for I refused three other invitations for it. Besides his lady and his sons, there were Mr. Wales, a Newcastle botanist, a gentleman from India, Mr. Murray of the Garden, two English students, and myself. The conversation was all, as I wished and hoped, botanical, with a few episodes on Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, Mr. Montgomery, etc. Lady Hooker is a person of the most pleasing manners, and as fond of plants as the noble knight. He has just got a letter from Berbice, announcing the discovery of a water lily, with leaves six feet in diameter, and flowers a yard in circumference. He gave me to read a book which I expect to find very interesting, Lieber, a German botanist's travels in Palestine. They are in German, and will give me use for my dictionary, which is fortunately here. He was very kind in inviting me to come as often as I chose and make use of his books and specimens. You know the story of Mungo Park and the moss. When he came home he gave it to his brother-in-law, Mr. Dickson, and told him, 'That is the moss that

saved my life in Africa.' Mr. Dickson gave it to Sir William, who keeps it among a multitude of other curiosities."

The discovery in Berbice, mentioned in this note, refers to the *Victoria regia*, which was immediately introduced by Sir William into the Botanic Garden of Glasgow, and has been cultivated there with great success every year since that time.

"50 GEORGE SQUARE, *Sept.* 27, 1837.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—This summer I attended the botanical class in Glasgow taught by Sir W. Hooker. I had the happiness to become acquainted with him, and he was very urgent that I should go to Syria, and spend a year in collecting its plants and studying its natural history, with a special view to the illustration of the Bible. He represented that there was much to be done in this department, and that a person with zeal for botany and zoology, and a competent knowledge of the original Scriptures, might do great service, and get himself some credit by the investigation. These inducements were powerful, and when he added that if I would go he would allow his son, with whom I have been long intimate, to accompany me, I confess that it was with some reluctance that I last week decided on staying at home. The reasons which chiefly detained me were the distance, expense, and hazards of the enterprise, and, above all, the idea of being three or four years called away from the employment to which I have been so long looking forward. My mother would have been anxious all the time that I was away; I might never have returned, and though I had, might have found

the family here in different circumstances from those in which I left them. The excursion to which I now look forward is one to London. I would like to come up at the time next summer when it will be most convenient for James to see me, and I intend sending him an epistle congratulatory to-day, in which I shall unfold my purpose."

Considering the tastes and acquirements of our student, much interest attaches to the proposal of Sir William, as explained in the preceding letter. It might have been,—it was, a turning-point in his life-course. Had he yielded, and undertaken an exploration of Palestine in the interests generally of natural science, and particularly of Scripture botany, his entrance upon the work of the ministry would have been postponed, and postponement for several years at that period of his life might have injuriously affected his fitness for it afterwards. The distinguished professor's suggestion, however, bore appropriate fruit at length. In his riper years Hamilton found scope for his inclinations, in contributing the botanical articles to Fairbairn's *Bible Dictionary*, lately published by the Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to learn that the youth whom his father proposed to send to Palestine with Mr. Hamilton at that time is Dr. Joseph Hooker, the eminent naturalist, who explored the Antarctic regions with Sir John Ross, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, who more lately accomplished a scientific tour in the Western Himmalayas, and who last year was President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

By this time the controversy regarding the lawfulness and expediency of Established Churches had begun to exhibit in some places so much acrimony that, though he still maintained his side, he shrunk with aversion from the actual combat.

"50 GEORGE SQUARE, *Oct.* 7, 1837.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Amongst all the societies that are organizing, would it not be worth while to try a Peace Society, of which all should be members who thought Christianity more important than the mode of its propagation, and who would allow men to differ from them about the need of Establishments without treating them as enemies and Antichrists? If all were of Mr. Wilkie's spirit, there would be no difference between Churchmen and Dissenters, and they would have something else to do than backbite and devour one another. Whilst they are displaying their zeal on platforms, and gathering the applause due to their heroic speeches, he is procuring to himself a better recompense in the closes and dens of the Grassmarket, and when he emerges to the light again, he has as kind a word for the theoretical Churchman who has been getting cheered for his church-extension harangues, as for the Voluntary champion who has been abusing the bloated ecclesiastics for allowing their flocks to perish whilst clothing themselves with the wool."

The next letter is addressed to his fellow-student Mr. Arnot, who was then acting as assistant to Mr. Bonar in the parish of Larbert, where the Carron Ironworks are situated, and where, consequently, a great proportion of the people are miners and ironfounders.

"50 GEORGE SQUARE, *December 13th*, 1837.

"I DO not so greatly pity you with your swarthy population. George Whitfield, preaching to the colliers at Newcastle, marked the effect of his sermons by the white furrows in their black faces, and I never expect to have a more grateful and attentive auditory than the colliers' children at Easterhouse. Some evenings in the Grassmarket make these look like golden days. Yet truth to tell, the Grassmarket has its attractions, and last Sabbath night, when Mr. Wilkie looked in, I was delighted with the answers of the bairns.

"A fortnight ago I gave in to Dr. Welsh an essay on the importance of Church History, which, betwixt reading books and writing, engaged me ten or eleven weeks, and has left me very learned on the History of Creeds and Systems of Divinity. Do you think it will get the prize? If I had heard Welsh's lectures three years sooner, I should have studied divinity after another fashion. This day he gave us in an hour a view of the evidences which would have been 'expatiated on in a fortnight's lectureship' had it entered any other noddle."

Instead of extracts from the detailed report of studies during the year, we submit a brief summary which occurs at the close.

"During 1837 I have read through forty-three volumes, and more or less of other books. Have read the Bible from Genesis to Joel. During the first three months attended classes three hours a day, and for the last six weeks two hours a day. For the last four months have

read Latin and French with my sisters, about an hour each day. Spent May, June, and July attending Sir W. Hooker's lectures on botany, during which time I travelled, chiefly on foot, upwards of 1000 miles in search of plants.

"Besides letters, addresses, minutes of societies, etc., I have written a sermon, exegesis, and two critical exercises. Essays for societies—'On the Development of the Moderate Party in the Church of Scotland,' 'Natural History the appropriate Recreation of a Country Manse,' and 'Recent Travellers in Syria;' and for Dr. Welsh's prize, 'The Importance of Church History in a Course of Theological Study.'

"Every Sabbath evening when in Edinburgh, along with William, taught in the Grassmarket Sabbath-school."

This was his last session at college. His zeal and energy seem to increase as his special opportunities are drawing to a close. The appetite grew by what it fed on. It is already evident that this student will not cease to study when he leaves the college. The "sacred thirst for more" is here a passion so strong that it will certainly last a lifetime. The usual congeries of accomplished work still crowds the pages of his day-book. The huge product is as inexorably demanded as the tale of bricks by Egyptian slave-drivers. In this case, however, himself was sole driver and sole slave all in one. In still another aspect the process was all the world different from the usual results of slavery; for the driver was never angry, and the slave was never sad. There was hard driving, but no tears fell on the lesson-book in that

school, where one gladsome buoyant spirit was both master and pupil.

TO MR. ARNOT.

"1*st Feb.* 1838.

"I AM happy to tell you that your kind wishes for a good New-year took effect, in so far that on the second day of the session I had the gratification of obtaining Dr. Welsh's Church History prize. . . .

"I spent last night in a curious house—Mrs. Gregory's, the widow of the late Dr. Gregory, of famous classical and medical memory. His great practice left his family independent, and they live in some splendour. But what interested me most was the MSS. of the great mathematical Gregories, his ancestors. There were four of them, and one of them professor in Oxford. He was the friend of Newton, and for the first time I saw, in the author's handwriting, the first draught of problems that made the world wonder in 'The Optics.' To say nothing of fine paintings, a large library, the bones and coffin-nails of Robert Bruce, and a conservatory (where there was only one plant in flower), I could have got a week's employment in looking over their rarities, and a month's in listening to Mrs. G.'s stories of all the literati of Scotland within the last half century. The reason of my being there was a visit to my friend and her nephew, John Mackenzie of Coul.

"I am not ready to break your excellent rules anent early rising, or rather, early going to bed. But when I feel *perdidi diem*, it is hard to lose all the night too; *e.g.*, last Saturday I devoted fourteen hours (something

more than a day, as days go at present) to societies, friends, etc., and could not have slept without a peace-offering to myself."

A note in the day-book, under date 9th March, is interesting as being his first regular engagement with a publisher for other than periodical papers :—

"Began, and for three hours wrote, a biographical preface to *Hall's Contemplations*, which I have been asked to prepare for a bookseller in town. It must be comprised in thirty-two octavo pages, according to a sample produced. Is not this to be a bookseller's hack? However, I did not ask the job, and greater men have not scorned the like employment."

It need scarcely be remarked now, that it was only his own inexperience that suggested any scruple regarding this transaction. It was honourable to both parties, and useful to the community. It reflects credit on the sagacity of the Messrs. Nelson, the publishers to whom he refers, that they recognised in the somewhat soft-looking juvenile student, who had lately come to Edinburgh, some faculty for writing the biographies of ancient worthies, which might, if called out, be of eminent service both to its possessor and its employer. The two parties to that comparatively small transaction have since, in their separate lines, run parallel courses of honour and usefulness. Both the author and the publisher occupy a larger place in the public eye to-day. Afterwards, in the years 1845-47, the intercourse thus pleasantly begun was renewed and extended. Mr. Hamilton contributed brief biographies of

John Bunyan and Matthew Henry, to accompany selections of their works then in the course of publication by Mr. Nelson. To dig in these Puritan strata, and bring up gems of personal history for the delight and instruction of the present race of men, was James Hamilton's earliest love. Although he met a rebuff at the door of the Tract Society with his first effort, like a true hero he tried again, and tried with eminent success. It cost him no labour to bring himself into sympathy with the Christian worthies of a former age. Partly through parental training, partly through mental constitution, he found himself spontaneously in sympathy with them, as soon as he came in contact with their works. His exertions in this department were a labour of love. At a later period of his life, as we shall see, he returned to it with increased fervour. His faculty was indeed in this respect unique. I do not know any other man who was equally at home with the quaint piety of the past, and the general culture of the present, generation. He possessed more faculty than any writer with whom I am acquainted, to bridge over the chasm which divides the seventeenth from the nineteenth century, and show substantial truth ever the same under every degree of circumstantial difference.

Some additional extracts from journals and letters will stand as specimen and memorial of his occupations towards the close of his last session at college :—

"*February* 10*th.*—Alex. Campbell's essay on the Moravians in the Missionary Society most affecting and solemnizing. Seldom felt more the obligation to ask 'Am I willing to leave mother, and brothers, and sisters, and home

for the Gospel's sake?' This was warmly urged in the essay, and deeply felt by the auditory. Mr. Mitchell and I brought forward the motion anent establishing a periodical, which was readily responded to. An interesting, and I hope eventful, meeting, which, as Leitch said, will, I hope, be remembered not only in future days but in other lands.

"Some preachers use their text as 'a louping-on-stane.' If by help of it they can only get mounted, they do not care how far they go from it, or if ever they see it again.

"*February* 22.—The Committees of the General Assembly's Schemes have agreed to publish a periodical, no doubt owing to the application from our College Society."

"1*st March* 1838.

"I USED to be terrified at the postman's ring, for he used to bring nothing but letters of business, and it is very seldom that a letter of business is a letter of friendship. Matters have so far improved that, if my heart gives a jump now at his impetuous tintinabular onset, the first *dunt* is succeeded by a delectable fluttering 'twixt hope and anxiety, in which the influence of 'the charmer' (*vide* Tom Campbell) predominates. In short, then, I was in the lobby last night when the plenipotentiary of the post-office brought your letter, and an invitation for Willie to his namesake the Professor's. My being in the lobby in the present instance was preparatory to going out, which I think it necessary to state, lest you should suppose that I was coming in. But to proceed, I was going to hear a lecture on Church History by the Rev. Thos. M'Crie. Said lectures are usually crowded. I

hesitated whether I should recreate myself with your epistle, and take my chance of standing to hear the lecture, when the wiser alternative prevailed. I planted myself in the corner of an empty pew, and read, and as I read, I laughed, and as I laughed, I looked up and saw some people looking and laughing at me. Nathless I read on till the kirk filled and the minister came into the pulpit and ended the sport. These lectures are most interesting, as I have stated at greater length elsewhere (provided Dr. Burns has put my notice into his *Instructor* for this month); and, you who have got Dr. M'Turk's prizes, and therefore know all about the Church of Scotland, could not give them of Larbert a greater treat than a course of such lectures. If a spark of national feeling linger, nothing can do more to provoke a godly emulation of our fathers. Did I ever unfold to you a scheme which I have cherished so long that it is a question whether it or I shall die first, viz.,—to get up the History of the Church of Scotland something on the plan of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, thereby intending them for young persons, *imprimis?* For if that history could be learned in the nursery or at school, it might do something to forestall the present spirit of indifference or hostility towards our Kirk, and perhaps something more.

"*March 29th.—Bonâ fide* the above was written, as it professes, a month ago. Since then I have been an invalid for three weeks, and the above is probably symptomatic. I have had an attack of smallpox, which confined me to bed for a fortnight, and has made me very weak, but done no other

damage, for if once I were strong I will be as beautiful as ever.

"I do not know whether to join your preachers' strike against candidateship. Have you any feasible scheme to substitute? For the blind-man's-buff system of taking a minister on recommendations will not answer.

"*2d March.*—Wrote and read five hours on the Gardens of the Ancient Hebrews.

"A few friends of the Missionary Society took tea with us. Resolved to write to Dr. Duff to come and address the students; also to cultivate more acquaintance with the Irish students in the hall, who have not met with the attention and kindness due to strangers.

"*5th April.*—Mr. Nelson, the publisher, paid me five pounds for my life of Hall, the first fruits of my literary labour."

To this another short entry of a subsequent date should be subjoined as the natural complement.—"Sent one of my five pounds to be divided between John, Arthur, and Mary M'Gregor. Should I ever make further literary earnings, resolve to subject them to a similar percentage." It was thus that he clipt the wings of his riches to prevent them from flying away.

"*5th May.*—Says a worthy friend, 'There is but one good article in this *Presbyterian*, and it is yours.' 'I am sorry to hear it,' say I, 'for I have two articles in this number.' He was kind, and I was rude, but unintentionally."

Two papers in one number of the *Presbyterian Review*, during the session of college, with all his other avocations, indicate already the pen of a ready writer, as well as the

habit of an eager student. Nor was this all; another useful periodical of that day profited by his alacrity and willingness, as appears from another jotting :—"Friends at breakfast. Got the *Christian Instructor* and the *Presbyterian Review* for May, with certain papers in them which I have not managed to read. All day revising my *Life of Hall* for a new edition."

The chief event of this summer was his long promised and much desired visit to England. In the family of his uncle, the publisher, there was at once a strong attraction to London, and a means of turning his residence there to the best account. The journal of events is, as usual, lively, accurate, and full. We submit a few extracts to show the buoyant spirit of the youthful traveller, and the sharp look-out which he kept on men and things in the great metropolis. He read actual human life as he read books, in order to extract knowledge which might be stored for future use.

"*Thursday, May 17th*, 1838, 7 P.M.—I take to my journal as we have now no more land to look at, but are far at sea, somewhere off the coast of Lincoln. It was after six last night when our steam-ship, the 'Victoria,' sailed from Leith roads, and since then she has been skipping along, with the help of a side wind, from nine to ten knots an hour. The meaning of said knots shall presently be explained, wind and weather permitting. The Bass was the most interesting object by far which met our view before it grew dark. Rising 400 feet, with precipices not only perpendicular, but overhanging, and looking down on two coasts at once, and the many islands of the Firth, from

Inchkeith to May, with its merry men, and the nearer but singular rocks, Craigleith and the Lamb, and Fidra, a huge mass of trap through which the surge has formed a natural cavern permeable by the waves from side to side, as if intended for Neptune's triumphal arch; it might form a fit habitation for some hermit who had just philanthropy enough to like a distant view of the haunts of men. But the Bass has seldom been a habitation from choice, except to its solan geese, who were all too busy sleeping to honour us with the accustomed salute.

"When we had rounded Berwick Law, the breeze freshened, and, despite the exquisite spirits into which a comfortable cup of tea had put us, pale faces began to indicate the disquiet of their owners. Discretion was our valour, and at ten we turned into our beds. We had secured berths near the centre of motion, and therefore felt little of the ship's heaving. But I, being tallest, was promoted to the upmost shelf or berth, which, though near the centre of noise, was very noisy. (Hence the laws of sound and motion can't be identical. This for the philosophers.) There I heard in great perfection every *heave-ho* of the sailors as they shifted the sails each time that the wind varied, and that might be once an hour; the pilot's bell to announce the half hour, and a responsive bell from the forecastle, just to tell the pilot that they had heard his bell; the tread of the man on the quarter-deck, and the pacing of squeamish passengers up and down, hoping that their sickness would walk off, besides the gurgle of the waves, the splash of the paddle-wheels, the grinding of the engines, the roar of the furnaces, and the

creaking, and warping, and straining of timbers. All this without a storm was noise enough to keep me long awake. But it was still dark when I fell asleep, nor did my slumber break till daylight had extinguished the floating light of our cabin-lamp. At seven I lowered myself from my perch, put on my coat, which, with my boots, was all that I had taken off, and stepped on deck. The sun was smiling on the face of the ocean, which was scarcely ruffled; it was only dimpled, as if smiling back again. At breakfast no lady was forthcoming, and some did not leave the roost all day. Yet we seldom had any motion beyond the solemn heave of the vessel under the propulsion of 260 horse-power, and the fretful jarring of the over-strained timbers. . . .

"Read the second volume of Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*,—amusing, egotistical, and exaggerated, full of nautical slang."

Here is the ruling passion strong in the sickly tossings of the hissing steamer, as in the solitary lodging of the student; he must be devouring a book, and must also jot down for his own use a note of its contents, or an opinion of its worth.

Passing over many notices of the city and its citizens, take one which points to his own favourite pursuits. From this time forth, the British Museum became one of his favourite haunts. It was a mine of gold opened at his door.

"Thundered along in an omnibus to the British Museum, and found that we had selected the only day on which it was impossible to see it. With Adam White, took a run to the Linnean Society's Rooms in Soho Square, the former

residence of Sir Joseph Banks. Saw the three little green-painted presses which contain the herbarium of the great Linnæus, sacredly kept as he had left them, and a number of similar presses filled with the collections of Sir James E. Smith, and many others. Then to the Zoological Society's Rooms, whose museum we explored. It contains many unique specimens. And lastly, to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This year's is the seventieth. The painting which attracted the greatest attention was Wilkie's, 'The Queen presiding at the Council on her Accession to the Throne.' This was executed for the Queen at her own command. . . .

"Turner's landscapes, gilt over with sunshine, have a peculiar effect, which is almost natural in the banishment of Ovid from Rome. It is evening, and the scene floats in such radiance as the prodigal sky of Italy pours into its Tiber. The landscape is set off with all those attractions which could make a last look the most agonizing to a poet who, like Ovid, had sensibility without heroism, and could only sing with Rome in his eye, or in his memory. Landseer's dogs are the pink of canine elegance and good breeding, most gentleman-looking dogs."

This visit was his first sight of the great world. It is here he begins to find the use of his classic stores. His acquisitions and tastes will put more meaning into one of Turner's landscapes, and more meaning into many other objects that must pass before the observer in the moving panorama of miscellaneous life.

A visit to Oxford is briefly sketched in a letter to his sister.

"St. John's College, Oxon, 28*th May* 1838.

"My dear Mary,—James and I came here on Friday. We left London early, so as to give ourselves time to visit Windsor. The Queen is at Buckingham House; so we had the range of the state-rooms unmolested. They are splendid. The hall where the Knights of the Garter dine with her Majesty on great occasions we particularly admired. It is very long, and very lofty. The ceiling blazoned with the arms of many hundred nobles who have won the blue ribbon in their day; and the walls hung round with suits of armour of every age and fashion. In an ante-room are many busts and pictures; that of Nelson has for a pedestal the lower part of the 'Victory's' fore-mast perforated by a cannon ball. The royal chapel is a solemn place, surrounded with the monuments of kings and paved with their tomb-stones. The marble group representing the death of the Princess Charlotte is the most expressive thing I have seen in marble. A palace is to me a sadder spectacle than a graveyard; for the study of splendour contrasts mournfully with the tokens of human weakness and evanescence. Passed through Eton, and had the prospect which inspired Gray's famous ode, but we did not feel poetical.

"Slough, where Sir John Herschel has just taken up his residence on his return from the Cape, and where his father's enormous telescope lies in ruins. Oxford at night. Took lodgings in the town; but take our meals in college. Wonderful old place. Yesterday heard four sermons, and attended five churches or chapels. Heard the Bampton Lecture, and James's tutor asked us to dine with the

fellows of this college, where I sat next to the august lecturer; chatted and drank wine with him, and thought of him and some other of the big-wigs as the old woman did of the judges. I have not yet penetrated the entire mystery of caps, gowns, hoods, and surplices, of which there are at least twenty combinations. But this morning breakfasted at the rooms of a student with a velvet cap, which interpreted means a Gentleman Commoner, or one who spends £200 a year additional for a higher seat at chapel; and a youth came in and took a cup of coffee, with a gold tassel on his top, which proved him to be my Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick. A college life may be very pleasant,—comfortable rooms, heaps of servants, libraries, lectures, silver-plate (for here every trencher and jug are solid silver); but I do not like the uncollegiate distinction of velvet and gold tassels. Every one, however, looks like a gentleman, and most are really such.

"In London I heard Melville, but was much more interested with Mr. Newman here. He is suspected of Popery by some, but is a High Churchman only. I have not for long heard a sermon so affecting or so impressively spoken. He is doing much good and some evil. Love to all, from yourself upwards and downwards,—Your very affectionate brother, JAMES HAMILTON."

It is interesting to observe the estimate formed at that time of Mr. Newman by a liberal and catholic, but thoroughly Protestant, listener. He generously appreciates the good, and refuses to believe in all the evil. Alas! the

canker had by that time eaten deeper into the vitals of the Anglican Church than good men were willing to believe possible. Since that time the leaven of Popery has spread so widely through that great unwieldy hierarchy that people begin to despair of reformation in any other way than through a dissolution of the body, and a resurrection from its dust.

"*June 8th.*—Afternoon with uncle to Hampstead; through Lincoln's Inn and St. Pancras' Church. Beautiful Grecian structure, with a tower copied from the Temple of the Winds, but unpleasantly like a heathen temple, with its cariatides, etc.; cost £80,000; holds 2500. Called at West End. Dined at Mr. Thorpe's.

"*June 9th.*—British Museum, to make extracts from some books.

"*Sabbath, June 10th.*—Mr. Binnie's, Weigh-House. 'Signs of the Times.' Remarkable man. The finest forehead extant, perhaps. Forcible language. Factory children 'defrauded of their childhood.' Fine people sighing over the negro's oppression, 'whilst they flaunted about in gay clothing, wet with the tears and stained with the blood of their infant fellow-countrymen.' 'Valleys which once awoke only to the voice of the bird, have had their echoes disturbed and *frightened* by the rumble of machinery.' A crowded audience of the most respectable and intelligent sang the closing hymn with an enthusiasm which promised hearty support in any measure to which the orator might urge them. Happily this sermon was an exception from his ordinary train of subjects. Considers Dr. Chalmers's visit to London auspicious for the enemies

of Establishments. A lecturer a novelty; an appeal to public reason a descent from the haughty eminence once occupied by Churchmen. Defended on grounds which High Church of England men will have cause to repent."

This is thirty years since, and, through God's good hand upon him, Mr. Binnie's brow is still erect, and the brain it holds is still capable of taking a share in any good cause. The concluding note regarding the defence of Church establishments, when read in the light of the present day, is a testimony to his great sagacity.

"*June* 15*th*.—Along with Uncle Thomas got away by the three o'clock coach for Brighton. Travelled ten miles an hour regularly, and stopped a quarter for tea. Uncle always makes a point of taking every meal when travelling, whether inclined or not, for the encouragement of people who, at great risk and inconvenience, keep their houses open for the public accommodation. And on the same principle, instead of calling surlily to the waiters, and abusing everything brought to table, he praises what he can. To-night he praised the butter, and it deserved it. This certainly is in a better spirit, and has a better effect on people, than what you generally hear at the common table of a hotel. 'Waiter, have these fish stood there since I was last this way?' 'Have you boiled these eggs long enough to kill the chicks inside of them?'"

The eminent bibliopole of the Row carried about with him a true and noble heart in mail-coaches and all sorts of conveyances. This practical protest in favour of the injured innkeepers is an incidental mark of a noble nature.

The late Archbishop Whately, while yet a youth, made a vigorous and successful stand on the side of a deserving host, on the way between Oxford and his home—an exploit which he recalled with pleasure in later years.

"2*d July*.—British Museum. Got from Mr. Children two specimens of *Ophrys apifera* in pots. Linnæan Society. Looked over botanical books in the library. Sir James Smith's copy of Lightfoot's *Flora*, 1781, Creech, Edin. The copy of Hudson's *Flora*, by the help of which he learned botany; full of marginal notes. Linnæus's copies of his own publications, done over with annotations. Mr. Don told me that his father's letters, etc., had been given to Mr. D— in Edinburgh, for the purpose of writing a life, many years ago. Rooms of the Royal Society.

"3*d July*.—All forenoon in reading-room of British Museum. Evening, went to Surrey chapel. Mr. Sherman did not preach, but instead of him a young Irishman, in a black stock, with a style as florid as his complexion."

In its learned societies and libraries and museums, London has immense attractions for this young man. The taste he has obtained during this visit has whetted his appetite. The memory of these botanical and antiquarian treasures will remain, and possibly enter, acknowledged by himself or unacknowledged, as a make-weight into one scale at a subsequent date when he is invited to take up his residence in the metropolis.

At Galleywood, his cousin's curacy in Essex:—

"5*th July*.—The cottages of the peasantry are, next to the ancient parish churches, the great ornament of this part of the country. They are built with that picturesque

disregard of system, either as to position or architecture, which produces a pleasing effect beyond the reach of any system, though it may fail to give the greatest possible accommodation of which the materials are capable. Then there are the flower-plots before each door-step, and the rose-trees festooning with their fragrant branches every window and doorway, with vines or some such creepers on the gable-walls. Whoever has seen these cottages, and gets a parish in Scotland put under his care, should never rest till he has put this badge and instrument of morality upon the homes of all its inhabitants. For, upon the principles of Whitfield, neatness and a love of order are the signs of a good character, and on the principles of the *Manse Garden*, they lead to it. Mr. Paterson,[1] by the way, has noticed the true cause of that romantic and sylvan appearance which English scenery usually presents, making every parish look like a nobleman's park. The English plant less than the Scotch. There are few woods in England, but every hedge-row is set with trees, and these answer every purpose of ornament with no sacrifice of land.

"*Sabbath, July* 8.—Evening, Scotch Church, Crown Court, Mr. Cumming. Half full, plain people, and a plainer church. Mr. C. had a good lecture. Very absurd on the Temperance Society. Complained of his people's irregularity in coming late to church. Did not understand why people should be so well conducted in the Church of England, and rude in the Scotch Church. People seemed heartless; and altogether I should fear that Presbyterianism

[1] Rev. Nathaniel Paterson, of Glasgow, author of the *Manse Garden*.

does not thrive in London. I question how far it is worth while to struggle for its lifeless existence."

This casual estimate of Presbyterianism in London is worth something to us at the present stage of our progress. There is no sign of prepossession in its favour here. At this period a Scotch pulpit in London seemed to be somewhat of a forlorn hope. He saw the nakedness of the land. Probably the prospect had grown a little brighter when, four years afterwards, he was invited to take part in that "struggle," but even then it required not a little courage to encounter the anticipated difficulties.

"*Sabbath, July 15th.*—St. Paul's in the afternoon. Sydney Smith, very good (some might have been suspicious) on pious men endeavouring to render religion attractive. Magnificent anthem from 1 Kings viii., Dedication of the Temple. The richest and most full-toned voice I ever heard, one of the choir, 'The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have builded,' brought tears profusely into some eyes. Whether occasioned by the music alone, or helped by the consideration that this was the temple of England, I cannot tell. Then in the answer, 'And God said unto Solomon,' as the voice seemed to draw nearer as if descending from above, the effect was stupendous. An anthem, by Dr. Boyce. This is in the mimetic style of Handel's Creation of Light, and Chorus of Angels to the Shepherds."

"EDINBURGH, *Sept.* 3.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Mary, Andrew, and I had a week's tour to St. Andrews, Dundee, Perth, and Stirling. At the first-mentioned place I could not but feel a touch of your

indignation at the iconoclastic reformers. To see nothing but three towers (tottering to their fall) of a cathedral, once the largest in the world, and whose roof of burnished copper once shone to the eye of pilgrims like the gilded mosque of Omar; and see cattle feeding on the altar-stone hallowed by the relics of St. Andrew the apostle, almost moved me from my right mind. But it would have been from my right mind, for I believe that, after all, 'the dingin' doon o' the Cathedral' helped the Reformation. But when you come next to Scotland, I must take you for a few days to *do* the churches of Fife, some of them are so very old—St. Monance, Crail, Leuchars, etc. Some of them retain the Episcopal form of a chancel behind the pulpit, and disposed exactly like one of your own parish churches. Above all, the church of St. Rule, built A.D. 375, and to whose antiquity you can scarcely find a match in England. It is almost as solid and homogeneous as a rock. We climbed to the top of its lofty tower, which is unique in ecclesiastical architecture, being earlier than Saxon, and had a noble view. I say *we*, for there were the families of three ministers,—a daughter of Dr. Andrew Thomson, a son and two daughters of Dr. Lee, and ourselves. At Dundee we were overwhelmed with kindness, which was all the more welcome that it was conferred not for our own sakes. I scarcely thought that so much feeling could have outlived thirty years; and when I saw the church and people, I understood how my father had found it hard to leave them."

During the autumn after his return from England, he

passed through the usual trials, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the 11th of October. Some of his experiences at that interesting crisis of his course have been preserved in a letter addressed to Mr. Arnot:—

"10*th October* 1838.

"I DO not know (nor do you) the feelings of a young lady when, for the last time, she subscribes her own fair name; but I feel to-night very like as if I were to change my name to-morrow. And so in some sense I will, for I must forego the *Esq.* with which the courtesy of the present age has so long honoured me. But I must beware of nonsense, for my mood is not so nonsensical as usual to-night.

"Henry Taylor told me that you had bespoken my first sermon. Had I known this sooner I might possibly have availed myself of the permission (indeed I did know sooner, for Willie gave me a hint about it); but Dr. Somerville, of Drumelzier, has long held me engaged to proceed to the top of the Lammermuirs, and make my *début* to the hundred shepherds who form the good man's pastoral cure. He was an old friend of my father, and it was in that neighbourhood that my father began his labours as a minister's assistant, at Broughton, viz. My chief objection to the Doctor's pulpit is that it does not command a more extensive prospect than the desk in Mr. Wilkie's Grassmarket Schoolroom, where I am welcome to hold forth any Thursday night, so that a regular church will be quite as much a novelty and as formidable on Sabbath week as it would be on Sabbath first. Then my second and third Sabbaths are pre-occupied, and that which follows (the

first Sabbath of November) is our Edinburgh Sacrament, when I cannot think of leaving home. But any day thereafter, if you will receive me, and if we may provide for what is so distant, I shall be exceeding glad to visit you, and, if it be any relief, to bring a sermon. Should it be the day when you supply Dunipace, so much the better, as it is the smaller church.

"There is one thing which has been very much in my thoughts for some days. Had Halley's health been spared he would by this time have been a year a preacher. You yourself have been rather more. I remember one Thursday in September of last year when he came here from Glasgow to consult Alison. He was very ill, and had delayed his coming for a day that he might see you licensed. At that time you were uppermost in his thoughts, and oftenest in his conversation. I do not think that we can ever hope for a more ardent friend, and one every way so valuable. I am sure *I* cannot, and at this moment I almost feel as if I was doing a wrong thing in taking license when he is quite disabled for it, so very strange does it seem that I should be a preacher before him. Last Monday I heard that Mr. Ross, an Edinburgh physician, who goes to Madeira yearly, had sent word to Mrs. Ross that he found Halley considerably worse on his arrival three weeks ago. Have you had any word from his Glasgow friends?

"Smeaton has been assistant at North Leith for six weeks, and has refused Morningside.

"I do not know how you felt it, but I find it extremely difficult to write sermons with sufficient plainness and

seriousness so long as I have no settled charge, and without making thought and style the chief considerations. It shows a vanity and disingenuity which I would not at one time have suspected, for I have always thought myself honest in the main. And yet, after all, I think I could forego reputation for the certainty of doing good. I agree with you that the system of candidateship is very bad, as it withdraws a preacher's thoughts from the main end of his office. Have you found a substitute for it by which we who have no patrons may become ordained ministers? I hope to spend this evening quietly, for so I have scarcely spent the day, but could not help it. It is other people, and not myself, that spend my days."

"EDINBURGH, *Nov.* 27, 1838.

"DEAR MRS. VETCH,—You will remember the Friday evening which you last spent here. I always shall. We little thought that Mary's pale looks that night were the beginning of her last illness. The first week I had no fear; but on the Monday evening before her death, I returned from Larbert, where I had been preaching, and was uneasy at finding her no better. At the same instant I heard of the death of John Mackenzie, and a depression came over me, from which I could not recover, though I did not then know that Mary's was the same complaint. Nor was it till the Saturday night that Dr. Huie apprehended danger. She herself was probably never aware of the likely termination of her trouble, nor was it needful or desirable that she should. Now that she is taken from us, I cannot but feel that it was the kindness of God which

selected from our number the one who was ready. She has left us at the time when she was becoming most interesting. Her want of strength had been a great drawback to her. It made her very incapable of exertion, left her little spirit for conversation, and damped the ardour of her mind. But soon after my return from England, I saw a great alteration. Her health and sprightliness were returning. She was taking a charge of the household arrangements, and had applied to her studies with fresh spirit. This told on the development of her mind; and during our short trip to St. Andrews, etc., I was surprised and delighted at the amount of her intelligence and sagacity and information. Her deep feeling I had always been aware of. But from that time I regarded her in a new light, and felt that she was a wise companion, as well as an amiable sister; and if I wanted any one to accompany me in a walk I was glad if I could secure her. When I was tired of reading or writing, I would go into the dining-room and interrupt her at the piano, and we would spend a lively hour in the Meadows, but now I sit here all day and hear that music no more. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel as if I and my young friends never had such reason to be thoughtful as at this season, when so many young persons are sick and dying. When we are so soon to leave the world, it is the best kindness which we can show to one another to try and secure a happy meeting on the other side of time. If we love the blessed Saviour we cannot too soon be with Him; but till then we are not fit to die. There is a book which I am at present reading, and if you have not met with it, I think

you would like it also. It is Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* It is a book which requires to be read at leisure. It is full of useful suggestions, and is written with great earnestness, and has done more good than almost any work I know. If you have not got it, and would like to read it, I should be very happy to send you one of my copies, for I happen to have three. As the affairs of Morningside Church have got for the present into great confusion, I have agreed to become Mr. Candlish's missionary, in the place of John Mackenzie, who is going to Dunkeld. This will not be so difficult to a beginner as a parish and a church. How do you like your new minister?

"Mr. Wilkie is very ill with fever. He has been under it for a week, and has not yet got the turn."

TO MR. ARNOT.

"*December* 31*st*, 1838.

"You heard rightly that I had accepted Morningside, and yet I am not, and never will be, its minister. Had I adhered to my acceptance, I would have been settled in the most delightful of all the new churches in Scotland, but it would have brought before the public an angry altercation which had been going on amongst some good men, not to their credit. And in such cases the *occasional cause* of the evil is sure to be considered a party. I am much happier where I am than I could have been for the next twelve months in Morningside, with a pamphlet, and newspaper, and presbytery controversy about my induction, and all this I had certain knowledge would ensue. I

withdrew my acceptance, and Mr. Grant[1] having withdrawn from being a candidate, George Smeaton will be elected to-day, and, I am happy to say, will accept. My withdrawment has brought upon me the resentment of my supporters, but when Smeaton settles among them they will be thankful. . . .

"I have come to see that a sermon will not be well delivered, that it will not even interest the audience, much less do any good, unless it has been the subject of much prayer beforehand. For the want of this, two or three discourses, which I thought my best, have proved such failures that I have no heart to look at them any more. . . .

"This year closes darkly on me. It is not only that loss of which you already know, and which you understand so well, but in Mr. Wilkie I have lost the friend here who was a father and a counsellor, and that at the very time when I most needed a good adviser, the elasticity of my own spirits being broken, and difficult matters requiring serious deliberation. I feel for his family almost as much, perhaps more, than for our own."

The event to which he alludes as having caused the year to close darkly over him, was the death of his sister Mary, on the 5th of November. Grave, gentle, retiring, she drooped and withered, and was removed in her nineteenth

[1] Minister of the Free Church at Ayr. A sharp conflict of opinion took place among certain grave and eminent men, members of the congregation, on the choice of a minister; but the blame, whatever may have been its amount, lay entirely with themselves, for the bearing of the two young ministers was noble throughout. Perfect friendship between themselves, a wise reticence, and a frank retirement gave promise early of what became the ultimate result in either case, viz., an appropriate sphere and an honourable ministry.

year. Very strong and tender were the bonds that knit the whole family together; correspondingly severe were the pangs of parting. But in each of these successive bereavements the survivors were cheered in their sorrow by the well-founded and well-defined hope of immortality, which threw a halo round the parting scene. The grief caused by breaches in a family who are united in the Lord is as deep as any other grief, but there is a softness in it which is peculiar to itself. The sorrow is all there, but the burning has been taken out of it.

As soon as he had obtained license, he was engaged by Mr. Candlish and the Session of St. George's to conduct their district mission in Rose Street. As there was only one meeting for public worship every Lord's day in the mission station, he enjoyed occasional opportunities of preaching in the various churches of the city. He had now attained the consummation of his long cherished desire—the liberty of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. He entered upon the discharge of his duties with characteristic zeal. He held his calling in the highest honour; he magnified his office, while he humbled himself. From his childhood he cherished an ardent love of this work, and he loved it to the end. Here is the commencement of a ministry that, through God's grace, will never slacken, and never waver, until the minister, wearied and weakened, shall be summoned by the Master to "come up higher."

"*Jan.* 7, 1839.

"DEAR MRS. VETCH,—Your very kind and welcome letter deserved an earlier answer. Once upon a time, the

more I did, the more I was able to do. But this is not the case at present. When the day's work is done, instead of sitting down to write sermons and letters, etc., I am glad to rest myself over a book, or talking with a friend. I half suspect there is some laziness in this, though there is something of weariness also. But, be it what it may, I must reform, or make up my mind to lose my correspondents, a loss which I cannot afford. Perhaps you have heard that I have become Mr. Candlish's assistant, or more properly the St. George's missionary. Most of my work consists in visiting the inhabitants of Rose Street, of whom there are nearly 3000. I do not meet with many in abject poverty, as would be the case were my diocese in the Cowgate or Grassmarket, but there are many families quite wretched from the dissipation of the fathers, and the heart-broken tawdriness of the mothers. The poorer people are in great part street-porters and hostlers. They are for the most part improvident, and their children ill-educated. I find it extremely difficult to induce them to send the younger children to the infant school. That school is quite a pet with me; but the parishioners see no use in it, as the scholars in a day school will learn as much reading in a twelvemonth as the infantry do during the three years of their attendance. Perhaps it is also against it that the teacher is so young, for, though admirably fitted for the purpose, she has quite a girlish appearance; the very contrast to the severe and spectacled dames who taught the Hornbook to our grandpapas. Amongst many bad, and some indifferent, I have met with a few excellent people, and I have marked their houses 'that I may go

back and refresh myself from time to time, when wearied of more irksome work.' To-day I was visiting a very interesting boy, who is dying of consumption, at the age of sixteen. It was my third visit, and he cannot live to receive many more. His information is remarkable, and the first time I saw him I was struck with the amount of reading which casually appeared in his conversation. This may have in some measure been owing to his employment, for he was learning to be a book printer. But his warm and intelligent and manly piety was what above all things delighted me. To-day, he told me that, from what he felt in himself, his time could not be long now; 'but the nearer it comes I feel always the happier; I wish I could tell the joy that I feel!' He said this with a voice and a smile so natural and so expressive that I could not doubt that it was really what he felt, but I asked him what gave him such joy. He said that he could not tell how it came into his mind, but that the passage on which he rested most was the saying, 'Whoso calleth on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ the same shall be saved.' Here he misquoted a word, showing that, as he said himself, his memory of texts was giving way, but the spirit of the passage is in the Bible. He said many things which made me wonder at his attainments, and envy, or at least rejoice, in his happiness.

CHAPTER III.

MINISTRY AT ABERNYTE.

EARLY in 1839, about three months after the commencement of his mission work in Edinburgh, Mr. Hamilton received and accepted an invitation to be assistant minister in the parish of Abernyte, in the Presbytery of Dundee. The circumstances connected with this appointment, while strikingly providential on their higher side, are on their lower side quite romantic. The late Mr. Nairne of Dunsinane, a proprietor in the parish of Collace, a gentleman of high social position and distinguished Christian character, enjoying the rich evangelical ministry of Mr. Andrew Bonar in his own church, benevolently interested himself in the spiritual condition of the neighbouring parish of Abernyte. The incumbent was aged and infirm; the congregation had melted away to a handful; the people were scattered as a flock without a shepherd. Having obtained from the minister and other parties interested a kind of unofficial yet substantially authentic commission to look out for a suitable assistant, Mr. Nairne betook himself to the metropolis, in prosecution of his delicate and important errand. On the Sabbath he went to worship in St. George's. Instead of the eminent

preacher who then was, and still remains, minister of the congregation, a youth entered the pulpit, slender in form, and somewhat awkward in gait and gesture. By the opening prayer the Christian country gentleman was carried into the holy of holies. As soon as the devotions were closed, and he had regained his sight,—for he was blind with weeping,—he ejaculated, "This is the minister for Abernyte." No time was lost. Inquiries subsequently made confirmed first impressions, and it was forthwith arranged that Mr. Hamilton should preach at Abernyte, in the first instance by way of feeler, to give Mr. Wilson and his people a specimen of his gifts. The minister, a kind and hospitable old gentleman, with an old-fashioned spencer above his coat, and an old-fashioned wig on his head, received the stranger with hospitality at the manse on his arrival from Edinburgh, and manifested towards him ever after a sincere and increasing affection. Of nervous temperament, and shy towards strangers, Mr. Wilson, notwithstanding, was not long in getting over the preliminaries, and admitting the new inmate of the manse to a position of familiar friendship. As a result and a proof of his growing confidence, he placed all his manuscripts at the disposal of his assistant, saying, as he pointed to the receptacle which contained his treasures, "My dear, these are my sermons; I give them to you; I have no further use for them; make what use of them you please; they will be of use to you." I do not know what answer Mr. Hamilton gave to this queer proposal, but in declining the offer he would no doubt take care to let his venerable friend softly down. At this time, and for long after, the

minister took it for granted that his assistant would become his successor. His estimate has been preserved in a letter written some months later by one who knew all the parties :—"Yesterday I was at the manse, but did not see Mr. Hamilton, as he was at a funeral. I had a nice chat with good old Mr. Wilson. I never felt such an affection for him before; he could not speak of Mr. Hamilton without emotion; his heart seemed quite overflowing with love and gratitude to him. He spoke of his numberless qualities, the great comfort he had in him, his condescending kindness to himself, and his shining piety and talents. He said a college friend of Mr. Hamilton's had visited him on Monday, of whom Mr. H. had a high opinion. He conducted family worship, but, says Mr. Wilson, it was not to be compared to Mr. Hamilton's. During this conversation the tears were dropping from the worthy old man's eyes."

He began his ministry in Abernyte about the middle of February. The people of the parish and neighbourhood soon became interested in his preaching. The congregation rapidly increased. On March 13th, writing to his brother, he says,—"I am still new enough to bring out a good congregation. Though the snow was pretty deep, a number of people came up last Sabbath from Inchture. The people are remarkably attentive, but I fear novelty may account for most of it."

No sooner had he begun his ministry in this place than he fixed his attention on the young with the steadiness and strength of an instinct. A class was invited to assemble in the church on Sabbath afternoon, and the

whole parish was canvassed for young persons above the age of fifteen. A fair beginning was immediately made, and the work went on increasing both in breadth and depth. A part of the time was occupied with examination, and part by a familiar lecture. It was, for work like this, a virgin field; and the workman possessed rare talents for its cultivation. Good fruit began to appear. Old and young were interested. Already the ardent teacher perceives "some hopeful faces." His desire for such a sight doubtless went far to produce it. The hearts of his youthful audience were kindled at his fire. He looked to this class "as the thing likely to do most good," and he did not look in vain.

Some lively notices appear in the letters of this period regarding the table-talk of the manse, where the old minister and his helper were the only interlocutors. Though very affectionate and fatherly, Mr. Wilson holds fast by his own opinions, and defends them, even when they are of doubtful orthodoxy, with extraordinary pertinacity. At one time he holds a spoonful of porridge in transit between the dish and his mouth for a full half-hour, until he has finished a dispute on the doctrine of reprobation. At another he consumes ten minutes in the process of pouring out a cup of tea for his thirsty helper, because that helper will not concede to him that the moon has nothing to do with the tides.

To his brother he writes, 8th April 1839:—"This is a bright day after many dark ones. Our three cats are very happy in the sun—for we have three cats,—but owing to the vigilance of the gamekeepers the term of

feline longevity is greatly abridged in this part of the world, and vacancies are constantly occurring in Mr. Wilson's rat-police establishment. A Monday is a day of idleness with me. I cannot fall soon asleep on a Sabbath night; and though I lie in bed till half-past eight on Monday morning, I am tired till evening. My class now numbers twelve young men and fifteen young women. I have got hold of all the unmarried farm-servants except three, and these I hope to secure in time.

"I will go to Dundee some day after William Burns arrives. He is one of the right spirit; and a little sharpening on such an iron as his, is what I greatly want and long for."

Already the waste caused by nervous prostration has begun. It need not be denied that when the spirit within is highly sharpened, it is apt to cut deeply into its corporeal sheath. If members of the clerical profession be good subjects for an insurance society, it must be under the provision that they should not be over-earnest in their work. A race like that which James Hamilton now began to run does tend to take the breath away, and shorten the runner's days. When an eager spirit is associated with a fragile frame we need not look for longevity. But what this life may lack in length, it will make up in brightness. If it fly like a shuttle through its appointed course, it will throw off many streaks of heavenly light as it threads its way through the world.

"*Abernyte, April* 14, 1839.—Never felt such up-hill work in committing a sermon as yesterday. Bodily languor got the blame, but not earnest enough in praying

for assistance in that particular thing. Lay down very anxious—all the more so as the church would likely be full, the Seceders having no sermon. This morning prayed often and earnestly to be helped, and set above the fear of man, and particularly the love of applause, and I trust was heard and helped, for I felt unusual freedom; remembered all that I had tried to commit, and the part which I had not came almost as good as the MS. Church very full. Eph. v. 14."

"*April* 16*th*.—The passage in my preaching hitherto which seems to have produced the greatest impression was a mere description on John xiii. 1. Several have spoken of it; and I remember seeing a grown man shedding tears abundantly—the first time I made a *man* cry. But the truly practical and most touching part of all—the love of Christ, on which I extemporized at the close with some warmth, produced no perceptible effect. Natural feeling and spiritual-mindedness are not identical."

"ABERNYTE, *April* 18*th*, 1839.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Few things have delighted me more than the envelope of your *Edinburgh Advertiser*. I have nothing more to wish for you on the score of prizes, unless it be Dr. Welsh's and Dr. Duncan's. This should give you confidence in yourself. You have only to go on, and with God's blessing you will become the minister that you wish to be. This winter will do you far more good than if it had been spent on mere mathematics. They do not give any hints for reaching men's hearts, and a minister has more to do with hearts than heads. I see

that a sentence or two spoken in the fulness of one's feeling, even though it should be extempore, is far more eagerly listened to than a fine sentiment, or even a good illustration. My evening lectures, of which not the twentieth part is written, are as interesting to the hearers as the sermons which are committed nearly word for word. Perhaps they are a little plainer, but the chief reason is because in them I 'ettle' more directly at the heart; and oh, this work of preaching is chosen employment! As I sometimes feel now-a-days, I could let everything else go for the sake of it. Your prizes may get you speedily into a church, and once you are there I hope there will be but one wish left, and that wish fulfilling every day in the case of some of your hearers. Yes, there is but one thing worth living for; and since God has been pleased to give you and me the opportunity and means of living for it, I hope we will be able to show that we are sincerely His. What I mean is this, that we who have 'a little of our own' will show no self-seeking in looking out for a rich or comfortable living. There are some comforts which I must have, and so must you, for we could not live without them; but with humble notions, and with a judicious wife, or without one altogether, I believe that the poorest charge in the Kirk might keep you or me. And if such a one cast up we should not refuse it *because* it is poor. It may be too large, or have some other fault, but poverty should rather weigh in its favour with you and me. Indeed, at this day when so many churches are unendowed, and some getting up that will not be able to pay even the £80 bond, is it not the duty of such as can

to serve these churches (or rather to serve the Head of the Church in them) not for filthy lucre's sake? So completely do I feel this, that if an unendowed church were offered me now—one of which I could discharge the duties with any sufficiency—I could not refuse it. In the meantime I have been kindly sent to a place not beyond my strength, and where I may perhaps acquire strength for a larger. And what I would like is, that my dear brother, to whom God has given gifts which may one day be coveted, should bestow them on the place which most needs them, not that which can pay best for them.

"I am glad that you are so *carried* by Dr. Duff. It is good to get such a shove now and then as will tell for some time to come. . . .

"When I saw how well my father is remembered in Dundee, where he spent only twenty months, I almost grudge that he was not a town minister all along."

"*April* 18*th.*—Pain in shoulder. Rheumatism or liver complaint? What if something lay me aside when only 'thinking about beginning to begin.' Writing a sermon all day for India Mission collection, and from the subject grudged all the while that so little of the Gospel, so little of what sinners need to hear, could be brought in. Hope to make up in afternoon lecture somewhat.

"*April* 21*st.*—Church full both forenoon and evening, but examined so long that no lecture. Thirty-four have now joined the class. An extempore passage, telling the state of matters here in Druidical times, seemed very

interesting to young people. Therefore must always have a bit for children expressly.

"*April* 23*d.*—A very agreeable compliment from a cottar's wife, that no one ever 'made the thing so plain to her!' Another wished she was young again, for the sake of joining the class, etc."

"EDINBURGH, *May* 18, 1839.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,— . . . I am here on a visit of a few days. It is the Assembly week. Such an Assembly never met since 1638. The independence of our Church must now be asserted, or she must lay in the dust the honour of 300 years. There are ministers in Scotland yet who would sooner follow their forefathers to the Bass or the Castle Hill than prove unfaithful to our Church's only Head. The Church of Scotland is the only Establishment which neither owns a secular jurisdiction in her things spiritual, nor claims a jurisdiction for herself in things temporal. I am thankful that I belong to such a Church."

At this time he steadily declined to put himself in the way of being chosen as minister in any vacant church. A very strenuous effort was made to induce him to accept a new charge at Greenock; but after much earnest consideration, and with great difficulty, he resolved to remain. The decision of such a question becomes a very important matter with such a man. His journal under that date is charged with long parallel columns, headed "For Greenock," and "For Abernyte," "Against Greenock," and "Against Abernyte." These columns were weighed

and weighed again. Prayer and pains were employed successively and simultaneously in order to reach a sound judgment. In the scale against Greenock occur such items as these, "too nervous; too weak: cannot commit two sermons: cannot visit 3000 people: plenty of good ministers there already: break down and do no more good." One of the entries on the side of Abernyte is—"Improve health." The reasons for remaining in the country on the ground of health had more force than he was inclined to ascribe to them. Even at that early period the extreme willingness of the spirit concealed in part from himself the weakness of the flesh. The conclusion of the whole was:—"Very harrowing parting interview with Messrs. Fairie and Gray; nearly five hours together. Decided not to go. Sought direction, but would have liked more clearness." And soon after he writes,—"I cannot at this conjuncture leave Abernyte; and if it was a dreadful thing to part with these good men after giving the final No, I have had it all made up in the comfort of my own mind in thinking that it was best for them and for me, and I hope for Abernyte."

I have long observed with much regret a disposition, pretty generally prevailing, in the public to treat the expressed difficulties of Christian ministers in similar straits as so many hollow conventionalities, and to assume, with some measure of grossness, that beneath the surface the decision uniformly leant to the side which offered the larger stipend. I am willing, of course, to confess that there are mercenaries in every profession, and wherever these are detected I give them up to the will of their

enemies; but I am convinced that the imputation, in the general form which it ordinarily assumes, is a mistake, and consequently a calumny. One swallow does not make a summer;. and I am aware that to exhibit a single example of magnanimous self-sacrifice and godly simplicity in the character of James Hamilton does not prove my case: but his case is not singular. For the sake of those who heedlessly give currency to the charge, rather than for the sake of those who are its objects, I put in my protest, for it is a lighter calamity to be the object than the author of an untrue imputation.

He threw himself into the pastoral work with all his might. He loved his work, and formed a strong attachment to the people. In visiting the sick he strives, with an extraordinary union of faithfulness and tenderness, to remove every species of self-righteous trust, and lead the sufferer in simplicity to the Saviour. Partly in his own journal, and partly in the testimony of surviving residents, I find many evidences of success. He watched every symptom, and turned every circumstance to account. "Four or five of my young people are in the way of meeting in the evening for the purpose of studying the Bible together, on a plan which I explained to them. The bond of union is a bible with marginal references, of which one of them is the fortunate possessor, and the meetings are held in rotation in their several houses." Already his love of nature, and his steadfast belief that the works of God might be usefully employed in illustrating His word, had begun to operate and to tinge his ministry. He certainly did not work his way "from Nature up to Nature's

God" in the free and easy manner of those who, never having taken a deep view of sin, have never appreciated the need of a divine Redeemer; but having learned to know God through Christ, he was accustomed to meet and commune with them everywhere. The God whom this student met in the wayside flowers was the same loving Father to whom he had been reconciled through the blood of the cross. Thus he found a gospel everywhere in the world; and thus he was sometimes, even to the last, misunderstood by good people, who had not passed through his experience, and could not sympathize with his enthusiasm. When in his preaching he expatiated with delight on vegetable life, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, he did not turn aside to another gospel, but drew the same old gospel of grace through a greater variety of texts than lay within the range of other men. "I do not wish to preach in Edinburgh," he writes to his brother on the 10th May; "I want to get time for some little affairs, such as consulting books on the botany of Palestine. I still have a hankering that I would like to deliver a few lectures to my people on the natural history of the Bible. Henceforth I would consecrate all that I may anyhow have learned to the making the Bible interesting. This is a delightful place, as you shall see when you come. The lambs are very happy, and the gean trees in very fine flower."

Acting on the noble resolution announced above, to consecrate all the information he possessed to the elucidation of the Scriptures, he was not very scrupulous in preserving conventional forms. Indeed an enthusiast,

with his soul towering to a considerable height above the commonplaces of a neighbourhood, and bent with all his might on one great aim, is apt to go straight to his point, walking over a good many venerable prejudices that happen to stand in his way. Forgetting altogether the methods by which the dignity of the pulpit had been maintained, and the slumbers of the congregation left undisturbed from time immemorial, James Hamilton was wont to bring the flowers he had gathered by the way bodily into the desk where he presided in the weekly prayer-meeting, and exhibit their characters to his rural audience, in explanation of biblical facts and allusions. Visiting on one occasion at the house of a neighbouring proprietor, he espied a fig-tree in the garden, and begged a branch. Having borne his treasure home in triumph on his shoulder, and prepared his discourse for the evening meeting, he took it with him to the church. In due time, when the prelection had advanced to the proper point, the fig branch was displayed from the desk, and bore its part in the demonstration. At that time a great spiritual awakening was spreading in the neighbouring town of Dundee. A plain woman, whose spirit had been stirred in that movement, was present in the prayer-meeting at Abernyte, thirsting mightily for the word, and longing to draw water from the wells of salvation. Amazed at the strange phenomenon of a young minister partly preaching a gospel which her quickened heart recognised as the truth, and partly flourishing over the side of the pulpit the branch of a tree covered with huge green leaves, accompanied by discourse not perfectly comprehensible,

Janet succeeded in restraining her spirit and holding her peace until the meeting closed; but as soon as the last utterances of prayer were over, she made her way up to the minister and exclaimed, "Oh, Maister Hamilton, hoo do you gie them fig leaves when they are hungerin' for the bread o' life?" Those warm-hearted, unlettered Christians comprehended their minister in part, and in as far as they comprehended they revered and loved him; but some sides of this man they did not understand, and before these they stood amazed and bewildered. His heart was as deep in the revival as their own. He was the beloved friend and coadjutor of Burns and M'Cheyne in its commencement, and through its course; but his poetic temperament, and enthusiasm for nature, gave a tinge to his preaching, which now and then became a stumbling-block in the way of the more prosaic sort of Christians, not only in Abernyte, at the beginning of his ministry, but even in London, down to its close.

But while the peculiarity of his character and experience affords a sufficient explanation as far as regards his own appreciation of the Gospel throughout his ministry, it ought to be confessed that there was, and continued to be, some measure of ground for the objection urged by the simple woman at Abernyte. By obtaining access to his inner life, and marking his habitual eagerness to win sinners unto Christ, we can well understand that he tasted for himself of the grace of God in every discourse; but it remains true that in some discourses the grace of God in the Gospel was not, in the judgment of intelligent hearers, articulated with sufficient fulness. I find that

some of those who loved him, and leant on his ministry for spiritual edification, confessed and lamented that occasionally a sermon opened and closed, steeped indeed throughout in the spirit of the Gospel, but without such a positive declaration as would enable a listener, on that occasion, to learn the way of life.

"*July 5th.*—Preached yesterday evening at Blairgowrie. Delightful friend Mr. Macdonald. Suggestion about written questions for self-examination to young communicants.

"I am too sensitive. Find the image of myself more in Mrs. Huntington than any one of whom I have read. All her susceptibility to friendship, and that sensitive dread of hurting friends, and nervous fear of cooling them. To-day have been in utter misery, and am only getting over it, because neglected to thank Mrs. Kinnear for the use of her gig, and because, in coming out of Miss Eliza's room, I complained of being fatigued, and Mrs. K. seemed concerned that I should have gone to see her in that state. Fear that my visit was of little service to Miss E. and J., and this aggravates my distress. Lord, send her a better teacher, and grant that she may be one of those sheep who shall never be plucked out of Christ's hand."

TO REV. J. WILLIS.

"ABERNYTE, BY INCHTURE, *27th Aug.* 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . You will have heard of the movement in St. Peter's, Dundee. I hope that much real good is going on. I have addressed Burns' congregation twice, on a week evening, and never met a more attentive

or more impressed audience. He has had a meeting every night since Thursday fortnight, and so eager are the people to hear the Word, that every night he has an overflowing congregation. On the first three evenings there was much excitement among the people, and many (as at Kilsyth) cried out under the force of strong convictions. These expressions of feeling, and the lateness of the first meetings, have supplied a handle to gainsayers; but the work makes progress in spite of them, and from what I have seen and heard from Mr. Burns, I have no doubt that there is a remarkable pouring out of the Spirit of God upon many. I have seldom seen any preacher who so vividly realized things unseen, and who had so strong faith in the imparted strength of his heavenly Master as Burns himself. I would say that he is more distinguished (*primâ facie*) by zeal for the glory of Christ than, as I have noticed that many are, by mere concern for perishing sinners. This gives a lofty bearing and an apostolical character to his ministrations, and keeps him from many sources of vexation to which others not so actuated are liable. I do not say that he wants the other motives to ministerial fidelity, but I do say that every other is with him subordinated to that noblest of all, the *exalting of Christ* in the salvation of souls. He speaks, too, with such warmth and solemnity, such *empressement*, that his hearers cannot for a moment forget his earnestness and sincerity. I find three difficulties which ordinarily oppose the success of the Gospel message: It is very difficult to secure the *attention* of the hearers, still more difficult to make them discover that you are *sincere*

in what you say (that you will not be *put off*), and most difficult of all to convince them that God is sincere in what *He* says. After the example of M'Cheyne and Andrew Bonar, we have set agoing here a weekly prayer meeting. I hope that good will come of it. It has had the effect of letting me see that there are more seriously disposed people in the country-side than I would have thought, but most of them come from without the parish. Indeed the parish is so small that of itself it could not half fill the church. There is nothing that has been so intimately forced home on my conviction of late as the powerlessness of all means till vitalized by the Spirit's energy. And I have been imploring the praying people here to cry mightily to God for the descent of the Church's Comforter."

"ABERNYTE, *Sept.* 9, 1839.

"DEAR MRS. VETCH,—This is a Monday, a day when I am often wearied, but perhaps the more on that account the day which most reminds me of my friends. It is the day that I have most leisure for thinking of them, and, if I were not very lazy or very tired, for writing to them. I must not let another Monday pass without writing to you, though amongst my unanswered letters I see some as old as March. You know that I have been here for half a year as assistant to the old minister of this parish. Since the end of June I have had the great enjoyment of a visit from my mother and all the rest of them. They have been living here in the manse as Mr. Wilson's boarders—an arrangement which I daresay mamma feels a little queer, after being all along accustomed to preside

over her own establishment; but still it has been good for us all, and particularly for Andrew, who seems quite renovated after his two fevers. They all leave me at the end of this week, unless I can manage to retain Jeanie for a little longer. The greatest external drawback to this place is the want of a house of my own, to which I could bring my friends. It would be pleasant during those winter months which must soon be here, if I had my mother or sister, or some one to enliven the monotony of a manse with no occupant save its ancient minister. In most respects the place is one for which I should be thankful, and am thankful. It is not large beyond my strength, and I think there are appearances of good among some of the people. You are fond of fine scenery: we look down on the rich Carse of Gowrie, the Firth of Tay, and the coast of Fife,—places very interesting to me at this moment, for they bring to my mind an excursion with Mary at this same season last year. There are some pleasant walks, and some sweetly retired spots. To-day I sat a long while at the foot of a cascade which tumbles from the most romantic hill I ever saw, and I could have sat half the day, the sound of the water 'devalling into a pool profound' was so soothing; and it was amusement enough to watch the waterfall itself. I had no idea that so great variety could have been produced by the descent of a not very large stream. Such a waterfall is not the uniform thing people take it to be. There is an endless diversity in the form of the cataract. It seems to come in *pulses*,—fits of alternate enlarging and lessening. And then there are a multitude of smaller jets well worth

watching. What helped to enliven it was the anxiety of sundry trout to jerk themselves up the precipice. Of course the nimblest of them failed, but this did not daunt the rest. One enterprising fellow made such a somerset that he fell back on the mossy rock below, at a considerable distance from the water, but he soon regained his proper element. One thing I noticed in this adventurer was that he did not find his way back to the water by a succession of leaps, as I have seen less practised fishes do, but he wriggled over the slimy rock like a serpent, and made directly for the water. You do not say whether you have found out any good people in your neighbourhood. I know of few things so likely to be useful to us as a friend willing to talk freely and naturally on the 'great things of God.' . . . There are some people who profess religion who are so cold and stiff and unnatural when they speak about it, but it is delightful to meet with one whose heart is so warmed by the love of Christ that it is more pleasant and natural for him to speak the words of eternal life than to converse on any other subject. . . . I sometimes find it very delightful to pray for my friends. Besides the far higher end, it has the effect of increasing our affectionate interest in them. When I say that I often pray for you, I hope that you will do the same for me; and the things which I have the most need of are not temporal mercies (for of them I have had more than my share), but a *forgetfulness of myself* in the service of God, and more concern for the souls of dying men. . . . I had a long letter from Mr. Halley lately. He is wearing slowly away to the 'Happy Land,' and as full

of sprightliness as ever, though he can only walk on crutches. . . . JAMES HAMILTON."

About this time he became connected with a select society, about twelve in number, bound together in a common covenant to devote themselves with all their might to the advancement of the kingdom—the revival of the Church. Two of the members, Leslie Miller and Hewitson, after fulfilling their course, have entered into rest. Several are now in the high places of the heathen field, and the rest are labouring in the ministry at home. The bonds were intimate and peculiar: the union and its objects were, for prudential reasons, kept strictly private. The primary object was their own advancement in the divine life. After this, and by means of it, they sought the good of Zion, the prosperity of their own Church, and of Christ's cause in the world. Their means were prayer, each apart, or any two or three who might be near, in company—but whether apart or together, all in concert,—and mutual correspondence. From such roots as these, striking deep unseen, sprang great and beautiful fruits for Scotland and for the world.

Mr. M'Cheyne, Mr. Burns, Mr. A. Bonar, and Mr. R. M'Donald frequently visited Abernyte, and contributed by their addresses at the weekly prayer-meetings to kindle and spread the flame of spiritual zeal that, to a large extent, at that time pervaded the district.

MR. M'CHEYNE TO MR. HAMILTON.

"*15th Jan.* 1840. *Wed.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Will you excuse lack of ceremony, and come down to-morrow and preach to us the unsearchable riches of Christ? We have the Communion on the Sabbath; we have no Fast-day, but only a meeting in the evening at a quarter-past seven. Come, my dear Sir, if you can, and refresh us with your company. Bring the fragrance of the bundle of myrrh along with you, and may grace be poured into your lips.—Yours ever,

"ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE."

This is an interesting morsel. It exhibits almost to the reader's eye one of the most memorable scenes in the spiritual history of Scotland. It reveals the bond of sacred brotherhood between M'Cheyne and Hamilton at the crisis of a movement which has contributed much to mould the religious character of the age. Although the revival at its spring felt the hand of William Burns more than any other human agency, providential circumstances connected it more with M'Cheyne in its subsequent course. Besides his personal work for a short time as minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, the early and sudden removal of the workman contributed greatly to spread and deepen the evangelical earnestness that characterized the period. There is a close analogy between the experience of Hedley Vicars and that of Robert M'Cheyne. Upon both, in diverse spheres, the Spirit of God was poured out in great measure. Both in early youth were raised by Divine grace to measures of attainment in the life of faith seldom attained by the ripest

believers, and then suddenly removed from conspicuous positions. The result of this peculiar providential arrangement in regard to both was, that through their early removal they became the means of advancing the Redeemer's kingdom more than, in all probability, it could have been advanced by lengthened, even though devoted, lives.

Mr. Hamilton was grieved with popular ignorance when it crossed his path, and consumed with a desire to enlighten it. Eager to communicate needful knowledge in the shortest and surest way, he was restive under such restraints as he thought were imposed only by custom, and not sustained by reason. I have heard him lament that it was not competent to a minister, when expounding such a book as the Acts of Apostles, to hang a big map on the wall behind the pulpit, and secure a long pointing-rod, as a part of his preaching furniture.

From his youth upward, he loved hymns. To some of the good people of the parish, the hymns were as distasteful as the botany. One elder, surviving still in an honoured old age, held fast by the view which is still maintained by some worthy Christians, both in Scotland and America, that it is wrong to sing anything in public worship but the Psalms of David. Being a good singer, and a willing helper in good works, he had much difficulty in avoiding compromise on this point. One instance is recorded, much to his credit, in which he actually led the congregation in singing one of the Scotch paraphrases that had been given out by a stranger, when there was no other precentor present, and the alternative was presented of singing a

hymn or no praise. Long afterwards, an opportunity was afforded to the minister of repaying the worthy elder in kind. The farmer of Abernyte, having occasion to visit London, accepted there the hospitality of Dr. Hamilton. When "the Church in the house" had assembled, and the worship was about to begin as usual with the singing of a hymn, Dr. Hamilton, suddenly remembering the presence and the prejudice of his friend, laid aside the book, saying, "We shall omit the hymn to-night, and sing one of the psalms of David."

It has been already incidentally mentioned that, by an arrangement with Mr. Wilson, satisfactory to all the parties, his mother, with her two younger sons, took up her summer quarters in the manse of Abernyte. In this way the family obtained their usual vacation in a rural district, and, in addition, a period of delightful union after the natural dispersion had begun. It was a plan that postponed for a little that final upbreaking of the house, which the maturity of the children renders necessary at length. For these three summer months the son enjoyed the privilege of looking up to his mother in the house, and the mother in the public assembly enjoyed and valued the privilege of hearing the word of life from the lips of her son. It was a green spot in the landscape of the family life which threatened now, in the ordinary course of time, to become somewhat sere.

The private records of his ministry at Abernyte are very full, and very precious, but they must for the most part remain private. They were not meant for the public eye, and therefore publication would spoil them. Like some

tender plants that have been nursed in the shade, they would lose their beauty and fragrance if exposed to the rays of the noonday sun. To place those self-inspections, and those notes of alternate disappointment and success with individuals and families, under the public gaze, would be to misplace them; and nothing is beautiful out of its place. The extracts that have been submitted consist of portions which, in the Editor's judgment, might be published without breach of confidence towards either the living or the dead. For the rest, the reader must be content with the testimony of an eye-witness, that the tracks of James Hamilton's daily life in the parish are those of an ambassador for Christ, beseeching all to be reconciled to God; of a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth; of a seeker for souls who laboured in season, out of season, becoming all things to all men that he might gain some; of a wakeful watcher, who marked every symptom, grieving over failure, and rejoicing over every instance of success; of a servant who so lived and laboured that he might be ready, at whatever time the Master might come, to give in his account with joy.

The fruit, according to the testimony of surviving observers, was abundant. Not a few live to thank God for sending him for a time to the parish; and not a few have departed, rejoicing in the Saviour of whom they learned from his lips.

"*4th September* 1839.—On two Thursdays preached in St. Peter's, Dundee, and saw something of the glorious work going forward there. The first time, was lamentably

dull myself, not so the second time. Wonderfully eager congregation both times. Each visit greatly refreshed me. Slept all night with Wm. Burns. 'Oh, James, I cannot tell you what I have seen and felt upon this bed. I have been obliged to spring to my feet. One time at Glasgow, manifestation of the holiness of God which, if continued, would have separated soul from body.'"

"*Sept.* 27.—Three weeks ago got the best news I ever heard. In a letter occasioned by some despondiŋg remarks of mine as to prospects in this place, Mrs. K. says that she must regard me as the instrument of her soul's salvation, and that, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, her Bible has been quite another book."

"ABERNYTE, *Dec.* 4, 1839.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—In your letter you speak as if all attempts to arrest the relapse of the Church into Popery utterly failed, and it is very likely that they will continue to fail till it becomes high time for God to work. There is one thing of which I am very sure, that mere controversy, argument, however able, will neither keep out nor expel Popery. But the energetic preaching of the Gospel will. It was by exalting Christ that Luther reformed the Church of Rome, and Whitfield reformed the Church of England. And the same has been seen in Scotland at present. Mere attacks on intemperance and infidelity produced no impression on the drunkards and Chartists of Kilsyth and Dundee; but the preaching of the Gospel made new men of them. Since I wrote to you I have been once at Kilsyth, and often in Dundee, and I must

say that I have nowhere felt the reality of religion more irresistibly; nor did I know till then the efficacy of the prayer of faith, that prayer which asks blessings of God, 'believing that it shall have them.' The converts in these places are Christians of a superior style to the professors who have long filled the Church. Religion is all in all with them, and sits so naturally upon them, that even worldly men can hardly call them either hypocrites or enthusiasts. They have exemplified nobly the rare virtue of making sacrifices for the sake of Christ, and the consequence of having identified themselves so completely with him is that they are joyful and assured believers. They *know* whom they have believed."

Thus early in London Mr. Thomas Hamilton, himself conforming with Episcopacy, saw and lamented the tendency of High Churchmen and High Church principles to Romish superstition and to Rome. He, like many others, remains in that Church to this day, obtaining in it sufficient communion with kindred spirits for his own need, and sufficient sustenance for his own soul, but helpless to arrest the progress of corruption in the huge ecclesiastical body. The answer of his nephew, sent forth from the heart of the great revival, contains truth on the point, but not the whole truth. Without the pure and effective preaching of the Gospel there is no deliverance for any church in any period; but besides the cherishing and proclamation of the Gospel by individual ministers, the event has proved that a reform of the Prelatic and Erastian system which prevails in England is an absolute

necessity. The revived Popery of the present century found the hierarchy of England, from which it had been driven out by Henry VIII., a room empty, swept, and garnished, and ready for its return.

"*Jan.* 30, 1840.

"How do you get on with Mr. M'Intosh? You are getting an old fellow, Andrew, but I hope you will be *learned* before you are *the venerable.* You are not very strong, but I believe you would be stronger if you read more Latin. Brisk study and gentle play keep up the spirits, and are good for a constitution not naturally robust. To dream over a book is a bad habit for the mind, and I believe bad for the body too. It brings on listlessness and languor, and a sluggish motion of the animal spirits, and these again bring on headache and other ailments. Last Sabbath I was preaching on the fourth commandment, and I said it was a commandment which some people reserved for the Sabbath-day, but I thought it was meant for every day. Six days shalt thou *labour,* and do all *thy work,*—labour and not play. And I do not think people enjoy the Sabbath rightly unless they have been doing useful work through the week. Nor can people enjoy the week, on the other hand, who have not kept the Sabbath. We should be keeping the fourth commandment every day of the week."

He has a father's place to fill, and right well he fills it, distributing to each his portion in due season.

"25*th March* 1840.—This morning, on awakening in Perth, had been dreaming that I saw a man up among the

mountains (of Strathblane, I think), plying a great hammer with amazing speed and perseverance on some refractory substance. Pained looking at him hour after hour; was told that this was the heart of a sinner. He did not weary repeating his energetic blows, though I fancied that he had been at work so long that I was obliged to go home to dine. Still through the window I saw, far up among the mountains, the gleam of his indefatigable hammer as it tilted up and down in the sunbeams, and heard its strokes ringing on the echoes, when I awoke to hear the city bells pealing six o'clock (Strathblane, Abernyte). It was impressed on my mind, in awaking, that the mass was to yield to some means. 'My Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

"STRATHBLANE MANSE, *June* 1, 1840.

"'MY DEAR UNCLE,—It is long since I dated a letter to you from this place. Yesterday I preached for the first time in the church of Strathblane. My coming was known beforehand, and the church was very full. Mr. Buchanan was present, but did not hinder me from speaking freely out. One of my texts was, 'Awake, thou that sleepest,' and the other, 'The Spirit and the Bride say come.' The people were very attentive, but I could not help feeling that they were a more unmovable audience than my own at Abernyte. A few seemed to feel, but the greater part only listened. Mr. Buchanan is very kind to William and me, and has some estimable qualities."

"HUNTLY, *June* 16, 1840.

"MY DEAR WILLIE,—The war must be carried on at all points. Like you, we have got Sabbath-schools, and, like

you, I mean to enlighten the children on Bible botany. This letter is an order for the requisite ammunition, and, though it implies a vast deal of trouble, your ecclesiastical zeal will come to the help of your patience, and your brotherly love to the help of both. Send me, therefore, the following articles :—Three volumes *Library of Entertaining Knowledge,—Forest Trees, Fruits, Vegetable Substances,*—Harris's *Natural History of the Bible,* Paxton's *Illustrations,* the botanical volume (these two from Divinity Library), and, failing these, any good book on the subject. *Edinburgh University Annual,* if you can get it from any one, for my essay. Item, from Jane the brown parcel of fruits which I gave her, the cone from Lebanon, and the twig of sycamore. Among the papers in my herbarium next the window is a twig of olive, and a piece of red everlasting from Tabor. I think they are wrapped up in a piece of paper. They are in the division next the window. Item, roll up the palm leaf into a coil, which, I think, may be done without breaking him. Buy a pomegranate, by all means, if it can be got, a few almonds and walnuts, both in the shell. In some apothecary's or perfumer's you may be able to get me a bit of frankincense, and it would be a great affair if you could get a few olives well preserved in a phial. They may be had in confectioners'. Also, some dates from a fruiterer. When all these are packed send them per Saturday's steamer. Address them, not to me, but Thomas Christie, Esq., merchant, Huntly, and they will come speedily.—Ever yours affectionately, JAMES HAMILTON."

TO HIS COUSIN.

"HUNTLY, *June* 17, 1840.

"MY DEAR JAMES,—You would have heard from me ere now had I not been suddenly ordered off from Edinburgh to take part in 'the Reel of Bogie.'[1] I crossed that famous river on Saturday, and am likely to remain here for some weeks to come; and though the work be very hard, from the people's anxiety to hear, I find that very anxiety of theirs animates and strengthens me. You would be delighted to see our crowded congregation of eager listeners, never one sleeping. Tears, and looks pale with anxiety, are no unusual thing in these congregations. The Word comes with power. Visiting is very useful, for when they see a minister go into a house a few neighbours are sure to drop in, so that we have soon a little conventicle."

"HUNTLY, ABERDEENSHIRE, *June* 24, 1840.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Your letter did not find me, as you expected, quietly settled at Abernyte. It has followed me to the banks of the Bogie. I have been carrying on the war in this debateable ground for a fortnight past, and will remain here another week. I do not grudge my visit to this place. The people value the Gospel. It seems almost as new to them as when Whitfield first carried it to the colliers of Kingswood. The crowding to church on Sabbath is a fine sight. A good many are staunch to the suspended minister, but in this town we have the large

[1] A noted caricature of the period, which represented some of the most eminent and venerable ministers of the Church in the act of dancing the reel of Bogie. This and similar pleasantries, while they showed how much the whole country was agitated by the conflict, did not turn the evangelical party one hair's-breadth from their course.

majority. Many of the people have awakened to a new life, and many more are aroused, if they be not allowed to fall asleep again. You must not be startled above measure if you soon get a letter dated from the Calton Jail. A new interdict is to be taken out on Friday, and it is said the seven intend to enforce it. We, of course, intend to disregard it. It would be dreadful to leave these parishes destitute at a time like this, when they would come out to a sermon every night of the week if they could get it. . . . You must wait for my preferment as patiently as I am waiting myself. It gives me no anxiety. The manse garden and other pleasant things of the temporalities look now like dreams of the past. Preferment to reproaches and sufferings seems now in store for the honest party in the Church. But I do not wish to make you dull by dwelling on that theme. It does not make me dull, for I have looked at it so long that I can now look beyond it. I often think of what you said in a recent letter about *first principles*. It is a pleasant thing to feel one's standing secure on such. Believe me ever, my dear Uncle, your affectionate nephew,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

Mr. Hamilton's visit to Huntly was connected with one of the great turning-points in the "Ten Years' Conflict," which issued in the Disruption of the Scottish Church. The General Assembly, in carrying out the principle that no minister should be intruded into a parish contrary to the will of the congregation, had found it necessary to suspend seven ministers of the Presbytery of Strathbogie

for taking their orders in that matter from secular courts, and disobeying their ecclesiastical superiors. Having suspended the ordinary ministry in the district, the Church found it necessary to supply the people with the administration of ordinances. Ministers from the south were accordingly despatched in relays to the place. The suspended officials demanded, and obtained from the Court of Session an interdict prohibiting the ministers sent by the Assembly from officiating in the parishes. The Assembly, and their delegates, acknowledged the competency of the Court, and obeyed the interdict, in as far as it prohibited them from making use of the parish churches, schools, and church-yards; but in as far as it absolutely interdicted them from preaching the Gospel within the limits of the territory, they counted it incompetent, and set it at defiance. In fields, when the weather was favourable, and in barns granted by friendly farmers, or proprietors, when it was bad, they preached and administered the sacraments. Then there was exhibited the strange spectacle of officers watching the arrival of the mail coach on Saturday afternoon, and serving a copy of the interdict on such passengers as were deemed, from their dress, to be ministers from the south. For many months, the delegates of the Assembly exercised their functions in open breach of the law, as then declared by the Judges. This they did with entire impunity. The principles of toleration, and the power of public opinion, were too strong for the Court. The interdict, though pronounced and served, was never enforced. The results were additional strength imparted to the foundations of

civil and religious liberty in the land, and a great advancement of evangelical religion in the district.

"HUNTLY, *June* 23, 1840.

"MY DEAR JANE,—My sojourn here for the present will likely terminate next week. Right glad would I have been to prolong it. Short and memorable, like all pleasant things: I will not take a final leave, but keep a door open for a future visit. They are far too interesting a people to quit for good and all. This evening I had a catechizing in the church.[1] . . .

"Besides a large audience, sixty grown-up people presented themselves for examination from the district which I had specified. . . .

"Some of the people ask if I would not just *stop still* till the new church be bigged. And, indeed, as George of Langrig says, 'A body might happen on a waur bit.' The church attendance is delightful. The place was packed on Sabbath night. The people are very free in telling through the week what passages went to their heart, or hit their case. They are just in such a case that if they fall into heartless hands it will be enough to break my heart. I hope some of them are past danger. Others have not got that length but that they may relapse into carelessness if they be not plied with awakening truth. . . .

"Never enjoyed better health, and never so busy. Have lost the feeling of nervousness on Sabbath mornings; eat like a hawk, or rather like four hawks, for they take only one meal in the day and I take four; and, except last Sabbath, never perspired any."

[1] A nonconformist place of worship lent for the occasion.

"ABERNYTE, *Oct.* 5, 1840.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—That awakening which we enjoyed in this district last year seems to have passed away to the north. It has left many peaceful fruits behind it. But it is not a good state when the Lord is not adding daily to the Church such as shall be saved. There are few instances of recent conviction now, except it be in Mr. M'Cheyne's church in Dundee. But both in Dundee and Perth, and the parishes around, there is a great increase of vital Christianity since this time twelvemonth.

"I have been reading almost exclusively the works of our Scottish worthies,—Brown of Wamphray, William Guthrie, and Binning. The eloquence of this last is wonderful. He keeps you floating in a balmy, lightsome atmosphere, where you constantly catch the fragrance of the bundle of myrrh, and in God's purest light see all things clearly. Invisibles were realities with these old worthies.—Your ever affectionate nephew,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

During the summer of 1840 an effort was made, with the zealous concurrence of the aged minister, to obtain from Government a presentation in Mr. Hamilton's favour, so that he might be immediately ordained as colleague and successor. This measure, if it had been carried into effect, would have increased his efficiency for the present, and secured his succession in any event. The effort, however, was destined to end in disappointment. Various unexpected difficulties sprung up to hinder the attainment of the object. The movements produced some local com-

motion at the time, but they do not possess such permanent interest as to render them worthy of being recalled and recorded. For our own part we are not disposed, at this date, to scrutinize very closely any small jealousies that may have sprung up in any quarter to impede the progress of the negotiations. We own a somewhat kindly feeling towards the obstructors, as the instruments used by Providence in lifting an effective well-oiled light from a hollow with the circumscribed dimensions of a bushel, where it was in danger of settling down, and setting it on a candlestick, whence its beams might radiate through all the house. There are a good many people living now in the world who would be by no means disposed to quarrel with either the men or the things that prevented James Hamilton from being ordained minister of Abernyte, and so paved the way for his settlement in London.

A series of letters to the members of his own family will convey all the information regarding the circumstances that is profitable or necessary :—

"ABERNYTE, *Oct.* 23, 1840.

"MY DEAR WILLIE,— . . . The heart is deceitful above all things, but in coming and remaining here I hope I have not sought my own things. I would desire to say this with humility and thankfulness, for if my motive was pure, it was not I myself who made it pure. I have had selfish feelings often, have sometimes felt my natural indolence gratified with the lighter duties of the charge, and at other times have felt my natural ambition aspiring to something which would give me a wider field and

greater stimulus, and at other times have shrunk from the prospect of protracting years in a limited enjoyment of all your society, and amidst a multitude of petty restraints. And when I have prevailed on myself to hold on, it was often affection and gratitude to those friends who are now so dear which weighed most powerfully with me. But amidst all my conflicting and secondary motives I have a trembling hope that it was the grace of God which eventually prevailed over my carnality, and that He did enable me to seek His honour in remaining here. He has helped me, or I would have wearied long ago. He has shown me things worth waiting for, and sent me more help and sympathy than I ever looked for, and has admitted me to intimacy with some who live as near Himself as any people that I ever saw. I wish I may now be made submissive to go or stay as He directs. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Here or anywhere, your most affectionate brother, JAMES HAMILTON."

"ABERNYTE, *Oct.* 24, 1840.

"MY DEAR WILLIE,— . . . And now in reference to the main subject of your letter, I see the hand of the Lord is in it. If I should get a call to Roxburgh church at the present conjuncture, I would feel that it was a call from God, and would accept it, though it be a call to a fastidious and gospel-beaten city, in the hope that He will teach me what to say (Ex. iv. 10-12; Rom. i. 14, 15). I will be sorry to leave my 'dear *barbarians*,' even to come amongst you Greeks (I am not sure if this be a right way of speaking), but this door which once seemed to be opening wide

is here closed again. I feel very grateful to Mr. Candlish and Mr. Paul for keeping me so long in remembrance. Say to Mr. Candlish that if appointed I will accept. Who all are the patrons?

"Write to me as soon as the matter is decided. If I am to enter on such an important charge I would like two or three months of preparation, and would therefore come home immediately. I will forbear to say more at present. Though a whirligig of schemes is ready to come racing into my mind, and though I feel relieved and thankful, the very date of this letter reminds me to join trembling with my mirth. It was on the 24th of October two years ago that I got a presentation to Morningside. But if on this day the Lord should turn our captivity (and in some respects this has been a place of exile), then it will be as it was with the sinful Jews in the year of their release (Zech. viii. 19). You must not tell Mr. Candlish that I have an eye on his Sabbath-school Bishop for the see of Roxburgh.

"ABERNYTE, *Nov.* 18, 1840.

"MY DEAR JANE,—Tell Willie that I will be glad to preach in Roxburgh church on Sabbath afternoon. I will not encounter the whole day; I will be too jumbled and tired for that.

"I have been seeing my dear people to-day. I borrowed Mr. Ritchie's pony that I might go over the ground more cleverly. Few shook hands without tears in their eyes, and some wept bitterly. This people's love is very strong. With some it is a sanctified affection.

"I packed my books yesterday. Andrew Melville

volunteered to put on the lids and pack the chest of drawers. John Miller from Ballindean came with a cart this morning at five, and he and Andrew carried out the boxes as quiet as pussy, so that I did not awake to see if all was right, but have no doubt that things would be properly done. If the packages get away by to-day's steamer you should have them by to-morrow.

"As I will have two or three different packages by the coach, it may be as well for Willie or Andrew to meet me at the Coburg coach-office with a noddy. In this way I will make my entry in state, and at the same cost as if I had employed a porter.

"And this is my last letter from Abernyte. A few things have occasionally tempted me to impatience, but goodness and mercy have surely followed me. God has given me wonderful favour with the congregation, and with most of the parishioners, and now I know that I have not laboured in vain, and that is enough. We ended last Sabbath with the twenty-third psalm, and it is the best ending of my correspondence from this place."

"ABERNYTE, *Nov.* 13, 1840.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—It is even so. He who has fore-appointed the times has fixed the bounds of my future habitation in Edinburgh. It is my great joy to know that *He* has done it. The door in this place was shut (as perhaps you saw in the proceedings of Dundee Presbytery in the *Witness* of Oct. 31st) on a Friday, and next morning it opened in Edinburgh, for that morning I got a letter asking if I would accept Roxburgh church in the event of

a presentation. The choice by the ministers and managers was unanimous, and quite unsolicited by me. The charge is sufficiently arduous. The parish and congregation are both to be formed. It is a part of the town where there are many other churches. But believing it to be the call of God, I am not greatly afraid. There is one agreeable circumstance. Though a Voluntary church, it is free of debt. I will re-enter my mother's house, and be a member of that Presbytery which contains most of my friends in the ministry. But I must no longer hope for the studious leisure and moderate toil of this sequestered place.

"God has been working in this place. There are some beautiful instances of transforming grace, and many inquirers. Yesterday I had visits from thirteen people wishing to converse with me. The greater part of them give Scriptural evidence of being created anew, and in most places all of them would pass for very good Christians. In Edinburgh they have a different standard of vital godliness. They love the world, and yet are the friends of God. Still there are some eminent saints in Edinburgh."

CHAPTER IV.

MINISTRY IN EDINBURGH, AND REMOVAL TO LONDON.

ROXBURGH CHURCH, situated in the south-eastern quarter of Edinburgh, in the heart of a densely peopled district, had been occupied by an able and worthy minister, Mr. Johnstone, in connexion with a section of Nonconforming Presbyterians.

Owing to some peculiarities in the tenure of the church or the sentiments of the congregation, no successor was appointed at the demise of Mr. Johnstone, and the continuity of the congregational life was not maintained.

After a period of collapse an arrangement was made by which the chapel, free of debt, with some remnants of the former congregation still adhering to it, should be attached to the Established Church, and placed under the immediate care of certain members of the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The attention of the trustees, as soon as they were ready to nominate[1] a minister, was directed to Mr. Hamilton. As their invitation providentially coincided

[1] In the Presbyterian churches that are free, the uniform rule is that a minister is chosen by the congregation; but in cases like this, where there is not an organized congregation, the first appointment is made by the trustees or promoters.

in point of time with the shutting of his door at Abernyte, the preliminaries were soon arranged, and he was ordained as minister of Roxburgh church by the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the 21st of January 1841. The only record of this event which I find among his own papers is a single line in a calendar of daily occupations opposite the date, Sabbath, 24th January :—"Introduced by Mr. Candlish; church crowded."

After the novelty of the first day had passed, the congregation, as a matter of course in the circumstances, was very small; but soon after, hopeful symptoms began to appear. A distinguished professor of the medical faculty in the University, Mr. Spence, who was himself at that period a frequent worshipper in Roxburgh church, has informed me that Hamilton's ministrations had begun to be appreciated, and were already attracting discriminating listeners from distant parts of the city, when they were suddenly brought to a close. He was only five months in this charge, and during the latter two of these it was known that he was about to be removed. In these circumstances it is obvious that whatever talents he might possess or lack for acquiring an influential position in Edinburgh, the trial was never made. Another sphere was provided for him, and another course providentially marked out. Of date 25th April 1841 a jotting occurs :—"Communion Sabbath; 148 communicants. A refreshful day to all the serious people to whom I spoke. Fears mercifully disappointed. Mr. Arnot and Mr. Sommerville on Fast-day. Mr. Proudfoot on Sabbath. Mr. Pollock on Monday. 30th May, admitted three elders."

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 2, 1841.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—After having met my new congregation on two Sabbaths and at one prayer-meeting, I may venture to say that I like them well, and hope for much enjoyment among them. The church has been well attended hitherto, but I cannot expect people who are already attending able and edifying ministers to give up their present places of worship and come to me. My hearers are still, as lawyers say, *fieri*. They are latent in the closes and lanes all round. I wish I had strength to go after them.

"The Presbytery were very kind on this occasion. I believe so great a number had never been present at an ordination before. I did not value this token of regard the less that with many it proceeded from respect to my father's memory. Last Wednesday I attended a meeting of Presbytery. It is an interesting consideration to feel one's-self a member of the most venerable Presbytery in the Kirk. John Knox's Presbytery—Dr. Erskine's, Sir Harry's, Dr. Andrew Thomson's Presbytery.

"And what are you saying to our position now? It is long since you feared that it would end in the overthrow of the Scottish Establishment. The most sanguine have now their fears. If the Lord turn this captivity, we will be as men that dream."

Two letters written by Mr. Hamilton at subsequent dates from London may be most conveniently introduced here, as they refer exclusively to his brief pastorate in Edinburgh, and throw an interesting light on the charac-

ter of the relations which subsisted between him and his little flock there.

The assembly of ministers, usually called the Convocation, at which the Disruption was irrevocably determined, held its sittings in Roxburgh chapel in November 1842. Mr. Hamilton came from London to attend the meeting, and preached in the chapel on the Sabbath that occurred in the course of the sittings. On that occasion he was a guest in the family of Mr. Johnstone, his predecessor, who had been members of his congregation. Soon after his return an intimation of the death of Mrs. Johnstone's sister followed him to London. The first letter is written in reply to this intimation:—

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, LONDON,
Dec. 1, 1842.

"MY DEAR MRS. JOHNSTONE,—Who can tell what a day may bring forth! There have been few breaches in our congregation since I came, but within this week two aged members have died. I was much struck when, on Sabbath, I was told of the death of Mr. Robert Johnstone's brother, who was ill before I left Edinburgh. But I little thought that so solemn an admonition was to be added to all these warnings as that which came in Miss Johnstone's letter yesterday morning; for to me it is a solemn admonition, and seems to lessen the space between me and the grave's mouth, to think that almost the last hand I should have shaken that morning before leaving Edinburgh is cold in death already. And a kind and gentle hand it was.

"But I do not sorrow for Miss Home. It is well with her. Whilst yet she saw Him not she loved the Lord

Jesus; and just as Christ was precious to her, so I am persuaded she was precious to Him. Her tender feelings and strong affection, and quiet fireside dispositions, will make her be long missed in the lessening circle; but every principle and affection which the Spirit of God implanted here will get abundant and eternal scope where she now is. The sorrow was all on this side. It was no sorrow to leave the body of sin and death, or to find that she was no longer in the vale of tears. And just as the Lord Jesus has taken away the sting of death, so in her case He took away the bitterness of dying. The fetters were softly broken. Miss Charlotte will remember what we were speaking of on our way home from Lady Glenorchy's that Sabbath evening. The night *has* come. It is with a tender satisfaction, and with more solemn feelings, that I think that her last Sabbath in this life should have been a Sabbath in the sanctuary (a day truly *spent* in the courts of God's house), and the Sabbath when I preached; and I am thankful that it was made a day of refreshing to her soul. She then wished 'to follow the Lord fully,' and I know she has her wish, for she is following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

"I thought of writing a few lines to say that I got safely home, and to thank you for all the great kindness you bestowed on me during my sojourn with you. That visit I shall now remember with deepened interest, because of what has happened since. The Lord the Spirit impress it on us all, that we may work while it is day! With our united affectionate remembrance and sympathy, I remain, my dear Mrs. Johnstone, ever yours most truly,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

The next is addressed to Mrs. Johnstone's daughter, wife of the Free Church minister of Maxwellton, Dumfries, in reply to an intimation of her mother's death :—

"48 Euston Square, London,
Jan. 28, 1864.

"Dear Mrs. Purves,—It was not without emotion that I received the intimation so kindly and thoughtfully forwarded to me. It sent back my thoughts to that pleasant sanctuary, so much more identified with your father than it was ever to be with any one else, and to quiet evenings in Buccleuch Place, when your mother and my own did not seem so very old, and when your good and gentle aunt was still alive, and when you still had a sister, and I too had one. Now all except ourselves have gone into the holy place, and joined the white-robed company, where our hope and prayer are that, through the same grace, we ourselves may join them. Truly that alone is life which is lived within the veil: on this side it seems like a dream.

"It was your great happiness and hers that your dear mother spent her closing days under your roof. From under that roof all the more prayer has therefore ascended, —prayer that will be abundantly answered to those who still are its inmates.

"I hope you and Mr. Purves will some day visit London. I should like to show you our children, five of them, the oldest as tall as yourself.—With kind regards to Mr. Purves, believe me, yours most truly,

"James Hamilton."

As an appropriate conclusion to these tender memorials

of his ministry in Edinburgh, it may not be out of place to submit the following letter, addressed to him, in 1860, by a young person whom he had baptized there. It will tell its own tale: happy the minister who receives such simple and hearty testimony regarding his work in any sphere twenty years after he left it:—

"EDINBURGH, *December* 3, 1860.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—My grandmother desires me to write you these few lines, hoping you will not think me too bold in doing so. Perhaps you will remember us when I try to tell you something about us. Perhaps you will yet remember Mr. and Mrs. Todd who lived in W. Adam Street, and whom you used to visit frequently. They attended your church in Roxburgh Place, and they enjoyed your company very much when you visited them. My grandfather has now gone the way of all the earth. Many a time he used to speak about you. And now that my grandmother is left all alone, she seems to think more of the past. Last night, being Sabbath, she was telling me pieces of sermons you used to preach, so you may take encouragement from that; for it seems that both of them did derive much benefit from your ministrations while you were with them. My grandfather was seventy-eight years of age when he departed from this vale of tears, and we have the good hope, through grace, that he is now in glory. My grandmother is seventy-four years of age, and one cannot think that she will be long among us here. She has a longing desire to hear you preach, and perhaps that may never be, yet we may hope that you will yet be in Edinburgh, and if spared she may yet hear you. If you

have not the prospect of being here, would you be kind enough to drop a few lines, as it would cheer her much by the way. You will not take it amiss, I hope, when I take the liberty of asking you. My grandmother being up in years now, I like to try and please her in all things as far as I possibly can, so therefore I hope you will excuse the liberty which I have taken at this time.—I remain, your very affectionate, JANET HAMILTON."

"9 West Adam Street, Edinburgh."

As the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, London, comes here into the foreground of our narrative, it is necessary to take some note of its origin and early history.

A chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, was acquired from the Swedenborgians by a Gaelic Society, with the view of establishing a service in that language, according to the forms of the Church of Scotland. It was subsequently made over to the Caledonian Asylum upon certain conditions, one of which was that the minister should be always ready to preach in Gaelic when required; and on the 18th of June 1818 the Rev. James Boyd was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh as the first minister of the "Caledonian Church."

Mr. Boyd proved an acceptable and effective preacher, and under his care the congregation made most satisfactory progress. In those days, however, even to a greater extent than at present, England was considered a land of exile for ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Boyd soon accepted a presentation to the parish of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, whence he was translated first to

Ochiltree, and subsequently, in 1843, to the Tron Church in Glasgow, where he continued to minister till his death.

The next incumbent of the Caledonian was Mr. A. M'Naughton. Disheartened by the decrease of the congregation, he, too, returned to Scotland, becoming minister successively in Campbelton, Arran, and Lesmahagow in Lanarkshire.

Hitherto the Directors of the Caledonian Asylum had been disappointed in their expectation of deriving a revenue from their adopted church. On this occasion, therefore, they directed special attention to that subject in their inquiries after a pastor. Whatever other good qualities their next minister might possess, it was essential that he should be an attractive preacher, for the church must be filled: "Money must be obtained to feed and clothe the orphans, and we must, if possible, get high seat-rents." In this matter these benevolent gentlemen succeeded to their hearts' desire, and far beyond their expectations. They fixed their eyes on Edward Irving, then acting as assistant to Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow. They invited him to preach in the church; and, with more penetration than had yet been exhibited in Scotland, instantly perceived that he was their man. As parties on both sides were willing, the negotiations soon reached a favourable issue. Even the formidable condition of being always ready at call to preach a Gaelic sermon proved no barrier in the way of the stalwart son of the Solway, who had never heard a Gaelic word pronounced in his life. He would reside six months in the Highlands, and on his return would charm the Celts of London with the bewitching accents of their

native hills. This characteristically chivalrous offer, however, it was not found necessary to accept, as the parties wisely consented to cancel the embarrassing condition. Ordained in Scotland by the Presbytery of Annan, Irving was inducted into his charge by the Presbytery of London, on the 16th of October 1822. The city was soon filled with the fame of the mighty Scotchman. His eloquence, his earnestness, and his commanding presence combined to attract a crowd, and to rivet the attention of the worshippers. A fire in his eye, and a prophetic-like dignity in his whole manner, made people hold in their breath while he spoke. The church became inconveniently crowded. The ordinary congregation could not find their places. Persons of the highest social rank were drawn to the spot along with the multitude. Royal Dukes did not disdain to occupy a pew in the Presbyterian meeting-house. As many as thirty-five carriages, with coronets, besides those of commoners, were counted at the door one Sabbath morning.

The directors had obtained what they wished, and more. They were now embarrassed with their own riches. The place was too strait for them, and it became necessary to take measures for obtaining a more capacious structure. A committee was formed, subscription lists were opened, a suitable site obtained, and on the 1st July 1824 the foundation-stone of the National Scotch Church was laid in Regent Square. So highly honoured, or so ambitious had the Kirk in London at that time become, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., had consented to preside at

the ceremony, and the documents enclosed in the foundation actually bear that it was laid by him; but when the time arrived the Prince failed through indisposition, and the function was discharged, perhaps more appropriately, by a genuine Presbyterian, the Earl of Breadalbane. Some delay occurred ere the work could be got fairly under weigh, and the church, which cost, including the site, upwards of £21,000, was not completed till May 1827. On the 11th of that month it was formally opened by Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh occupied the pulpit on the succeeding Sabbath, and thereafter the ministrations were conducted by Mr. Irving.

The new church, being very spacious, was never inconveniently crowded; but during the whole of Mr. Irving's pastorate the audience continued to be both numerous and distinguished. Besides the ministrations of the Sabbath, his week-day lectures on prophecy, especially at the period when controversy regarding Catholic Emancipation was running high, attracted very great attention in the metropolis.[1]

When a body at once weighty and tall moves forward with great rapidity, its momentum becomes dangerous to itself and its neighbours. As long as the motion proceeds in a perfectly straight line, a catastrophe may be avoided; but if the engine cannot be slowed when it is about to take a curve, it behoves all who are interested to look out. Something will probably happen. And about the

[1] These facts have been obtained from an address by Alexander Gillespie, Esq., then a member, and at this day an honoured and beloved elder, of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, printed in one of the Annual Congregational Reports.

year 1830 something did happen to the ardent and eloquent minister of the Scotch National Church. Impelled by the fire of his own spirit within, and drawn by the plaudits of an admiring multitude without, Mr. Irving's momentum became too great. He could not stop; he could not even slow.. From expounding prophecy, he allowed himself to be drawn on almost to the point of prophesying on his own account. The machine became overheated by the rapidity of its own motion, and went plunging and hissing forward, defying drags and drivers. Satellites, as generally happens when really great stars go wandering, began to cluster round the chief, burning more fiercely than himself, and diverging further from the normal orbit of sober, commonplace worlds. It is not expedient to examine and develop here the doctrinal aberrations which the Presbytery, in the exercise of their duty, charged against Mr. Irving. The events have long since passed away; and such parts of them as still linger in life amongst us, have gone far ahead of their own beginnings. Not of purpose *prepense* was Edward Irving a heretic: the heresies were perhaps not a proper brood of the intellect at all. They seem to have been a sort of spontaneous generation favoured by immense fervour of spirit, and immense velocity of motion. But, however generated, when they did reach the region of the intellect, they were owned and held, and not recanted. Then the issue became inevitable, for the accused was a Presbyterian. There is sense in the head of the Presbyterian system, and a bone in its sleeve. What it professes it practises; what it begins it goes through with. Not to

speak of the higher affairs of Scriptural order, it understands the first principles of self-preservation. It will not permit a member of the body to defy the authority of the head. It looks with sorrowful pity on a church, how great and venerable soever, that lacks the will or the power to sever a member who denies its doctrines, and yet eats its bread. The Presbyterian Church, at all events, under the softening influences of modern Christian thought, is slow to note a stumble; it would rather wink at an eccentricity or two, in the hope of spontaneous recovery; but when it does arise to judgment, it carries out its own rules without fear or favour. If the safety of the body does demand the severance of a diseased member, this surgeon will not sicken at the sight of blood. The health of the Church has in this generation often been greatly promoted by the firmness of its discipline.

In the beginning of May 1832, Mr. Irving was excluded from the National Church by the sentence of his superiors. What followed with him personally, we are not bound to narrate here. With a tender sorrow we follow the memory of a great and good man. Flung by wayward impulses, which he counted heavenly inspirations, from a solid position of usefulness, he never afterwards was able to get a firm influential stand-point. Broken in health, and separated from the friends of his youth, who still loved and revered him, he soon dropt out of the front rank, and was early taken away from the evil to come.

When it escaped from his hands, the movement which his force first generated became wayward enough; and now it marches, and bends and burns candles with as

much childish earnestness as any of its neighbour ritualists, whether Anglican or Romish.

The rise and fall of Edward Irving, briefly sketched by Dr. Hamilton at a later date, will find here its most appropriate place.[1]

"Towards this hot and hazy capital was tending, during the dog-days of 1822, a genial and magnificent spirit, such as is rarely found amongst the sons of men. No mere spirit, however; for the eye was met by a splendid colossus, which towered head and shoulders above Cockaigne. He was a preacher. He regarded himself as a messenger from the living God to dying but immortal men; and there was nothing which any preacher had ever been—Luther, Chrysostom, the Baptist—but, in the name of his God, he believed that he might venture, and, with the help of his God, repeat. With a great forthgoing towards the common people, he did not despair of standing before kings; and he liked to entertain, as a possible consummation, the prospect of martyrdom. Loyal to God, he was impatient at the scanty justice which the truths of God—all save some two or three—receive at the hands of the modern ministry; and reverential towards the past, his contemplation of Christianity as it existed in his Albigensian and covenanting forefathers, made him disdainful of the cozy, self-coddling ways of modern professorship. It is a great thing to have life, and to have it more abundantly. Superior insight makes a cold nature cynical; it only made Edward Irving an idealist. With a physical overflow, which in its prodigal excess courted toil

[1] *Evangelical Christendom*, March 1866.

and feared no exhaustion, he had a heart which held the whole of London. Accepting the call of his fifty Caledonians as an invitation from the united million, on a high spring-tide of hope and gratitude he flowed in upon the capital, and, in proud consciousness of the wealth which could enrich it, at once began to unlade his argosy. It did not matter that London was out of town, or that Hatton Garden was a name unknown in the haunts of fashion; He who had given him his talents and his commission, had also given him an open letter of introduction to all mankind, and confident in their goodwill, and assuming their actual presence, he instantly began.

"Before going southwards he had mentioned to a friend his great desire 'to make a demonstration for a higher style of Christianity, something more magnanimous, more heroical than this age affects.'[1] The purpose was in keeping not only with his exalted conception of the Christian character, but with the grandeur of his own spirit; and with a little more practical wisdom the effect, which was for the moment unprecedented, might have endured to this day. By bringing out the fulness of the boundless, all-embracing Bible, and by carrying hearers who had hitherto rested in texts right into the truths which these texts contain, he relieved evangelism from the reproach of intellectual poverty, and whilst extorting from many minds their first homage to the Gospel, he made others feel as if under his leadership they could start afresh and go on to perfection. And he himself went grandly. Living in the presence of the King of kings, and never

[1] His letter to Dr. Martin, quoted in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life*, vol. i. p. 141.

for a moment forgetting his high calling, his bearing was august, and from before the steps of his straightforward faith mountains and sycamine trees were removed. And whilst walking with God thus loftily, it was a marvellous fund of loving-kindness which he carried forth among his fellow-men. Taking the little children in his arms, and blessing them as no one had ever done since his Master said, 'Let them come unto me;' casting the spell of his own transcendentalism over commonplace people, and leaving them thenceforward on a higher level.

"Looking to the gifted men who crowded to his church, and who from his profuse, suggestive sermons received new germs of thought, as from his valiant, outspoken faith they derived new impressions of divine realities, for the first three or four years it was an unprecedented ministry. At last, yielding partly to his own excursive instincts, partly to the temptation to tell some new thing to an excited throng, who returned Sunday after Sunday expecting a new sensation, historical themes, like John the Baptist, were exchanged for prophecy, and speculations regarding the source of the Saviour's sinlessness, such as racked Oriental ingenuity in the early ages, took the place of the lively oracles. The higher that the speculation soared, and the further behind that it left the personal and the practical, the better it suited that class of hearers who think nothing so tiresome as the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments; and the wilder that it grew, the more it was enjoyed by those devotees who mistake for pious feeling a sort of spiritual galvanism. Such persons now became Irving's inner circle. They

closed around him, and appropriated him; they shut out friends who were not the less affectionate because they were sober-minded; and surrounded by a coterie of charlatans and moonshiny mystics, visionary men and hysterical women, who domineered and flattered by turns, nothing remained but to drift helplessly on in the dizzy, imperious vortex. The buoy which good sense flung in to his rescue he hurled back with disdain, and when, with the tear in its eye, ancient friendship held out its hand, the offer was tearfully declined. Sermons were preached on the restoration to the church of miraculous gifts, and weird prayer-meetings were held in the dark cold mornings, followed by strange colloquies and expoundings throughout the day; till the natural upshot was that outburst of 'tongues' which, in the words of Carlyle, brought 'Bedlam and chaos' into the new church in Regent Square.

"The humiliating, heart-breaking sequel we need not trace. The dupe of his own imagination, still more the victim of misplaced affection—for all along much of his creed had been absorbed into the system through the fancy and through his cordial, admiring tendencies—the idealist had become the simple visionary. Up the sides of the gallant ship there swarmed a motley crowd; old and loyal friends were sent ashore; and all landmarks lost, all autonomy completely gone, enthusiasts in their folly and coxcombs in their arrogance took the helm by turns, till the shattered hull was drawn ashore, and the mournful voyage ended where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

Our business lies with the English Presbyterian Church

in general, and with the National Scotch Church of London, in particular; to it accordingly we return.

At the termination of Mr. Irving's connexion with the church, the congregation found themselves reduced to a handful, and burdened with a debt of £10,000. So far from succumbing to their difficulties, however, they determined to obtain relays of eminent ministers from Scotland to supply the pulpit, and in the meantime to reduce, by one-half, their pecuniary liability. In both efforts they completely succeeded. At length they found themselves again in a position to call a minister. But the former tantalizing experience was repeated to the letter. Mr. Alexander, the minister whom they next obtained, soon returned to Scotland, and occupied important positions successively in Ayr and Kirkcaldy.

After another tedious vacancy, Mr. Peter M'Morland was ordained pastor of the church on the 17th of April 1835. During his ministry the congregation was largely increased in numbers, but he too, after serving about four years, retired to a charge in Scotland, and left the much-tried congregation once more as a flock without a shepherd.

During the whole of this sifting period, a band of leal-hearted and devoted men held office in the National Church. By their high character, and mutual love, and patient energy, they steered the vessel through all the storms. Holding by faith to the Head, and by love to one another, they never lost hope, and never slackened their exertions, until, by God's good hand upon them, a day of prosperity returned. In their case, as in the experience of many others, man's extremity was God's opportunity. It is ordinarily "out of the depths" that

the keenest cries ascend to the throne of Grace; and, in answer to the request of those who saw no help in man, the Lord did at length send a qualified labourer into that portion of his harvest-field.

In the spring of 1841, a deputation from the Church of Scotland had occasion to visit London, in connexion with some of the great ecclesiastical questions that were then agitating the public mind. The elders of Regent Square seized the opportunity of laying their case before the men who were in a position at once to comprehend the nature of the claim, and to suggest the method of meeting it. In an interview with Dr. Candlish, Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Dunlop, and others, they explained their position, and requested aid. The Scottish brethren intimated on the spot that they had their eye on a young minister who, if he could be induced to accept a call, would, in their judgment, more than compensate for all the disappointments that the congregation had experienced. As this minister had only been a few months settled in his first charge, they were not certain of success, but they would do what they could on their return to Scotland. In the course of a few days, as the result of this negotiation, the elders of Regent Square learned from their friends that Mr. James Hamilton, of Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, had consented to come to London, and preach for two Sabbaths to the congregation.

One of the sermons preached on that occasion in Regent Square was subsequently published under the title "The Opening of the Prison."[1] I have been informed, on very good authority, that this discourse made the deepest impression, and largely contributed to determine the choice

[1] Morgan and Chase, 38 Ludgate Hill.

of the congregation. In these circumstances, it becomes a matter of interest and importance to look into that little tract as a specimen of his style at the period. It differs considerably from his ordinary methods in his later years. It is probable that it fairly represents his manner of presenting and pressing the gospel at Abernyte, and in Edinburgh; and this supposition goes far to explain at once the deep impression made on all the more susceptible spirits of his flock in the country, and the opposition successfully made by a smaller, but more influential class, to his permanent settlement in the parish. The "Opening of the Prison" reminds the reader at once of Bunyan and of Baxter. The leading conceptions, from first to last, are allegorical, and the appeals are peculiarly solemn and searching. There is a plainness and pungency, amounting in some places almost to roughness, in applying his lesson to the conscience, which forms, in some measure, a contrast to the gentleness and delicacy which characterized his subsequent ministrations.

Nothing can be more interesting in the natural history of the spiritual life than the study of this sermon in connexion with the date of its origin. It bears unmistakable marks of William Burns and Robert M'Cheyne, and the revival in Dundee. It glows with the spirit; and is more concerned to strike hard than to refine the sentiment. "On the outer door of the prison-house were not only the bolts and bars which Satan had put on, but there was the adamantine lock of eternal justice also. Jehovah himself had put it on. In the day that Adam sinned, Jehovah shut the sinner in, and justice locked the door, and flung the key into the ocean of the wrath of God. It sank into

the mighty waters, and before Immanuel could open the brazen gates, he was seen to plunge headlong into that tide of wrath, and then, emerging from its abyss, he went right up to the gates of the devil's stronghold, and as the wards of that inviolable lock recognised the long-lost key, the bolt of justice flew back. That achievement cost Immanuel his life," etc., etc. Such is the conception, expressed in bold, sharp terms, with no attempt to make the angles easy, which sank into our informant's ear, and remained written on his memory after an interval of nearly thirty years.

Everything is beautiful in its place and time. It is rougher chiselling, and bolder features, that you expect from the ardent youth, fresh from the quickening converse of apostolic men, and the strong cries of awakened sinners; in quieter and more experienced years substantially the same forms will emerge, with more rounded outlines, and mellower tints.

Mr. Hamilton had considered the whole case, and substantially decided it before he agreed to this preliminary experiment. He was well aware of the awkwardness and inconvenience of breaking up his connexion with the Roxburgh congregation, when it was only a few months old; but, on the other hand, he comprehended thoroughly the superior importance of London, and saw that the less ought to yield to the greater. Besides, the recency of his settlement in Edinburgh might tell also on the other side. If he should leave that sphere at all, it might be as well to leave it before his roots had gone deep into the soil. After a year or two the removal might have been more difficult.

Nor can it be overlooked or denied that the metropolis presented to Mr. Hamilton various attractions, bearing both directly and indirectly on his ministerial work. His literary tastes, and his consciousness of power in those departments, contributed legitimately to the determination which was ultimately adopted. The happy visit paid to his uncle in 1838 had providentially prepared the way, by giving him many glimpses of insight into the mighty stream of life that flows through London. He was enabled to measure the influence which the city exercises on the empire and on the world; and with an enlightened and patriotic ambition was willing, when an opportunity occurred, to contribute his own life and talents to the service of God and man on that field where they could be laid out to the greatest advantage.

When sounded on the subject in London, at the close of his preliminary visit, Mr. Hamilton frankly acknowledged that though nothing could be finally decided at that date, he was prepared to consider favourably any call that might reach him from the congregation of Regent Square. A harmonious call accordingly, with the necessary presbyterial formalities, was immediately sent, and in due time accepted. The various steps required in the case of a translation were taken in the usual way without any remarkable incident; and after being formally inducted by the Presbytery of London, Mr. Hamilton was introduced to his new charge on Sabbath, 25th July 1841, by Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh, in that year Moderator of the General Assembly.

CHAPTER V.

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT IN LONDON, 1841, TO THE DISRUPTION OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH, 1843.

AFTER the date of his removal to London the narrative will necessarily be less minute and continuous, and this for two reasons,—first, because, under the pressure of a more exacting public sphere, his private memorials naturally become more scanty; and, second, because the editor, busy with his own duties at a great distance, could not take particular note of facts as they occurred, and that lack can never be afterwards made up. There is, however, the less reason to regret the comparatively meagre history of his daily life in its maturer stages, because then it was a light set on a hill, and all might see it; whereas the progress of his mind, and especially of his spiritual life in his earlier years, was little known until now that this memoir has revealed it. We submit further at this point, that perhaps the most valuable service that a biography can render, is to lay open the springs of a life for the benefit of those who have been arrested by its force in maturity; as when we have navigated with profit the lower reaches of a great river near the sea, we desiderate an explorer who shall reach and reveal to us its source in the interior.

If the record of successive events be henceforth less

complete, notices of his many literary labours may profitably take the place of a more detailed personal history.

After the death of James Halley a demand sprang up in the Christian community of Glasgow for some memoir of his life. The task of preparing it was by common consent assigned to Mr. Hamilton and the compiler of this memoir conjointly. We had only begun to form our plan for the distribution of the labour when he was summoned from Edinburgh to London. Partly on account of the distance rendering united action more difficult, but mainly because of the exacting and exhausting claims of his new sphere, he reluctantly withdrew from the partnership, and so, providentially, the honour of performing that labour of love fell to the remaining member of the firm. Mr. Hamilton, however, gladly consented to revise the proof sheets, and the memoir profited by his affectionate and sagacious suggestions. In three successive editions the little book served its generation; and has now, in a figure, fallen asleep in as far as the publishers' lists are concerned, but it has not yet faded from the memory of those survivors who shared the friendship or admired the learning of that extraordinary young man.

Of those three students who met in the dingy quadrangle of Glasgow College, about forty years ago, and enjoyed for several seasons there a tender and hallowed brotherhood both in the prosecution of human science and the exercise of the spiritual life, the sole survivor has been led through a noteworthy and solemnizing experience. He was the oldest of the three, and yet it has been his singular lot to begin his own literary life-work by compos-

ing the memoir of one of his friends, and to close it by composing the memoir of the other. His hand is steady as he traces these lines, and his eye clear; he stands in awe as the question rises, Wherefore has he been spared? The ripe have been taken, and that same Sun of Righteousness who made them mellow early, is able also to fill and sweeten in His own time those survivors who even unto old age retain much of the greenness and acidity that belongs to a too close rooting into the earth.

These two have entered within the veil; a quarter of a century intervened between the dates of their departure. Halley was the greater, both in learning and sheer power of intellect; but Hamilton excelled in feminine tenderness of spirit, and the imaginative or analogical faculty which lies at the foundation of all poetry. Both alike were reconciled unto God through the death of His Son, and ardently devoted to the service of the Lord that bought them. One was called "up higher" ere his ministry began; the other was promoted to the general assembly of the first-born that are written in heaven, after a public ministry of more than a quarter of a century. Both understand the matter now, and sing in concert, "He hath done all things well."

James Halley, himself at once a great scholar and a sound judge of character, said of his friend Hamilton, while both were students at Glasgow, that he was peculiarly qualified, and therefore probably destined, to serve the Church with his pen. This estimate the result has proved to be just. From a very early age he had been constantly exercising, and so improving, his gift. He was yet a slender boy when he wrote biographies, and

offered them to the Religious Tract Society. About the same period, in college vacations, he was wont to deliver lectures on chemistry and kindred subjects to his father's parishioners at Strathblane. The memoir of his father, although in his maturer years he desired to revise and amend it, was creditable to his courage and skill, as well as to his filial reverence. During the later years of his course at college, especially in Edinburgh, he wrote much for the press, and wrote well. In biography, criticism, and the discussion of the questions between Church and State that were then agitated, he had obtained a good degree. But it was in that middle sphere where science comes in contact with theology that he found his most congenial occupation.

Settled as the minister of a Christian congregation in London, he now found himself precisely in the sphere best fitted for the effective outlay of the talent intrusted to his care. Although pastoral work was heavy and exacting, it did not absorb all his energies. Literary effort, indeed, was with him an irrepressible instinct. He was too intelligent and faithful a servant to hide in the ground a specific talent given to him by his Lord.

The first product of his pen in London was in its theme and method eminently characteristic. It was a tract entitled "The Church in the House," and had for its object to recommend the observance of family worship. In style and manner, as well as in substance, it presents at once the strongly marked idiosyncracies of the man.

As a writer of religious tracts he adopted at first, and maintained ever afterwards, a well defined and original style.

It was all his own; not so much that he constructed it, as that it flowed naturally from the character of his mind.

The series of tracts which began with "The Church in the House" would have made his name dear to the Church of Christ, although he had done nothing in other departments. Each several tract exerted a power at the time, and has left its mark on the religious history of the period. These messengers, as they successively appeared, attracted much attention, and provoked much criticism. Ecclesiastical red tape was rudely shaken, and much scandalized. The tracts of this new adventurer did not march rank and file like so many soldiers. They did not keep step, and knew nothing of the regulations. They dared to seize plain facts and set them forth in a homely, piquant style, and altogether natural order. But the greatest shock was given by a certain vein of humour that could be detected here and there under the surface, and occasionally might even be seen boldly cropping out. Sometimes the reader was beguiled into a smile ere he knew what he was about; but, in all probability, ere he turned the page his eyes were moistened by a tear. These tracts did not let a man alone; they grasped him without asking his leave, and shook him about from side to side until they shook the indifference out of him. A tract with hills and dales in it, like a landscape of nature, is, in one respect at least, better than those that maintain the dead level—people buy it and read it. It does not cost so much to get it circulated, and it is not so apt to be laid on the shelf.

"The Church in the House" was eminently useful. We know of cases in the country where the distribution of it

was followed by a great increase of family worship. Its peculiar power lay in the happy skill with which it relieved the exercise of its formidable character, and gently introduced it as a pleasure and a privilege. Without diminishing in aught the solemnity of divine worship, as conducted in the family circle, he did much to remove the stiffness and austerity with which, especially in Scotland, it had become too much associated. It was his blessed function, on this and many other kindred themes, to throw in the glow of his own more blithe and buoyant hopefulness to help inexperienced and timid spirits, who somehow fell into the error of supposing that they could not be rightly religious without being and appearing frightened and sad. He had largely learned in his own experience the scriptural principle, that "the joy of the Lord is your strength;" and he most lovingly laid himself out to teach the precious secret to others. It is a high honour to have won many families over to the practice of private social worship, by showing them that the commandment of God in that matter "is not grievous."

As there were "Reformers before the Reformation," so there were earnest unionists among the churches before the Evangelical Alliance was formed. It was according to the nature of things that James Hamilton should gravitate towards any nucleus that might be in the process of formation with a view to the increase of brotherly love among Protestant Christians, and a more distinct manifestation of the love that might already have been attained. It so happens that the earliest of his letters, after the date of his removal to London, that has fallen into our hands

refers to this subject. It is addressed to his beloved and venerated friend Mr. William Hamilton, who evidently had asked his opinion on some points bearing on the question of union in spirit and co-operation in effort among the disciples of the Lord. His views at this early stage are important, in relation to the distinguished services which he afterwards rendered to the cause of Christian union.

Let it be borne in mind that this is not a public manifesto, but a private letter to a friend who held office along with himself in a Presbyterian Church. It is natural in these circumstances that he should express fully his preference for Presbytery, and the grounds of his judgment. But failing what he considers best, he is ready to labour a lifetime for what may be attainable in the direction of union.

"My views are these:—

"I. The Lord Jesus lives. He is of the same mind as when He prayed 'that they all may be one,—that the world may know that Thou hast sent me.' It is the duty, therefore, of His disciples to seek union, the duty of individual Christians and of Evangelical Churches to maintain a friendly correspondence. If such correspondence be begun and conducted with purity of motive and warmth of affection, it cannot but lead to increasing mutual respect and increasing congeniality, *i.e.*, union.

"II. The most scriptural form of church government is likely to be the most efficient in extending and upholding the kingdom of Christ. I am deeply persuaded that the Presbyterian is the most scriptural form, and that could

we get it more largely adopted we should do much to advance the cause of Christ.

"III. From a variety of causes the Presbyterian is the most unpopular denomination in England; in other words, the most efficient agency for spreading the gospel is the agency of which English Christians are most jealous. The only form of government capable of offering effectual and combined resistance to popish encroachments is that form which Protestant Europe has adopted, but which in England is monopolized by a handful of Scotchmen.

"IV. Did Presbyterian Christians cultivate the friendship of orthodox denominations, and invite them to study the constitution and workings of Presbytery, I am certain much prejudice would be removed and a highway opened for the advance of Presbyterianism.

"V. That even did we fail in prevailing on them to join our Synod, or assume to themselves a presbyteric name, if they were supremely bent on advancing vital godliness and spiritual Christianity through this and other lands, it were our duty to maintain brotherly intercourse with them, and to unite openly from time to time in measures for the furtherance of our common Christianity, *e.g.*, in a manifesto showing the essential unity of that God-built and Spirit-inhabited Church of which each regenerate man is a living stone, in opposition to the mock unity of the worldly sanctuary of mere churchism; in a course of lectures on the modern heresy, in an evangelistic effort to preach the gospel to every creature in England should the gross darkness of Puseyism settle down on its parishes, etc.

"Therefore, and as a conclusion of the whole matter, I

would seek by all pacific means to enlist under Presbyterian banners as many as I could for the sake of that grander ultimatum, the enlisting through a lively and influential Presbyterian church increasing numbers under the banner of the Cross.

"I despair of the Church of England. It never took honest leave of Babylon. It is going back in time to share Babylon's overthrow. If deliverance is to come to the Church of God in England, it must be from some quarter more evangelical,—most probably from a union of all that is evangelical in England. On the Presbyterian platform I see room enough for all to meet, and find it an impregnable position.

"JAMES HAMILTON."

After dealing with family worship his next care was the public worship of the Sabbath. The *Church in the House* was published on the 1st of January, and *Remembering Zion* followed on 10th February 1842. This second tract is addressed to Scotchmen in London, and its design is to commend the doctrine, discipline, and worship of their fathers and their fatherland. Although it gives a certain sound in favour of his own cherished Presbyterian system, it breathes throughout a spirit of the most generous and catholic sympathy with all the members of the Christian brotherhood. Observing that many of his countrymen when settled in the great metropolis, like individual trees not seen in the wood, glided away first from the Presbyterian Church, and next from the Church altogether, he set himself to counteract the danger by the

methods which he understood and could employ. With him it was certainly not a sectarian movement. He knew not of any way by which he could do more good to Scotchmen in London than by inducing them to attend the Scottish Church.

The introductory sentences of the tract, written in his own peculiar vein, with its characteristics perhaps even more strongly marked than in later years, is a good example of the apostolic method of taking by guile those whom you desire to win. The patriotism, and the principles, and the habits, and even the prejudices of Scotchmen, are touched skilfully, and all compelled to contribute their share to the result.

"When the Israelites were in a city vast and ungodly like London,—a city without a Sabbath,—they used, when they had opportunity, to sit down and talk of the fair land and the lovely temple from which they had been wrenched away. 'By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.' Dear fellow-countrymen, most of you are so far like the Israelites that you remember with tenderness the land of your birth, and cannot bear that others should speak of it disparagingly. You like to be reminded of the scenery of Scotland, the summer verdure of its straths and glens, and the polished fulness of its deep blue lakes; its wailing winter torrents, and the snow-laden mountains which feed them. And you love its ancient minstrelsy—the gathering songs in whose high pulse the hero-hearts of the olden time still throb, and those pathetic dirges which were nature's own anthems chanted by woodland rills and

lonely waterfalls long before man set them to his music. But there are glorious things of Scotland which you have still more reason to remember. You have not forgotten the schools and sanctuaries, and Sabbath days, which once were Scotland's own; and perhaps you will not refuse to listen a few moments whilst we would call them to remembrance. Let us here, in this busy tumultuous Babylon, sit down for a little and remember our Zion.

"You remember the Sabbath days of Scotland. You remember how the Sabbath was wont weekly to set every house in order throughout the land. You remember the Saturday evening's preparation for the Sabbath's rest—the early cessation of labour in the fields and factories, the timely marketing, the lustration of each apartment, the arranging of household furniture, the fetching home of water from the well, the storing of fagots for fuel, the busy exertions of young and old to anticipate and supersede all Sabbath toil, which resulted in imparting beforehand a look of Sabbatic neatness and tranquillity to the well-ordered habitation. You remember too the friendly visits which neighbour families were wont to exchange that evening, loth to invade the sanctity of each other's houses on the Lord's own day, but glad to take advantage of this breathing-time to cement those friendships which they meant to be hereditary. You remember the Sabbath dawn, with its morning orisons and the prompt preparations for the house of God. You remember the fresh and wholesome aspect of the mustering population as they wended slowly through the churchyard: the spectacled matron with her bulky Bible wrapped in its snowy ker-

chief, and provided with a fragrant sprig of some favourite herb; the cottar in the homespun suit which the Sabbath storms of many winters had washed, but had not tattered; and the artisan with his children, whose countenances forgot their week-day toil as they put off their week-day garments. If it were a parish over which a man of God presided, you remember the reverence of their worship and the solemnity of their bearing; whilst one who understood the case of each spoke home to the hearts of all, and their common confessions and thanksgivings and supplications, uttered by one voice, were echoed by a hundred hearts. You remember the heart-music which you sometimes heard at the uprising of the great congregation, when the burly voice of manhood and the quivering notes of palsy-stricken age, 'young men and maidens, old men and children,' praising God, told that he had made their hearts right glad. You remember the Sabbath eve, when the children's tasks were over, and the sermons had been repeated, and with the Bible or the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the *Fourfold State*, each hied away to the barn or the fir-plantation, or some of the thousand cottage oratories which God knows full well in that land of many worshippers, till the downward sun reminded them that it was time to close these solitary studies, and gather round the household hearth once more."

Having thus sought to insinuate himself into the favour of his countrymen, he proceeds in a strain of the gentlest brotherly kindness, but at the same time of the clearest logic, to commend to their understandings and their hearts the Standards, the Worship, the Government, the History,

and the spiritual attainments of the Scottish Presbyterian Church.

But that Church, so dear to him in his partial exile, was by this time advancing deep into a sea of troubles. Forward, in obedience to her fundamental principles, and the command of her Divine Head—forward she must of necessity go; although every minister and every member knew right well by this time that the path of duty was the path of danger. The conflict within the Church on the one hand, and between the Church and the civil courts on the other, was approaching its crisis. The principles involved in the controversy, and the gravity of its result, are better appreciated by politicians now, twenty-six years after the event, than they were at the time. The ministers and elders of the Scottish Church knew the stake and the conditions thoroughly from the first; but those who in that day occupied the position of statesmen were profoundly ignorant both of the principles contended for, and the earnestness of the contenders. Adopting cynically the shallow rule that churchmen, although they make a great noise, will succumb in the long-run if you control them by their pecuniary interest, they peremptorily declined to listen to the demand made by the Scottish Church for independence in its own spiritual sphere and action. The consequence was the Disruption,—an event which was destined, as it now appears, to become one of the great cardinal points of our national history.

Sympathizing thoroughly with his brethren in Scotland, James Hamilton saw, in 1842, the shadows of the coming event, and applied himself in his own fashion to prepare

for it.... When his heart was full of a great subject it discharged itself by a tract. In this direction he had already discovered that he possessed a means of access to the public ear, and in such a crisis he would not neglect his opportunity.

The most important of the many assemblies held in Scotland by the reforming party within the Church, for mutual counsel and defence, was that which was convened in Edinburgh in November 1842, and has ever since been known as "the Convocation." Unlike all other Presbyterian councils, it consisted of ministers only. Its deliberations were conducted with closed doors; and by common consent no layman, not even an elder, was once admitted. The reason for both the privacy of the assembly and its exclusively clerical constituency was abundantly strong, although to outsiders not at first sight obvious. The moment that the reason is stated, not to say explained, every fair mind instinctively acquiesces in its propriety. All had now been done that men of honour could condescend to do, with the view of retaining the spiritual freedom of the Church in conjunction with its position as a national establishment; and the time had come when it behoved the party who were faithful to the scriptural principles and glorious history of their Church to make a final stand, and intimate to all concerned that if a certain definite measure of relief should not be granted by the Legislature within a certain definite space of time, they should abandon their connexion with the State, in order to maintain allegiance to their heavenly King. Now, as it was on the side of the ministers almost exclusively that

the contemplated measure involved a pecuniary sacrifice, and as in their case it involved the sacrifice of all that they possessed, it was felt that they alone should discuss the policy of the plan, and frame their resolution upon it, apart from the influence, and even the presence, of other parties not so deeply interested in the result.

The place chosen for the sittings of the Convocation was Roxburgh Church,—the same building in which James Hamilton had exercised a brief ministry immediately before his removal to London. He attended all the deliberations, and cordially cast in his lot with the brethren. Immediately after his return appeared another tract, entitled "The Harp on the Willows," in which he describes the assembly, and explains to the English people its resolutions, and their grounds. The *brochure* was eminently useful in conveying correct information to Englishmen on a subject with which they were not familiar.

A letter, written at Edinburgh during the sittings of the Convocation, possesses much historical value, as indicating the general tone of its members at the critical moment in the history of the Church :—

TO MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"15 Buccleuch Place, Edin.,
Nov. 19, 1842.

"My dear Mr. Hamilton,—The Convocation has adjourned for this week, and if its future proceedings be conducted in the same spirit of conciliation and harmony as hitherto, I have no doubt that the effect on the country will be great. The effect on the ministers themselves is

evidently good. They met, almost as many minds as there were men. But the proceedings were opened by a most appropriate and impressive sermon by Dr. Chalmers on the spirit in which these deliberations should be conducted. There was much prayer intermingled with all their proceedings; and though yesterday there were three different proposals, this morning they very unexpectedly and wonderfully were fused together, and all agreed that in going to Government they should demand as a minimum a *satisfactory* non-intrusion measure (the *liberum arbitrium* being held unsatisfactory), and the uncontrolled spiritual jurisdiction of the Church courts. On Monday, it will be considered what ought to be done in the event of no answer, or a negative being returned to this application. The prevailing feeling is, that rather than be decimated one by one, they should stand together and hold themselves ready to secede in a body, and make this intention known. Some will be for remaining till they be *driven* out, but these I think are very few, and perhaps on this also there will be a unanimous resolution.

"Nearly 500 are present. The feeling is that of much mutual confidence (with some few exceptions), and a solemn realization of their position as in the crisis of the Church's history. In the remarkable harmony of this day it was generally felt that the Spirit of Love, and of a sound mind, was the Author of it, and every one saw that it was an answer to prayer.

"I have seen almost all your friends, Mr. S. Martin, Mr. Anderson, etc. But the Convocation consumes the day, and, except for a few moments in the lobby, or with a

neighbour beside you, there is little opportunity for news or talk. I am very glad I came, and very glad that Regent Square sent its token of good-will. It verifies Rom. i. 8.

"To-morrow morning I preach in Roxburgh Church, and nowhere else. I would have written more minutely, but from the private nature of the meetings I am not sure yet whether it is right to enter more into particulars.

"Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Hamilton, and to those brethren of the Session who may be at the Monday prayer-meeting. The Convocation will, at the time of that meeting, be deciding the point which involves the temporal interests of the ministers, and I am sure you will not forget to seek for them a self-renouncing spirit.—I remain, yours most affectionately,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

The introduction of the tract is characteristic :—

"Two months ago I went to Edinburgh to attend the Convocation of Ministers. Like many of my countrymen my heart used to beat harder when I came in sight of that city of Reformers and Covenanters, of hallowed Sabbaths, and crowded churches, and solemn assemblies. Its towers and steeples used to say, Mount Zion stands most beautiful. But on this occasion 'how did the city sit solitary!' Its pleasant sanctuaries had a look of widowhood; and the most melancholy object of all was a gorgeous unfinished structure on the Castle Hill, reared for the Assemblies of the Church of Scotland, but more likely to be their cenotaph. Ministers preached, and congregations

worshipped, as under warning to quit, and there was much of a farewell solemnity in every service. In private it was the same; and, amidst many joyful meetings and much longed-for intercourse, there was a prevailing tendency to sadness. There was a mournful and foreboding feeling, like that which reigned in Jerusalem after the voice had cried in the Temple, 'Arise! depart!' and just before the abomination of desolation took his stand in the holy place. There was a conviction deeper than ever that the cause of the Church was the cause of God, and therefore not soon likely to become the cause of man. However, a few 'hoped against hope;' and the last evening I spent in Edinburgh, and being rather a cheering word I remember it better, in the course of a conversation about the Church's prospects, an accomplished barrister said in my hearing, 'I have great hope from the honesty of Englishmen. The English are a just people, and, if they understood our case, would do us justice.'

"Now, dear friends, to be as honest as yourselves, I have great fear that you do not understand the case, and some fear that you will not study it. If the Waldenses were about to be ejected from those valleys, which they hold by solemn treaty, I could count on your interference. Or if the civil courts of Constantinople were tampering with the internal arrangements of our ambassador's chapel, I believe you would think it right that our Government should remonstrate. Now that the Queen of Madagascar is concussing Christian consciences, I know that many of you are indignant, and would interpose your protection if you could. If you will hear me patiently, I promise to

show that the cases are too parallel; and as I shall endeavour to relieve the subject of all intricate details and metaphysical niceties, so I earnestly trust that, if I make out a case of grievance or suffering for conscience' sake, you who have ere now listened to a voice from Piedmont, will not shut your ears against a voice from the Church of Scotland.

"At the *Revolution*—which you and we agree in calling glorious—the Government restored to Scotland the religion which the Reformers gave it. Presbyterianism was established; that is to say, a Presbyterian minister was planted in every parish. A house was assigned to this minister to live in; four or five acres of land were annexed to this house, on which some oats and barley might grow, and a cow might pasture; and then to purchase books, and furniture, and fuel, and other creature-comforts not indigenous to the glebe, a small salary from a portion of the ancient tithes was superadded. In consideration of the manse, glebe, and stipend, the people of that parish were entitled to the services of the minister, could claim their seat in the parish church, and enjoy, rich and poor alike, the ordinances of religion. In those happy days each parish chose its own elders, and they, along with such of the landed proprietors as were members of the church, chose the minister. And as they usually chose the best, Scotland 'flourished by the preaching of the word.'"

He then proceeds to explain, in simple and graphic style, how this fair garden was turned into a desert by the tyrannical re-enactment of patronage in the beginning of

the last century, and by the subversion of spiritual liberty in the Church through the agency of the civil courts in the earlier half of the present. It is true that in our day men in high places of the State distinctly announce their theory of an Established Church to be subjection of the Church to the Courts of the State in all their affairs, as the price of Establishment and Endowment by the resources of the nation; it is true also that various parties in the Church of England, including that which is reckoned distinctively evangelical, accept and even boast of that humiliating condition. Not so the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in its best days; not so the churches of Scotland that are free. It was a fundamental principle of the historical Church of Scotland, from the Reformation downwards, that no civil court had a right to review or reverse a sentence pronounced by a Church court in spiritual matters. That principle was frequently misrepresented by ignorant or prejudiced persons, as if the Church were setting up a Popish claim to exemption in favour of ecclesiastics from subjection to civil law. This was a grievous mistake; but it was difficult to get the mistake corrected where people were not willing to learn. Throughout the conflict the Church uniformly conceded the right of the civil courts to control all temporal interests according to law, and by their own methods. They were perfectly willing that the judges, if they found that a Presbytery had ordained the wrong minister, should adjudge the manse and church and stipend to another; but they did not concede that the judges were competent either to ordain a certain minister themselves, or to com-

pel the Presbytery to do it. The claim of the Church was, leave us free to pronounce sentence in matters purely spiritual, according to our own scriptural rules, without being liable to authoritative review in the civil court; and if the civil court find that we have transgressed any law, let the penalty be the loss of the temporalities. Let the courts of the State, if they see fit, take all that the State ever gave; but let them not presume either to reverse our sentences themselves, or compel us by penalties to reverse them.

This liberty was formally denied to the Church by the Legislature; this liberty no Established Church enjoys. The theory accepted by the heads of both political parties is, that if the State endows the Church, the State also rules it. The spiritual sentences of ecclesiastical tribunals are liable to be reviewed, and if need be reversed, by the civil courts, precisely as the sentences of inferior civil courts are subject to review by the superior.

Two sets of resolutions were after full deliberation unanimously adopted by the Convocation. The first series defined exactly, not the measure of freedom which the Church deemed the best, but the minimum—the smallest measure consistent with truth and honour. The second pledged all the members to abandon the Establishment at the date of the next General Assembly in May, if the previously defined relief should not by that time have been granted by the Legislature. These resolutions were duly made known to the Government and the Houses of Parliament, and then the ministers awaited the result. The result is well known. Statesmen refused to believe

that the ministers would renounce their benefices until they were convinced by the fact, and then it was too late to amend the blunder.

Dr. Hamilton's sketch of the character and constituents of the Assembly is a valuable record, now that most of the leading actors have been removed from the stage.

"Nearly 500 came together; and it was very plain that no ordinary call could have brought from the remotest headlands of our rugged land such a company in the dead season of the year.

"After a prayer-meeting in St. George's Church, and a sermon by Dr. Chalmers,—'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,'—the ministers adjourned to Roxburgh Church. Dr. Chalmers took the chair. It was agreed that during each sederunt three of the brethren should engage in prayer, and in this way confession and supplication assumed a prominent place in the business of each meeting. None but ministers were present. In order to encourage each member freely to speak his mind this privacy was requisite, and it tended greatly to impart a confiding and conversational tone to their proceedings. For our own part it made us feel that the innermost side of good men is the best side; and whilst listening to the brotherly tone of their communings, so unlike the defiance and disdain of Christian heroism and self-renunciation which were ever and anon expressed, we wished that the world were present; and during the devotional exercises and at intervals throughout the deliberations, when sudden light or consolation broke in, in a way which brought tears to many eyes, we would have liked that all the

Christians in the kingdom could be present, for we felt assured that the Lord Himself was there. And then, when we looked at the materials of the meeting, and saw before us, with few exceptions, all the talent, and, with still fewer exceptions, all the piety of the Church of Scotland, we wished that those were present in whose power it lies to preserve to the Scottish Establishment all this learning and this worth. There was the chairman, who might so easily have been the Adam Smith, the Leibnitz, or the Bossuet of the day, but who, having obtained a better part, has laid economics and philosophy and eloquence on the altar which sanctified himself. There was Dr. Gordon, lofty in simplicity, whose vast conceptions and majestic emotions plough deeper the old channels of customary words, and make common phrases appear solemn and sublime after *he* has used them. There were Dr. Keith, whose labours in the prophecies have sent his fame through Europe, and are yearly bringing converts into the Church of Christ; and Mr. James Buchanan, whose deep-drawn sympathy and rich Bible-lore, and Christian refinement, have made him a son of consolation to so many of the sons of sorrow. There were Dr. Welsh, the biographer and bosom friend of Thomas Brown; Dr. Forbes, among the most inventive of modern mathematicians; and Dr. Paterson, whose *Manse Garden* is read for the sake of its poetry and wisdom and Christian kindness where there are no gardens, and will be read for the sake of other days when there are no manses. And there was Dr. Patrick M'Farlan, whose calm judgment is a sanction to any measure, and who, holding the richest benefice in Scotland,

most appropriately moved the resolution, that rather than sacrifice their principles they should surrender their possessions; and not to mention 'names the poet must not speak,' there were in that Assembly the men who are dearest of all to the godly throughout the land, the men whom the Lord delighted to honour,—all the ministers in whose parishes have been great revivals, from the apostle of the North, good old Mr. Macdonald, whose happy countenance is a signal for expectation and gladness in every congregation he visits; and Mr. Burns of Kilsyth, whose affectionate counsels and prayers made the Convocation feel towards him as a father,—down to those younger ministers of whom, but for our mutual friendship, I could speak more freely. When we looked at the whole, knowing something of all, we felt, first, such an Assembly never met in Scotland before; secondly, it will depend on them, under God, whether Scotland can ever furnish such an Assembly again; and, thirdly, what a blot on any reign, and what a guilt on any Government, which casts forth such a company! And then, after some sadder musings, came in this thought, Yet what a blessing to the world if they were scattered abroad, everywhere preaching the word!"

In March 1843 he was first greatly grieved, and subsequently much quickened in spirit, by the stroke that was tenderly felt by the whole Christian brotherhood that use in common the English tongue—the sudden removal of his friend and fellow-labourer, Robert M. M'Cheyne of Dundee. News had reached him in the end of the week of his beloved brother's dangerous illness. As no letters

are delivered in London on Sabbath, he was on the watch with peculiar earnestness on Monday morning for the postman's call. His mother, himself, and his friend and neighbour, Mr. James Watson, were sitting together at breakfast in his house, when the double knock, much longed for and yet secretly dreaded, rang through the room. He bounded to his feet, and made towards the lobby with a spring, saying, "We shall hear how dear Robert is!" Returning with some letters in his hand, and opening one of them by the way, he obtained a glance of the first line as he entered the dining-room, and learned the final fact. His hand fell down by his side as if it had been stricken with paralysis. Uttering a gentle exclamation, "Robert is gone!" he stood still and pale like a statue for about a minute, and then said, "Let us pray." All knelt in silence; then, himself and Mr. Watson alternately giving their desires expression, they poured out to God hearts that were too full for converse with each other. It was a great love, for it was a love in the Spirit. The fountains of a great deep were broken up in the survivor when his brother in the Lord was removed from his sight.

TO REV. ANDREW BONAR, COLLACE.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *April* 1, 1843.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—This has been a solemn and affecting week, and this the most affecting day of all. When the post brought two letters this afternoon from Dundee, giving an account of the funeral, and I felt that

the grave had really closed upon him, I cannot tell the feelings of desolation that came over my mind. I had hoped by the end of this month to see him once more, and it looks so very short since last November when he was here. But I have yielded too much to these feelings, and unless God strengthen my weak body and mind, I will be very unfit for to-morrow. Nor could I write now unless it were to you, or some one who has felt like you.

"It has been a mournful relief to find how many here are moved by the tidings. It shows not only that his last visit has made a deep impression—which I knew—but it leads me to hope that the striking dispensation may be blessed to this people.

"But I have been trying to bring my cold, stubborn, unbelieving heart to ponder God's message to myself. When I compare myself with him I see what sinful trifling much of my ministry has been; and when I think how beautiful was his holiness, and how impressive the consistency of his character, and think of my incurable levity and readiness to fall in with other people's ways, I would despair were it not for the exhaustless resources of the cleansing blood and sanctifying Spirit. Oh, to follow the Lord fully like him,—to be the Christ-like man he was! You, my kind, dear friend, know my infirmities—some of them at least; and for the sake of my not dishonouring Christ, for the sake of my usefulness, tell me freely of them. The Lord is speaking in this providence, and is calling to ministers to arise and begin anew. I wish to hear His voice, and have been praying these days past for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. Oh that the

Lord would grant that double portion to many Elishas in Scotland also!

"He was with you this time last year. I have a letter dated from 'Collace, March 25th, 1842.' I mean to read it to the people to-morrow. But I have only two letters besides preserved. I shall send them to you, though not so remarkable as many you will have, for I rejoice to hear that you mean to write down with pen and ink some of the more memorable things which God had written on this living epistle. Seldom has there been one so distinct and full.

"There are many good people in Regent Square, and things outwardly are rather prosperous; but we have much need to pray that the Lord would stir up His strength and might, and come and save us, for the careless people are much as they were. The church is very large, and the people look far away,—not within arm's-length, as in Abernyte or Collace. But I do hope that, in rich and sovereign grace, God may send us, notwithstanding our carnality and worldliness, a season of refreshing.

"Pray much for it, and for one who would feel it a privilege to be your brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, and is your affectionate friend,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *April* 6, 1843.

"Last week was a heavy one—some solemn and quickening thoughts mingling with many sad ones. Robert M'Cheyne was not a year older than myself, but what a work he had finished before he was called away! Though

with an incomparably colder heart, I believe I love the same Saviour to whom he had dedicated himself, and it is my desire to extend His glory in the world. How shall I do it? I am so frivolous, so unequal, so carnal, that I often feel it would be better for the cause of Christ that I was not identified with it. But here I am planted in a most important position—minister of one of the few Scotch churches here—with a people so immersed in business that ordinary impressions fast fade from their minds,—so intelligent and observing that any inconsistency in their minister is sure to be noticed, and many of them so fastidious, or so slightly bound to myself, that a very little thing would drive them away. Here have I been for nineteen months and more, and except a large increase to the congregation, and some marks of outward prosperity, little has been done. The Spirit has been restrained. Few deep impressions have been made, and I scarcely know of any sound conversions. Lord, let me not despond. Make me consistent. Make me a living epistle. Give me wisdom from above. Make me spiritually-minded."

Thus the early departure of M'Cheyne affected those of kindred spirit who had been intimately associated with him in his brief, and, on its upper side, brilliant ministry. It humbled, reproved, quickened, and stimulated them. But the effects of that divine dispensation were not limited to the comparatively narrow circle of M'Cheyne's personal friends. Through the memorials and remains of the young minister, prepared by the tender hand and congenial spirit of Andrew Bonar, his death exerted perhaps

a greater power in advancing Christ's kingdom than his life could have put forth.

The next letter written by Mr. Hamilton—the next as far as they have come under our observation—affords simple and interesting evidence of the sharpening which his spirit had obtained in the furnace of his great sorrow:

"LONDON, *April* 14, 1843.

"MY DEAR MRS. VETCH,—It gave me great pleasure to hear from you; and it would give me much if this at all answered the end for which you so kindly asked me to write. It makes me happy when I find a friend who really desires to hear or speak about Christ. In heaven He mingles with every thought, is the spring of every service, and the burden of every song. But few in heaven have such reason to love Him as sinners here on earth. It is in *our* world that Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Calvary are to be found; and if we ever go to heaven it is the blood shed at Jerusalem which must take us there. But it is the depravity of our hearts that we cannot love this Saviour, that we cannot even bend our minds to think of Him, and meditate upon Him, until the fire burn! You complain that your heart is cold towards the Friend of sinners. There is One who can make it glow. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to reveal Jesus; and He can show Christ in such a light that the heart cannot help being warmed and melted. The Holy Spirit does this through His own chosen instrumentality, of which the chief is the Word read and heard. The last I believe to be chiefly blessed. I do not well know how you are situated with regard to ministers in your part of the country; but

the earnest advice of your old friend would be to search out the liveliest and most faithful preacher of *Christ* in all the country-side, and frequent his ministry, however far away. I know that you and the Major are members of the Episcopal Church, but that will not hinder you from getting good by a gospel ministry wherever you find it. And it is of such surpassing moment to hear the truth as it is in Jesus affectionately declared, that it were worth a long pilgrimage to go and hear it. It is little that I know of Christ, but that little is my truest joy. It is more than I once did, and though I have more labours and anxieties now than I once had, I believe that I am happier than I once was. I am sorry that this note must be so short, but I shall be glad to write again. I thank you for the tender and beautiful verses, and thank Major Vetch for introducing me to such a man as Mr. Money. I have not yet been able to go with the letter, but I hope to do so soon.

"May your peace be like a river.—Yours most truly,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

In May of this year the memorable Disruption of the Church of Scotland took place. The resolutions of the Convocation, signed by 400 ministers, had been laid before the Parliament and the Government; but the statesmen of the day offered no redress for wrongs inflicted, no relaxation of bonds imposed upon the Church. The majority, liberal, advancing, and devoted, held to the last by the hope that the relief which scriptural truth demanded, and imperial policy manifestly suggested, would

be granted. They were loath to believe that the historic Church of Scotland would be held bound to take their orders, in spiritual matters as well as temporal, from the Court of Session. The law officers of the Crown advised that the liberty which they demanded was their own by the constitution of the realm; and five of the thirteen Judges in the Scottish Supreme Court pronounced their opinions to the same effect. But the opposite view prevailed. It was finally determined that the position and emoluments of the Establishment should belong exclusively to those who, in such matters as the ordination or deposition of a minister, should simply obey the decision of the Civil Court.

The crisis had come. The liberty of the Presbyterian Church must be crushed, as that of the Episcopal has long been, under a merely Erastian supremacy, or the Church must go out from the Establishment, carrying her freedom along with her, and leaving her emoluments behind. Towards Edinburgh, on the days immediately preceding the 18th of May, the more energetic spirits gravitated from every corner of the land, prepared to act worthily one great turning-point of our national history. James Hamilton was there, soul and body, prepared to take his part. In a tract published immediately afterwards, under the title *Farewell to Egypt*, the scene, while yet fresh in his memory, was pictured by his own pen.

"Edinburgh is one of those cities which seem designed as the arena of mighty incidents. Commanding that wide prospect of fertile fields, and of the far-stretching ocean, which is itself enlarging to the soul; overhung by tall

piles of ancient masonry, and hoary battlements which only speak of other years; looking up to everlasting mountains which carry the thoughts aloft, or far into the future; and with the solemn shadows of the ancient capital diffusing a sedateness over the elegance of the modern town: Edinburgh is essentially an historic city—a city familiar with great events, and a proper place for their transaction. On the morning of the 18th May it had the look as if such an event were coming. People were early astir. When the hours of business came men either forbore their usual occupations or plied them in a way which showed they had as lief forbear. Holyrood was one point of attraction, for the yearly gleam of royalty was flickering about its grim turrets and through its gaunt open gateway. The scarlet yeomen with their glancing halberts, and the horsemen curvetting in the court of the resounding 'Sanctuary,' announced that the representative of majesty was within; and a stream of very various equipages was conveying down the Canongate professors from the College and red-gowned magistrates from the Council Chamber, lawyers from the Parliament House, and lairds from all the Lothians, besides a long pedestrian procession of doctors and ministers and burgh elders, all resorting to the Palace to pay their homage to His Grace the Queen's Commissioner. From Holyrood they marched to the High Church. This venerable fabric seemed also to renew the days of old. Beneath that canopy where James, of pedantic memory, used to sit, and sometimes dispute with John Durie and Patrick Simpson, sate the representative of royalty, and, all around, the gallery was garnished with

the parti-coloured pomp of civic functionaries, whilst the area was filled with that grave and learned auditory which no other occasion could supply. The discourse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,' was a production which, for wise and weighty casuistry, for keen analysis of motive and fine discrimination of truth, and for felicity of historic illustration, would have been a treat to such a congregation at a less eventful season. With the solemn consciousness that in the 'full persuasion' of their own minds they had decided in another hour to take a step in which character and worldly comfort and ministerial usefulness were all involved, each sentence came with a sanction which such sermons seldom carry. When the service was closing the audience began to disperse with a precipitation which contrasted strangely with the fixed earnestness of their previous attention; for the place appointed for the meeting of Assembly lay at some distance, and the members were anxious to secure their seats, and onlookers were anxious to get near the spot. In the Assembly Hall many of the gallery spectators had sate nine weary hours; when at last the rapid entrance of members by either door announced that the service in St. Giles's was over, and languid countenances were again lighted up with expectation. It did not look like the opening of a General Assembly. There was not the usual vivacity of recognition, and that hustling to and fro and ferment of joyous voices which on such occasions keep the floor all astir and the audience all alive. Either side was serious. The one party had that awe upon their spirits which men feel when doing a great work. Of the other

party some had that cloud upon their consciences which men feel when they are doing a wrong work,—when they see others doing what but for want of faith themselves should have been doing; and others more honest, consistent Erastians of the old school, had something of a funereal feeling—sadness in parting with opponents whom they respected, and a foreboding impression that when these were gone away it would scarcely be worth while remaining.

"At last the jingle of horse-gear, and the measured prance on the pavement, with the full near swell of the trumpet seemed to say, in the words of the national melody,

'Now 's the day and now 's the hour.'

The martial music ceased, and the Assembly rose, for Her Majesty's Commissioner had entered. The Moderator engaged in prayer, and as soon as that prayer was ended, and the members had resumed their seats amidst the breathless silence which prevailed, he went on to say, 'According to the usual form of procedure, this is the time for making up the roll, but in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges—proceedings which have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government and by the Legislature of the country, and more especially in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our Constitution, so that we could not now constitute this Court without a violation of the terms of the union between Church and State in this land as now authoritatively declared,—I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to this

conclusion are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my hand, and which, with permission of the House, I shall now proceed to read.' He then read the Protest, and having laid it on the table, bowed towards the throne, and withdrew. Man by man, and row by row, all to the left of the chair, arose and followed. An irrepressible shout of gratulation from the multitude in the street announced that the vanguard was fairly 'without the camp,' and, orderly and slowly retiring, in a few short minutes all were gone. Looking at the long ranges of vacant forms from which the pride of Scottish genius and the flower of Scottish piety had disappeared, there were few spectators who did not feel, 'the glory is departed.'

"It was a striking sight to see the dark line, for half a mile together, moving down the steep declivity which leads to the valley of Leith Water. In the distance stood, bright in its polished freshness, the new Assembly Hall, on which they had turned their backs for ever. On either side was the crowd of lookers-on—thronging windows and balconies, and outside stairs—some cheering, and others lifting their hats in silent reverence—some weeping, many wondering, and a few endeavouring to smile. And in the middle of the street held on the long procession, which included Welsh and Chalmers, Gordon and Buchanan, Keith and M'Farlan, Alexander Stewart and John Macdonald, Cunningham and Candlish; everything of which a Scotchman thinks when he thinks of the Church of Scotland. Humble in its original destination, and prepared in haste, but of vast dimensions, and crowded with an eager auditory,

their new place of meeting was emblematic of that new dispensation in the history of the Church of Scotland which had now begun. The emblems of royal patronage were absent. There was neither canopy nor throne. No civic pomp was seen. Magistrates had laid aside their robes of office, and none of Scotland's nobles had come. But the heart of Scotland was there, and it was soon borne in on every mind that a greater than Solomon was there. None who heard them can ever forget the fulness and world-forgetting rapture, the inspiration of the opening prayers; and when that mighty multitude stood up to sing, it seemed as if the swell of vehement melody would lift the roof from off the walls. And when at last the adjournment for the day took place, and in the brightness of a lovely evening the different groups went home, all felt as if returning from a Pentecostal meeting. A common salutation was—'We have seen strange things to-day.' Some, contrasting the harmony and happiness of the Free Assembly with the strife and debate of other days, could not help exclaiming, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' Many remembered the text of Dr. Chalmers's sermon six months before in opening the Convocation,—'Unto the upright light shall arise in the darkness.' And at the family worship of those memorable evenings, such psalms as the 124th and 126th were often sung, and were felt to be 'new songs.' It would be pleasant to dwell upon many of the features of the Free Church Assemblies, especially on those deputations and messages of sympathy and congratulation which they received from so many churches,

and on those tributes of approbation and encouragement which, coming in from so many quarters, made them recognise the good hand of the Lord upon them. But we have only room to state that Tuesday, the 23d of May, was, after special devotional exercises, employed in subscribing the 'ACT OF SEPARATION AND DEED OF DEMISSION,' by which 470 ministers did 'SEPARATE FROM, AND ABANDON THE PRESENT SUBSISTING ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND, AND RENOUNCE ALL RIGHTS, OR EMOLUMENTS PERTAINING TO THEM BY VIRTUE THEREOF.'"

Though subscribed with the utmost calmness and alacrity, it would not be easy to estimate the sacrifice which that Deed of Demission implied. It is something to renounce the dignity of an Established Church, and the comforts of an endowed one. These ministers did both; and some will best understand the sacrifice, when told that the gift thus laid on the altar is a revenue of more than A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR. But this is a very gross and vulgar way of stating it. For who shall estimate in pounds and pence the home-ties which have since been broken? Who shall put a price upon those hallowed recollections which cluster round every manse and church —all the more tender and manifold in proportion as a man of God was the presiding spirit there—round the manse where infancy was cradled, and childhood made merry, and opening youth first learned to tread with thoughtful and meditative step—the country manse, on whose roof-tree rested the blessing of many a passer-by, and from whose quiet chambers ascended, heard by God alone, the prayer of the pious wayfarer, turned aside to tarry for a

night, and through whose study windows streamed at winter's early morn the radiance of his lamp, who, like his Master, had risen up a great while before the dawn to meditate and pray?

Such was the form which this important act assumed. What followed is matter of general history, and cannot be recorded in the memoir of an individual. Suffice it to say, that from its beginning the Free Church has advanced with astonishing rapidity and solidness. Every season a step is gained; and every step that is gained is held; till now, our experience has done much to supply reasons and data for the greatest revolution in imperial policy which this age has witnessed.

Many a "church in the house" assembled within the city of Edinburgh, on the evening of that memorable day, to praise the Lord for His goodness. It was under the roof of the late James Bonar, W.S., brother of the three ministers of that name, that James Hamilton happened to be a worshipper. Called to conduct the devotions of the family, after they had fully conversed together on the great events of the day, he adopted a characteristic and somewhat startling method of signalizing the crisis. Instead of comment suitable to the occasion on a portion of the Scriptures, he coolly interpolated a large addition to the text. Having announced the Eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews as the portion chosen, he read, in his usual method, marked more by intelligence and reverence and tenderness than by artistic elocution, from the beginning onward, through the heraldic roll of ancient worthies to its termination at the thirty-second verse, and

without pause or change of tone prolonged the list, introducing in rapid succession the leading and representative names of early confessors, reformers, and missionaries, closing with Thomas Chalmers, the beloved leader of our own accomplished exodus. Without a word more, at the conclusion of the list, he bent the knee, and led the devotions of the company. According to the competent testimony of one who was present, the Rev. Mr. Fordyce of Cardiff, it was a season of joy and enlargement. The hearts of those disciples burned within them, because they felt that the Lord was with them by the way.

"11 FORTISS TERRACE, *June* 2, 1843.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Last night I slept here for the first time, and felt its June air very reviving after the labours of the day. The Union meeting yesterday was perhaps the most successful religious meeting ever held in London. The crowd was awful. The doors were opened at 8 A.M., and the hall was instantly filled. The lower room was then opened, and then Queen Street Chapel,—but though they were crowded, masses of people could gain admission nowhere. The solemnity and heart-melting of the assembly, the praises and the prayers (much like those of the Free Assembly) betokened the Divine presence, and I trust the good work has got an impulse which will not speedily be forgotten. I lost more than half of the addresses, for soon after giving my own, the heat and exhaustion were such that I had to come away.

"In the evening I gave the first of a short course of lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland. Though

it had only been announced from the pulpit, and not advertised, the body of the church was nearly full.

"I wish you would consult Mr. Dunlop regarding Regent Square. He has a copy of the trust-deed. As our Synod to all intents forms a separate Church (like the Ulster Assembly), I did not feel called upon to sign any adherence in Edinburgh, hoping that our Synod will give its sanction to the Free Church ecclesiastically. But still I am to all intents identified with the protesting party, and rather than give an equivocal adherence, would run any risks, and make any sacrifice; and having been ordained in Scotland, it is perhaps expected that I should do what other ordained ministers have done, *formally* adhere. What would become of the building in that event? But even without a formal adherence, I should not wonder though the Moderate brethren should secede from us and declare themselves *the* Presbytery of London, in connexion with the Church of Scotland. From sundry hints and rumours, I think that Brown and Cumming contemplate a separation; and at the meeting of Presbytery on Tuesday se'nnight I expect some resolution. Should no change be effected in the interval, it is plain that the building will eventually be forfeited to the Erastian Church, probably on the first vacancy; and I believe it would be easier to erect or buy a new place of worship during an incumbency than during a vacancy, and easier to raise £5000 to build a new church and school than the same sum to pay off the debt on the present one. On the other side, the temptation is strong to cling to the last to a fabric matchless in its kind, and which has been reared

at such sacrifices. But then they have done the same in Scotland—witness St. George's, the Assembly Hall, the new churches. These are some of the cogitations which are often passing through my mind at present, and will prove at least that I am considerably in the dark." . . .

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *June* 14, 1843.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Yesterday the Presbytery met. Blair in the chair. After sundry matters of business had been harmoniously settled, the call from Commercial Road came on. The Moderator (who had evidently received his instructions) said,—'Mr. Ferguson, in the name of the Presbytery of London, in connexion with the Established Church of Scotland, I ask you if you accept this call?' Mr. Ferguson said,—'I accept the call to be minister of that church.' Whereupon Mr. Burns, seconded by Dr. Brown, moved that the Presbytery proceed with the settlement on Thursday, the 29th. This was agreed to, and Mr. Lorimer was appointed to preside at the induction. Mr. Lorimer said,—'I have a question to ask, Do the words "Established order," etc., in the questions and formula recognise the Church of Scotland as by law established? for if they do, I cannot conscientiously preside on this occasion.' The Moderates answered,—'Of course. You are to induct Mr. Ferguson into the Established Church of Scotland. You cannot admit him into this Presbytery without admitting him into the Church of Scotland as by law established.' I held—(1.) that the formula did not recognise the Church presently established, and (2.) that admission into this Presbytery did not recognise that Church, for most of us were only waiting, in the altered circumstances of that

Establishment, till our ecclesiastical superior, the Synod, should erase from its title any recognition of that Church. However, as it was very plain that they meant to make a sinistrous use of the present designation of the Presbytery, it might simplify matters to alter it at once, which we were quite competent to do, the Presbytery having existed as a Presbytery before it entered into connexion with the Church of Scotland. It was accordingly moved,—'That the words "in connexion with the Established Church of Scotland" be henceforth omitted in the designation of the Presbytery.' The Moderator refused to put the motion, as being revolutionary and imcompetent; whereupon it was moved that the Moderator having refused to discharge his duty, has lost the confidence of the Presbytery, and that Mr. Lorimer be appointed Moderator in his stead; which motion was put by the Clerk, and carried, the Moderator not voting. This disconcerted the enemy a little, and, in a sort of panic, Blair declared the Presbytery adjourned, and amidst much outcry of the audience against its profanity, pronounced the blessing, on which the four ministers, with Stewart and Nicolson, elders, marched out, and Kay and the Woolwich elder, Rutherford, retired from the table. Their departure elicited a burst of hissing and derisive cheers from the audience, which was considerable. When they were gone, and our own Moderator in the chair, after prayer, the business again proceeded. The motion to erase the words 'in connexion,' etc., was harmoniously agreed to, and after some further business the Presbytery adjourned. We had thirty-four at the Presbytery dinner, and far the happiest evening we have spent there.

. . . The Moderates, before adjourning, forgot to fix a day and place for their next meeting, so that they are presbyterially defunct. Though my own wish was to stave this disruption off for a time, now that it is over, every one feels relieved and lightened. Our way was 'fenced with thorns,' so that we had no alternative. J. H."

Thus the great central convulsion which took place at Edinburgh in May produced successive waves at later dates, in England and throughout the Colonies, wherever the Church of Scotland had put forth her efforts and planted her roots. Thus the Disruption repeated itself in miniature in the Presbytery of London. The greatest danger to be apprehended in that quarter was lest the adherents of the Establishment should succeed in wrenching the National Scotch Church in Regent Square from those who had reared it at great cost, and were attached to it by many solemn memories. The attention of the minister and session was immediately directed to the threatened point. In the first instance they evaded the danger, and ultimately escaped it altogether. In this case a debt of £5000 adhering to the fabric turned out a blessing in disguise. Although the structure, which had cost in all £21,000, was at that period worth much more in the market than the amount of the debt; yet that amount was sufficient in the first instance to paralyse the arm of those who might possibly have made good the claim to the property in a court of law.

In reference to the incidental benefit which the burden conferred, Dr. Hamilton, at a later date, when a question

was raised regarding debt on churches generally, whether its effect is salutary or adverse, made a happy discrimination, which deserves to be recorded. It is good, he said, to have a debt attached to the building as long as the weight is needed to prevent the Establishment from snatching the property. It is like laying a great stone upon a man during a gale to prevent him from being blown away; but when the gale is over, it will conduce to the man's comfort to remove the stone. He will breathe more freely; he will even be able to rise and walk about.

Besides the mainstay of the debt, there were certain other anchors which helped the owners to make good their hold. In the constitution of the trust, the main or only link that bound the property to the Established Church of Scotland consisted of a condition that the minister must be ordained and inducted into his office by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. This condition had been fulfilled; and it was doubtful whether the subsequent adherence of the minister to the principles of the Free Church could be held as a positive infringement during his incumbency. It is believed that, if Mr. Hamilton had been removed at that time, it might have been successfully maintained that no successor could be appointed unless ordained and inducted by the legally acknowledged Presbytery of Edinburgh.

It has further been thought—but this being only private conjecture, and not established fact, must be taken for no more than it is worth—that, as an able and influential minister adhering to the Scottish Establishment in London, not having been ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, could never have legally become himself the incumbent of

Regent Square, he may not have been zealous in asserting the claims of the Establishment to the property, and so placing another in this important and conspicuous position. It is not impossible, and not discreditable, that such views should have been entertained.

Through these and other causes the owners were left in undisturbed possession of their property, till, as we shall find at a subsequent stage of our narrative, an opportunity occurred of placing it on a permanent and sure foundation.

The advisers of the Church of Scotland, as by law established, have from that day till now thought it their duty to seize every church and school which could be legally claimed by that corporation as now constituted, whatever might be the aspect of the case in equity. Of late some examples have occurred which inflict such hardship on the one side and bring so much scandal on the other, that the judges, while obliged to decide in favour of the pursuers according to the technicalities of law, could not refrain from expressing publicly their regret that ever such decision was demanded at their hands.[1] Probably the next generation of Churchmen will be wiser than the last. A certain teacher, who is said to ground his scholars well, but to charge a high fee, will undertake their education. They will discover that old parchments will not avail to hold an Erastian corporation that has drifted away from the principles of a nobler past. When law and justice are rent asunder, the national will and the Imperial Parliament may perhaps bring the divorced pair together again.

[1] Case of St. John's, Leith.

CHAPTER VI.

1843-1846.

"DALBLAIR HOUSE, *8th Sept.* 1843,
AYRSHIRE (MR. GILLESPIE'S).

"A MONTH of recreation is ending, and it has served the purpose for which I sought it. I feel stronger in body; and the time has passed, on the whole, pleasantly. Here I have experienced remarkable kindness from Mrs. Gillespie; and a few days spent at Dunoon Castle passed most pleasantly in the society of Mrs. Eglinton and her sister,—one in whom religion wears its loveliest form, and breathes its sweetest spirit. The mercies of this sojourn in Scotland are—

"1. Increase of strength.

"2. Kindness of friends, Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Eglinton. In this respect no minister is perhaps so favoured. How many homes I have,—besides the above, Willenhall, Mr. Hamilton's, Walthamstow, now Clapton, and my uncle's, Mr. Alexander Hamilton's house, the whole summer at Kentishtown.

"3. Edifying society—Dr. Mackay, Miss Low, Stevenson, Mrs. Wodrow, Mr. Landsborough.

"Had my brother Andrew with me; and met William,

who has now got a unanimous call to the Free Church of Stonehouse, and labours with much acceptance. Besides preaching at Stonehouse and Dunoon, and writing two papers on the Disruption for America, and some letters, etc., have done no work.

RESOLUTIONS.

"1. Avoid frivolity. Tell no undignified anecdotes, and engage in no conversation unworthy of a minister.

"2. Give this winter to Regent Square. Form as few extrinsic engagements as possible.

"3. Be the minister—the ambassador for Christ wherever I go."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Oct.* 13, 1843.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Since I heard the news of Wednesday morning, I, like yourself and others, have felt exceedingly disheartened in regard to further proceedings for the extension of our cause in London, so much so that I have not finished the prospectus of the newspaper. Whether these discouragements are an intimation of God's providential will, or whether they be temptations of the Adversary, permitted to try our faith and patience, I cannot at this moment say. From what Mr. Burns's sister said to my mother, I should think it easy to prevail on Mr. Guthrie to come to London. If he, or such as he, were here, it would be worth while proceeding with the newspaper, church extension, etc.; and perhaps it might be worth while at to-morrow's meeting to consider if a strong application should not be made to him directly. He knows London and our case, and his answer would perhaps throw

light on our future course of duty. Something should be done to bring the matter to a bearing, for unless we are to get one or two first-rate ministers from Scotland, all further labour in the cause of the Free Church in London will be labour thrown away. Mr. Guthrie in London, would be a mine of wealth to our friends in the north for the next two or three years, and would be the cheapest and most effective deputation they could send to England."

The reference here is to Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh. An effort was made at that time to induce him to settle in London. At various periods strong appeals were made to the Free Church to send some of her experienced ministers to the metropolis. They were never to any great extent successful. Whether in this matter the church in Scotland acted wisely it would be difficult to determine. The reasons were strong on both sides. The ablest ministers were greatly needed in the south; but they were greatly needed too at home. Some think the Presbyterian Church would have strengthened herself by striking more boldly out; others believe she did better by fully manning the centre in Scotland. The Assembly did not feel itself strong enough to take the decision into its own hand; and, in most cases, when the responsibility was left with the minister who received the call, he was obliged, in want of commanding reasons for removal, to decide in favour of the sphere which he already occupied.

About this time, however, a young minister of great talent was induced to accept a metropolitan charge in Marylebone, Mr. William Chalmers, minister of Dailly,

in Ayrshire. After serving the cause for five-and-twenty years as minister of a congregation, he now fills a chair in the theological college of the English Presbyterian Church.

TO REV. A. BONAR, COLLACE.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Nov.* 1, 1843.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—This is the week of our Regent Square Communion, and so many recollections of Robert M'Cheyne are called up by the return of this season, that I find it easier to fulfil your old request, and set down anything I can remember, than to do aught else at present. The first time I saw him was when a student at Edinburgh, about six years ago. He preached in St. Luke's, on the morning of a sacramental Fast, but I remember nothing of the sermon except his quoting that saying of one of our worthies:—'Lord, stay Thy hand, for Thy puir servant is but an earthen vessel, and can hold no more.' I did not like his voice; for, before I knew himself, I thought its slow and almost singing cadence, affectation, and besides I was too cold-hearted to have much relish for what he said. He himself did not like to preach in Edinburgh. He thought it the most 'decent' town in the kingdom, and therefore one on which it was difficult to produce much impression. Next winter, when excessive work had weakened his health and laid him aside, I met him once or twice at Dr. Candlish's; and it was there I began to love him. When he returned from Palestine to St. Peter's, on the 5th Nov. 1839, along with Robert Macdonald, and one or two others, I was present, and heard his address

to the multitudinous assembly which crowded his church that evening. His subject was 1 Cor. ii. 1-5. Some were disappointed that he did not say a word about his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But his great anxiety was that his people would turn their faces Zionwards; and not knowing how long his present convalescence might last he was the more urgent. His discourse had the desired result in the case of at least one hearer, who had withstood all the singular influences of the preceding revival, but who that night began to flee from the wrath to come. When the congregation dismissed, the street was so crowded with people pressing round him to get a grasp of his hand, that, weak as he was at any rate, he was nearly exhausted before we dragged him through to his own house. After this I remained at Abernyte twelve months, and saw him very often. . . .

"It was pleasant to preach in St. Peter's Church. The children on the pulpit stairs, the prayers in the vestry, the solemn and often crowded auditory, the sincerity of all the worship, and the often-felt presence of God, made it like few other sanctuaries. It was only on week-evenings that I was ever there, but perhaps they were more remarkable than even the Sabbaths. In one of his notes Mr. M'Cheyne says,—'The Thursday meetings are dear to me. They will doubtless be remembered in eternity with songs of praise.' One reason for the peculiar blessing which rested on them was the happy freedom which they gave the minister. He could then descend from the stateliness of sermons to the most familiar and affectionate and varied addresses; and as members of other congregations could attend them,

the benefit was widely diffused. So sensible was Mr. M'Cheyne of the special presence of the Spirit in his ministry in St. Peter's, that I remember, when leaving Abernyte, he said to me, 'I would beg my bread to get preaching in Dundee.' Notwithstanding this his ministry had its trials. The greatest of these was the carnality of Christians, "some saying, I am of Paul, and others, I of Apollos.' On his return from Palestine, he found many for whom he had formerly longed in the bowels of Christ awakened or brought to Christ by the messages of that dear brother who supplied his absence. "These almost deprecated an event which would supersede the man who who had been to them as an angel of God, and they scarcely concealed their disappointment at their own pastor's arrival. However, through the meekness and magnanimity afforded to himself and Mr. Burns, the trial passed away. Once that we were speaking of idols, he said, 'My congregation was my idol, I used to think that there was no people like them in the world. But what happened after my return has made me see that I must seek other souls besides those in St. Peter's.' He was with us at this time last year." . . .

"LONDON, *Feb.* 5, 1844.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Yesterday was our father's birthday; and next April it will be twenty years since he made his only pilgrimage to London. It is rather remarkable that this year I should be engaged to preach three of the anniversary sermons—for the London Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, and the Christian Instruction Societies. At that time we were little shavers, floating

our cocoa-shell boats in the burn below the bridge; reading a good deal withal, but little dreaming where we should be this day.

"Nothing in your letter delighted me more than your affection for your people. Without this there can be no eminent success. I never felt more love to my people *as a people* than yesterday. I had a great desire to give myself entirely to them; to the cultivation of their friendship, and pastoral labours among them. We really abound in interesting members. But, alas! my sighs after pastoral labour are very abortive. This week I already know of nine meetings of different sorts which I must attend. Then comes the deputation from Scotland; then public sermons and missionary meetings in Bristol and Manchester; then the May meetings, etc.

"There is one thing for which I long to get a little leisure. My impression is that I might be more useful with the pen than in preaching. I have the idea of two or three little publications, for which I have all the materials in some shape or other, but not the publishing shape. Nothing which I have written could be printed without my own revision; but some things are in such a state that a few days would make them readable.

"However, more especially since I have committed myself to a lecture on New Testament biography every Thursday evening, it is all I can do to prepare three discourses in the week, without ever looking back to what is over and gone.—Yours most affectionately,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

TO REV. ANDREW BONAR.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *April* 13, 1844.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was only on Wednesday night, returning from a week of preaching in Manchester, that I found the precious volumes awaiting me. They have occupied all my spare moments, and I fear some others, since I have had the Memoir. It was not possible for anything to be more truthful, or more edifying. The only thing which I felt wanting is that which no book can preserve, the atmosphere which used to fill St. Peter's, and surround himself. Perhaps a little more might have been added to convey to the reader an idea of the Bethel-like sacredness of Sabbaths and communions in that church, as well as the peculiar impression of 'God is here' diffused around his person, and through his dwelling. However, I am perhaps only wishing that his biographer could have made him rise from the dead, for the facts supplied could scarcely have been more minute and characteristic, or the delineation more felicitous. And certainly the great end has been attained of teaching the reader where all his well-springs lay. It will, I trust, be widely read in England, and is wonderfully fitted to quicken ministers. Truly the Lord has guided you with His eye. May you hear of many souls to whom it is made a blessing.—Yours with much affection, JAMES HAMILTON."

"*April* 14, 1844.—It is nine years this day since my dear father closed his ministry, and preached his last sermon.

"I was then a student in the first year of my theological

course, and felt very helpless and desolate when I found that I was really fatherless. The Lord took me up, and by a way which I knew not, from Strathblane by Easterhouse, Edinburgh, Abernyte, Roxburgh Chapel, He has brought us here. Of how many mercies I could sing if mine were a singing heart; but the chiefest is that whilst the Lord has taken my dear father to his rest, I trust he has guided all of us who remain into that road which leads to it. I have the same persuasion regarding the two who are not. There was more than intelligence in Elizabeth; more than sweetness in Mary. I believe there was the Spirit's transforming work in both. I believe that our parents devoted all of us to God; and we can never be sufficiently grateful for our father's fervent prayers, his occasional affecting exhortations, his wisdom, and, above all, his holy and elevated walk; our mother's kind and careful upbringing, and our Aunt Elizabeth's lovely exemplification of the meek and quiet and gentle graces.

"I have been thinking seriously this afternoon of my position in the Church of Christ. I wish to ascertain, as far as the word and providence and the Spirit may give light, how I may most efficiently serve my blessed Master during the little time that I may continue here. I have some advantages for ministerial usefulness.

"1. An attached congregation, with many shining Christians, many congenial friends, and several liberal promoters of schemes of usefulness, among them.

"2. A kirk-session containing wise and devoted elders, and active willing-hearted deacons,—office-bearers to whom the people look up with affection and respect.

"3. Some miscellaneous information, which all ministers have not been able to acquire. Owing to the extent and variety of my father's library, and having an hereditary taste for books, I read a great deal before I was licensed. And as my father's circumstances enabled me to give myself wholly to the business of college, without the distraction of private teaching, I got attending such classes as astronomy, natural history, botany, chemistry (twice), not included in the usual course. To which may be added some facility in writing, partly attained by early practice and partly by the abundant perusal of the classics, having read nearly all the pure Greek and Latin authors.

"4. The good-will of many ministers of different denominations, and the friendship of some of the most eminent.

"5. Owing to the circulation of the tracts, I find that my name is not unknown in many places where I have never been, and when I go to such places people are ready to come and hear me.

"6. The restraining grace of God has preserved my character. Had it not been for His preventing mercy I should have fallen into sins which must have proved for ever fatal to ministerial usefulness. No doubt people's opinion regarding me will be very diverse, and my proud heart has sometimes been wounded by incidentally learning what others thought of me. Still, I record with trembling thankfulness that *hitherto* I have been kept from those outbreakings of sin into which some brethren whose hearts were no worse than mine have been suffered to fall, and some of them (I have reason to think) the

children of God. It is also a mercy that the view of ecclesiastical polity which I had previously adopted was one which I did not need to change at the recent Disruption, for public consistency is no small part of ministerial character.

"7. I have no worldly cares. I am neither married nor engaged. I have my dear mother and sister taking charge of all household concerns. My mother's income and my stipend, and the blessing of God, which has remarkably attended the former, secure us every comfort. We want for no good thing.

"These advantages I owe entirely to the grace of God. He gave me my father and my education. He brought me to Regent Square. He has put all the kindness into the hearts of my beloved people. He enabled me to write the *Church in the House* and the *Dew of Hermon*, and then found favour for them. And most especially, *He* has withheld me from those sins which, had I been left to myself, I should have committed, and which if I had committed, I should have been constrained to hide my head, instead of appearing in the pulpit as an ambassador of Christ.

"But seeing that the Lord has not only put me into the ministry, but given me these advantages for prosecuting it, the question is,—and this inquiry has prompted me to take up the pen,—how shall I employ these most effectually in His best and dearest service? The realization of my position has impressed me this afternoon with feelings of solemnity and responsibility. Truly there is an open door, and, if health and life be spared, something may be effected for the hallowing of the Father's name,

and the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. What is it? In my situation, and with such talents as the Lord has intrusted to me, what is it that I can best do for carrying forward the great work which brought the Son of God from heaven to earth? My impression is, that one of the greatest services which could be rendered to the cause of Christ is the *elevation of Christian, and especially of ministerial, character.*

"I see plainly that few Christians are as happy in Christ and as fruitful as they might be. I am hopeful that a more elevated ministry and a more exemplary Church might have an unprecedented influence on a careless world. I am sure that in such a Church, and with such a ministry, the Father would be glorified.

"1. I must begin with myself. Oh that I were an exemplary Christian! Lord, give me a simple faith, a firm assurance, an outlooking eye ever fixed on the Lamb of God! Fill me with the Spirit. Let the Word dwell in me richly, and shine through me conspicuously. Free me from the besetting sins hereafter enumerated. Lift me up to a new level of faith and fervour and devotedness, and let me never come down again.

"2. My own congregation. I will not resolve, but pray to see Regent Square a pattern church, full of lively, humble, self-spending, Christ-exalting, prayerful, and praising members.

"3. My brethren of the Presbytery and Synod. I have little availed myself of their kindness, and our intercourse for high and God-glorifying ends; and occasional feeble efforts in that direction have been countervailed by num-

berless incongruities. More might be done to make our body a blessing in the land. Judges vi. 15.

"4. The Church of Christ at large. By occasional sermons, publications, personal intercourse, something might be done towards reviving religion, and raising the standard of practical piety."

The Dew of Hermon, a tract on Christian union, had been lately published. He could not but observe that it was widely circulated and greatly appreciated. Thereupon he gladly ascribes it to the grace of God that he was enabled to cast this contribution into the Lord's treasury.

The conclusion of this tract, suggested by his own observation at the sea-side during a brief residence in the family of Mr. Gillespie, may be here represented as a specimen of the manner in which he was wont to trace the parallels between nature and grace:—

"We end as we began. Heaven is the abode of unity, and when the spirit of unity comes into a soul or into a church, it cometh from above. The Comforter brings it down. Discord is of the earth, or from beneath. The divisions of Christians show that there is still much carnality amongst them. The more carnal a Christian is, the more sectarian will he be; and the more spiritual he is, the more loving and forbearing and self-renouncing are you sure to find him. And it is with Christian communities as with individual Christians. When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot-depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour

shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-and-bye, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising —every ripple, every reflux, brings it nearer—a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools, the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations, to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven as well as the saints on earth have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living during this ebb-tide period of the church's history. But they form a very little fellowship, the largest is but little; yet is there steadily flowing in a

tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy church! furthest down upon the strand! nearest the rising ocean's edge! Happy church! whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy!—whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God that church were ours!"

It is well worthy of notice too, in connexion with the last extract from his journal, that after enumerating with great exactness the privileges he had enjoyed, the talents with which he had been intrusted, the resolution regarding duty which results from the survey, is to commend Christ not by his books, but by his life. Literary work is viewed as a secondary matter; the direct aim is a higher and holier walk. In this matter the promise, "Seek, and ye shall find," was fulfilled in his experience. That which he ardently sought he did in some good measure attain. In his walk and conversation many read to their own profit, an epistle of Jesus Christ.

It may also be observed from this portion of his experience, for the reproof of a presumptuous indolence, that the habitual hopefulness and happiness that were exhibited in his character, and which seemed to flow naturally as a feature of his constitution, were graces which he gravely judged necessary in the Christian life—which, accordingly, he strove and prayed for, and so obtained.

"*April* 22, 1844.—On Monday last set out to attend our Synod at Berwick. On the railway employed with R. M'Cheyne's *Sermons*, Brainerd's *Diary*, and John xiv. A happy day.

"The Synod elected Dr. James Buchanan their Professor of Divinity, and sent Mr. W. Hamilton and me to Edinburgh to wait on him and solicit his acceptance. That day, Wednesday, I was very ill, suffering much pain in back and left side, so glad to get away. Found Dr. B. was at Paisley. Followed him, and found that he had gone back to Edinburgh. Saw him on Friday, and satisfactory interview.

"Reached Birmingham at midnight of Saturday, stayed there all Sabbath. Heard Mr. Lorimer."

"WILLENHALL, *July* 4, 1844.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . I very much fear lest this sort of life put an end to epistolary correspondence. Spending the last two days, and sometimes the last three days of the week at Willenhall, saves a good deal of uninterrupted time; and I find the leisurely dinner-hour and the quiet evening walk, and Mrs. Moore's conversation and the children's company, a restorative to mind and body. But as study in town is more and more out of the question, the time I am in this parlour is all spent in writing the sermon and lecture, especially the last. I have such delight in the Romans, and I much hope that these lectures may be influential, not merely on the theological views, but the spiritual position of many of the hearers, that though I could get a whole week to meditate one

lecture, I would not think it too long. I am now at the tenth chapter, and hope to finish the eleventh, and so the doctrinal portion of the epistle, on or before the Communion Sabbath. To publish these lectures, as I have sometimes been asked to do, would be a very useless undertaking. But during some autumn holiday I may read them over, and mark the most interesting passages, and put them together in a connected form. 'The righteousness of God' has, I think, been put more palpably, I hope more scripturally, than I remember reading in any book. Besides, I have many occasional things to write. One week lately, besides Sabbath preparation, I wrote the pastoral letter of our English Synod, a short circular for our Board of Missions, a review of R. M'Cheyne for the *Presbyterian Magazine*, and an article for the *Free Church Magazine*. The materials for the last two were mostly ready beforehand, but the revision and re-writing took nearly as much pains as fresh composition. This sort of writing incapacitates me for that delightful old-fashioned sort of letter which contained a journal of news and a budget of critical analecta, and a specimen of the whole man."

At the close of this letter he has touched a point in which both the compiler and the readers of his biography have a deep interest. He casts a longing, lingering look after "the old-fashioned sort of letter" as a thing that must in the circumstances of modern society be left behind. As the change to which he alludes has a general bearing on the age, as well as a particular application to

his own experience, it will be of use to note its causes and consequences.

From the date of his removal to London, his letters are not to so great an extent available for the elucidation of his character and work. This is owing partly to causes that are public and common, partly to causes that are private and peculiar to himself. The change which took place about that period in the system of the Post-office, while it conferred, socially and commercially, an incalculable boon on the community, acted, I am persuaded, very injuriously on the character of our correspondence as to its weight and permanent value. At a time when you could not transmit a letter from one part of the country to another without paying from sixpence to a shilling of postage, people of limited income did not despatch one until a pressing necessity arose: and when they did make up their minds to the sacrifice, they naturally desired to obtain a good pennyworth, and so put a great deal of matter into one epistle. After it became possible to send a letter to any part of the United Kingdom for a penny, people wrote on less urgent business, and, as they could send another to-morrow, did not exert themselves to freight fully the present messenger with the compressed essence of all their best ideas. Thus the cheapening of the postage exercised an evil influence on the value of letters as the permanent record of contemporary history and thought.

In our case this influence was greatly increased by the idiosyncrasies of the individual. A vast quantity of miscellaneous business was thrown upon his hands. He

undertook heroically all that by great exertion and great facility he was able to perform. Thus placed under high-pressure, he threw off letters from week to week, and from year to year, in very great quantities. He seemed indeed to shed them as trees shed their leaves in autumn, but the necessary consequence was that comparatively few traces of his genius appear in the letters of those busy years. They bear marks, not indeed of hurry—for all are clearly legible and easily understood—but of pressure. Each missive tells its tale in the shortest space, and then sternly closes, to make room for the next. You seldom see any symptom of leisure or repose. There is never the delicious outpouring of a gifted mind who has set himself to warble out his thoughts to you, with nothing else in hand or in view. His chosen sphere was a life of activity; from that choice the Church and the country have reaped substantial benefit; but the readers of his memoir need not expect to find in his private letters the best strength and beauty of his mind. It has been the duty of the biographer to read a great multitude of James Hamilton's letters, each occupied with some plain practical work of benevolence, which do not claim, and would not justify, insertion in a public and permanent record. The impression left by the perusal of the mass enhances the estimate of the writer's life, as a talent devoted with singular energy to the service of God and the good of man; but the individual letters, in that elegant and well-remembered handwriting, must for the most part be allowed, like the leaves of autumn, to drop undistinguished into the dust.

"WILLENHALL, *Sept.* 6, 1844.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Immediately on receiving yours to-day, I wrote a long letter to Dr. Hetherington, putting the case for London Wall as strongly as I could, and enclosed it to Mr. Marshall, marking it 'Private—to be forwarded.' I have seldom been more surprised or dismayed at anything than at the threatened opposition to Mr. Nicolson's translation. It is virtually saying that no minister, however inconspicuous his position, and however little the Church may need his services ecclesiastically, can be spared to English Presbyterianism. I told Dr. Hetherington that so disheartened were the London Wall people by the elopement of two successive ministers, and by the frustration hitherto of their efforts to obtain a pastor, that I was not sure but that the Free Church Presbytery of St. Andrews might have the power of shutting up the oldest Presbyterian Church in London."

TO HIS SISTER.

"WILLENHALL, *Nov.* 9, 1844.

"MY DEAR JEANIE,— . . . Our Communion was a delightful one. The text was out of William's favourite book, the Song, v. 16, 'This is my Beloved, and my Friend.' Some careless hearers were much impressed, and I heard of one young man who, I hope, was truly awakened. He was an infidel, but brought out that morning by a friend, and so deeply affected that he stayed all the time, and on Monday evening took a seat for himself. I believe he had not been in church for years. . . .

"J. H."

"WILLENHALL, *Dec.* 7, 1844.

"MY DEAR JANE,— . . . I have revised for separate publication the Introductory Lecture. The misprintings of the *Witness*, rather than the fault of Mr. Jas. Stewart, the reporter, made this desirable, though there had been no other reason. Mrs. Moore showed me the other day two sermons in a Wesleyan newspaper, purporting to be notes of two discourses of mine. The errors were so thick-set, so ludicrous and nonsensical, that I could not get through a column; but the report, such as it is, confirmed my resolution to print six lectures on Rom. xii. 11, of which these formed two. They will likely come out in a small 18mo, and I mean to send a copy to each family of the congregation as a New-Year's gift. . . .

"J. H."

The lecture was introductory to a course on pastoral theology to the students of the English Presbyterian College. Loyally he had undertaken, in addition to his other labours, the temporary charge of this class, until the Church should succeed in obtaining a permanent professor.

The reader will observe with interest in this brief letter the natural history of *Life in Earnest*, one of the most popular and most useful of his publications. The substance of that book had been addressed to his own congregation in six lectures, in a course on the Epistle to the Romans. Two of these inadequately reported had appeared without his knowledge or sanction in a religious newspaper. The blunders grated so harshly on his senses

that he determined, in self-defence, to publish the whole six. To protect himself against the incorrect representation was of course not the real reason, but became the incidental occasion of the publication. The Church in this case has cause to rejoice over the blunders of an unskilful reporter, for the authorized version has done noble service in the work of the kingdom both at home and in America. The circulation was very great, and many notices of its usefulness occur in the course of his correspondence.

"*January* 1845.—During the year 1844 I preached 124 times, of which, I think, 57 occasions were *not* in Regent Square, besides speaking at 6 public meetings (Exeter Hall and Manchester), and sundry breakfasts and soirees.

Preached 124 times.
Paid 492 visits.
Received 1112 visitors.
Wrote 855 letters.
Studied 1254 hours.
Read 21 volumes, or 9010 pages.

Attended Synod, Commission of Synod, 19 Presbyteries, 119 miscellaneous meetings and committees, etc., 20 kirk sessions, 78 meetings connected with congregation.

"*Journeys.*—To Edinburgh by Berwick; to Bristol; to Manchester; thrice to Brighton; to Ipswich, besides pleasure trips to Ryde, through Kent, to Brighton.

"*Published.*—Sermon on Thankfulness; sermon in pulpit; sermon in Free Church pulpit; Review of R. M'Cheyne in *Presbyterian Review;* two papers on Sacred Poets in *Free Church Magazine; Life in Earnest;* Lecture Introductory to Pastoral Theology; besides writing a

Report on Free Church Mission Schemes, a circular on India Missions, a Pastoral Letter for our Synod, a circular for Regent Square on first day of year, a Reply to John Munro in *Patriot;* Pastoral Letter to Abernyte (not printed)."

One of his projects, long entertained though never executed, was a companion to *Life in Earnest,* to consist of a series of discourses on the text "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," etc., Phil. iv. 8, and entitled *The Christian Gentleman.* He frequently spoke of it with interest. One of its chief themes would have been "consideration for others," which he reckoned a grace of the Spirit as well as a mark of politeness.

The earliest of all the congratulations on the publication of *Life in Earnest,* is the subjoined note from a naturalist, then employed in the British Museum, Mr. Adam White:—

"11 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY,
January 3, 1845.

"MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—Your little but weighty volume was handed to me last night at ten, and as soon as I was up this morning I galloped over its pages, which were familiar—familiar quite to my memory. Your admirable address is the only part I have read through as yet, because it is new.

"As a young professing Christian man, and member of a Christian church, allow me to thank you for publishing so admirable a series of tractates, and to express my hope that the Spirit from above may descend like the dew upon Hermon, and revive all deadness in the work given your

congregation to do, be it spiritual, charitable, or temporal. As a young naturalist, allow me to congratulate you on the extreme aptness and accuracy of your artless natural history illustrations,—illustrations, however, I assure you, when I heard them, which sent me, even during your sermon, to the Braid Hills and Salisbury Crags after the *Scabiosa succisa*, and it was all I could do to keep myself from wandering to the shore of Arran, or the beach of the 'Figgat Whins,'—spots where, with the happy Landsborough family, or my brother and sisters, I used to watch or pick up the lovely *Actiniæ*, and many a *Sertularia*, and rock-encrusting *Lepraria;* and, to make a long story short, permit me, my dear James Hamilton,—excuse the familiarity of one who has herbarized, and naturalists (like anglers in rare old Walton's days) ought to be familiar,—permit me, I say, in the third and last place, to thank you for the presentation copy, which, as a lover of the curious, and a little bit of biblomaniasm, or rather authorism, into the bargain, I do most highly value. I heard from the Bard of Rydal Mount more than a week ago, and will, if spared, bring up his note on Monday, when I leave the Athenæum. I wish you had mentioned Jay's *Life of Cornelius Winter*, a book which, thanks to your uncle, my dearest wife has got a copy of. Of course you know it. May God long spare you in life, health, and ever increasing ability to proclaim His unspeakable and important gift to men, is the prayer of yours, most sincerely and respectfully,

"ADAM WHITE."

"*Jan.* 10, 1845.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—It is a sad thing that I should so seldom take the pen to write you a full and deliberate letter. Though stronger than I have been for years, I am busier than I ever was; and though less fettered by occupations than I would once have been, I think that I am in a better state than ever to *enjoy* a little leisure. It would be a happy thing for us if we had the same buoyant look forward to the 'rest which remaineth,' which we sometimes have to an earthly holiday. There is one subject on which I have never written, not being officially apprised of it, but on which, now that I am so far in possession of it, I do not think it brotherly to withhold the congratulations which I really feel. I have not a sufficiently distinguishing recollection of the lady, who must have been very young when I spent a week divided betwixt botany and my bed at the manse of Arrochar seven summers ago,—but at the time I speak of there was enough beneath that roof to make it a hallowed, loving, and happy home. And to all that was sprightly and affectionate there, I have no doubt that Christina contributed her ample quota, though my misguided eye, in search of Alpine plants, overlooked a fairer flower. From your never having written on the subject, which must have been so often on your mind when meaner topics employed your pen, I suppose you were loath to submit it to my phlegmatic and unsympathizing judgment. If so, you quite miscalculated. I agree with Arnot, in thinking that marriage is one of the works of God which still remains very good; and though your engagement was an early one, I agree

with Campbell, that there are 'pleasures' in 'hope.' . . . Towards Christina and all the rest I feel that they are the children of our father's bosom-friend,—the daughters of that man of God whose melodious voice and beaming countenance are associated with each winter sacrament at Strathblane, and our one Roxburgh communion. I suppose you will not delay the consummation long beyond the house-heating of the new manse. Happy as I am, having nearly all that the heart could wish (with, however, neither a wife nor the promise of one), I am sensibly the happier for the prospect of your joy. I hope that it will be for the good of Stonehouse, as well as of yourselves. I would have sent the £50 for your manse by this post, but I lent the sum to a friend six months ago, to be repaid at Christmas. He has asked a brief delay. I hope it will be brief. I have as much beside me, and something more, but I am afraid to part with it till I get my next quarter's stipend, when I shall have enough and to spare. I have given away nearly £300 in these two years, and would have been very glad to have kept a little more of it for Stonehouse manse. J. H."

"London, *July* 7, 1845.

"My dear Mamma,— . . . Yesterday I finished the lectures on the Romans. It so happened that there was in church a gentleman who had received his first religious impressions whilst reading *Life in Earnest* on the Mediterranean Sea. It was very striking that he should arrive just in time to hear the last of the series. He is a medical man. . . . J. H."

"WILLENHALL, *Nov.* 27, 1845.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—Last night I lay from three o'clock till time for rising with many thoughts passing through my mind; and when you look to the date of this, you will not wonder that among these thoughts you should have been particularly present. The night before my eighth birthday I could scarcely sleep in the prospect of next morning beginning Latin,—a mysterious novelty, for I had no notion how a person could ever learn another language than his own. Twenty-three years have passed since then, sixteen of them in acquiring the said Latin and similar branches of knowledge, and seven of them in this great work of the ministry. They have been, on the whole, very happy years, particularly the last four at Glasgow College, and these last seven. Perhaps, on the whole, nobody has more to be thankful for than I at this moment have—health (for my cold, I hope, is gone)—abundance of friends—a competent income—some prospects which are very pleasant—a ministry with boundless opportunities, and the hope that in some respects it has already been useful—yourselves—Andrew so much happier this winter and you considerably better. And I cannot but remember that for the countless mercies of the present and the past, I am, next to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, indebted to *you*. I know that I was often in danger when too young to know what danger is, and in later years my only grief has been that in caring for us, as it now turns out, you have been too forgetful of yourself. But I quite believe that there are better things than bodily health which I owe to a mother's love and a mother's care. I

know it, and I sometimes feel it, though even now I feel somewhat shy to say it. Though there is now another who has filled that place in my heart which till lately was vacant, I feel that I do not love my kind, and wise, and tender mother less, now that I am thirty-one, than I did when I was one-and-twenty, or half the age. J. H."

Another unsuccessful effort to obtain an experienced minister from Scotland for a vacant church in London :—

"ABERNYTE, Dec. 4, 1845.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Before this you will likely have heard the frustration of our embassy. We all three stated the case as strongly as we could. There were nearly 100 of the Collace people there, with Mr. Nairne at their head. The speeches of a few of the country people were very touching, though, as Mr. Nairne said, it was just as possible to move a mountain as a London deputation. Mr. Bonar, when called upon, said that his whole feeling at first was to go to London, but that prayerful deliberation had altered his mind. Good was still doing at Collace, and he was not at liberty to leave it. As soon as the Lord's work there stood still, he would be glad to get away. He stated other reasons, and I am well aware that it was neither dislike to London nor the importunities of his people that prevailed with him, but just the solemn conviction that he ought not to quit his charge whilst his ministry continues to be so evidently owned by God. The Presbytery showed that they were mainly moved by affection for Mr. Bonar, and anxiety about

their local interests. I am disappointed in a deeply cherished hope, but I feel that I love Andrew Bonar more than ever. I scarcely expect myself to see him in London, but should he, as from his greater strength is likely, outlive me, there is no one I can at present think of whom I should like so well to enter into my labours. In the way of early rising and travelling, I have sometimes felt tired, but am otherwise well. I was exceedingly delighted with Hawick congregation,—1200 intelligent and manly-looking hearers."

"*Dec.* 12, 1845.—This visit to Scotland has taken some worldly cares off my mind. Additional trustees appointed, and the little affairs of the family seen after. It was very delightful to find William's full church and his affectionate auditory, and pleasant to see himself and Christina in their nice new manse.

"Employed two days looking over and preparing for the press a few lectures on prayer. This, when done, will be another thing off my mind.

"Failed in our errand, so far as getting A. Bonar to London. Could have departed from this world more lightened had he been here. He *wished* to come, but felt it his *duty* to remain. Having kept no record of the employments of this year, I can make no summary. My impression is that it was as busy as any, with fewer sermons away from home.

"Besides editing the first three numbers of *Presbyterian Messenger*, I printed *Life of Bunyan*, prefixed to Nelson's edition, and *Mount of Olives*."

The *Mount of Olives*, as a title of this volume, is not strictly descriptive: it is a name of convenience, taken from the subject of the first lecture. The nature of the little treatise is indicated in the secondary title, *Lectures on Prayer*. If it is less lively than its predecessor, it exhibits, as befits its theme, more of tenderness and solemnity. It has been received in all branches of the Evangelical Church with great favour, and has been the instrument of much good.[1]

"HASTINGS, *May* 17, 1846.

"Perhaps it is only a cunning pretext for wishing to get well, but there is a scheme much in my head, and which, could I execute, I should feel that I had lived less in vain. It is a series, three or four small volumes, as plain, as popular, and as interesting as I could make them, on the most urgent topics.

"1. On the *Evidences*, making the proof palpable to the feeblest understanding, and conclusive (by the blessing of God) to the most faltering judgment, and above all, landing the reader not on the confines of Christianity, but in the very heart of the gospel.

"2. *The Gospel*, so simply stated that no earnest reader but should find himself in intelligent possession of the great 'open secret.'

"3. Developed Christianity. The peculiarities of the Christian Life. Its duties, privileges, trials. Instances —R. M'Cheyne," etc.

[1] Both the *Mount of Olives* and *Life in Earnest* are contained in the first volume of his Collected Works.

Here again he appears in character; he accomplished much, but he purposed more. The projects of his busy mind seemed like the blossom of some trees,—they came in myriads, while, from the limited capacity of the agent, only a few of them developed into actual fruit. If life and leisure had been granted to fill up the scheme here sketched, a rich legacy would have been left to the Church of Christ. The evidences, the nature, and the fruits of the gospel, exhibited and enforced by the genius and learning and faith of James Hamilton, might have been of eminent service to the generation following. But the matter was ordered otherwise. The blossoming desire was fragrant, but the winter came before it had developed into fruit.

This season a prolonged illness rendered necessary a prolonged rest. By medical advice he travelled for some time on the Continent, and used the waters of a German bath. This was indeed with him the normal condition. Life came in throbs of excessive exertion, followed by pauses of enforced repose.

TO HIS SISTER.

"EMS, *près* COBLENTZ, *July* 10, 1846.

"We are now in the regular routine of a German Spa. The system of it is as uniform as a clock. Get up at half-past five. Proceed to the Wells, and drink, at ten minutes' intervals, two or three tumblers of the waters. These are hot, containing some carbonic acid and a few salts. Pace about till eight, when it is presumed that the last of the tumblers is digested; then breakfast. I should

have noted that the said wells are a scene of the utmost invalid gaiety—sipping the Kessel to the music of a splendid Bohemian band; promenading in colonnades and gardens among German *Grafs* and Austrian Princesses—with Prussian and Polish counts furnished with moustaches much resembling the tusks of the walrus; the sort of scene which turned the heads of the poor ——. In one respect this spot is a pleasant exception to Germany. There is hardly any smoking, and my aromatic associations with the Rhine from Cologne to Mannheim are all of tobacco. Well, after breakfast read a little—the *Times*, and our own books. Then climb a little bit of a woody hill, and read Howitt's Germany, to get a little acquainted with the country we are in. Then, one o'clock, a grand *table-d'hôte*, with nearly 200 of a congregation, and sometimes music to drown the clatter of the dishes. After dinner, I don't know what we do, till six o'clock, when more water; then tea and bread without butter; and bed at nine o'clock. Having added that water-drinkers are allowed no fish, no fruit, no acid, no wine, I have completed the sketch of our animal existence here. The waters are in themselves so nutritious as not to need those vulgar adjuncts, and it is amazing how jolly some of our tee-totallers have grown."

"EMS, GERMANY, *July* 11, 1846.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . The same letter brings word of uncle Walker's death, and the extraordinary sickness in Stonehouse. To our good old uncle I am confident that this is a blessed transition. In his silent way,

he was continually cultivating a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man; and as his hope was on the right Foundation, so his life was singularly blameless. I think it was a happiness to him to spend his old age at Spittal; and his whole treatment of that little farm was a specimen of his scrupulous conscientiousness. This rapid removal of our older relatives is fast leaving us in the situation of those who must naturally go next. Nor is it likely that any of our family will attain the veteran years of our predecessors. One of the most gratifying things in this country is the state of education. Yesterday Mr. H. and I went to the village school. There were four school-rooms: one for boys and another for girls, under ten years of age; a third for boys, and a fourth for girls, from ten to fourteen, all taught by schoolmasters—Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews together. The school fees are 1s. 4d. a year. Every child from six to fourteen is compelled to attend this or some other school, under a penalty of twopence a day, which, in this cheap country, does away the inducement of keeping them at home to work. They sing in parts most beautifully. On Sabbath morning we went to the Lutheran Church. They sang a hymn, twenty minutes long, everybody joining—the women down-stairs, the men in the gallery—music which could not be got in England. And what made the contrast more striking, was, on the dismissal of the German congregation, the English assembled, and though there were 120 of them, we had no psalm at all; nobody could raise a tune."

"EMS, *près* COBLENTZ, *July* 13, 1846.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . The announcement of your great success came through James's letter, whilst we were at breakfast, and awakened much joy and hearty felicitations. I quite expected that you would win the Italian prize, and therefore am the more gratified at your getting the geological. It is a little out of your usual line of things, and confirms my impression that the natural sciences are more suited to your talents than your taste. Few things have given me more pleasure than the prizes you won this year and the last. They are a solid benefit, and I trust that hereafter you will find the advantage of them. I am not so happy but that the account you give of your frequent feelings grieves me much. I do not think that it is excess of vitality that gives advantage to these feelings. Such gloom and depression are perhaps more natural to you than they would be to less pensive and wistful minds, but I am sure if you had evenly health, and a system in full tone, you would more easily overcome them. If not absolutely neutralized they might be diluted, and, as it were, drowned by redundant health and energy. And the best use you could make of this holiday would be to rest and ramble a good deal; and read, I think, as little as possible. Before I was quite grown up, I was the victim of most dreary and foreboding impressions. It was no one rational cause which awakened them—but anything—*myself* was full of the dreary element, and any subject was the nucleus round which it deposited itself, and shaped a tangible grief. But as my constitution gathered strength, and, I think I may add, as clearer views of the Divine bene-

volence, and brighter hopes broke in, those feelings passed away. I am not exempt from them now, but they do not hurt and oppress me, and blacken the face of things as they used to do. I anticipate the same for you, although, from my own analogy, I am sure you do not anticipate it for yourself. It would be curious if we could ascertain the comparative number of cases in which extreme mental susceptibility has been a source of prevailing and preponderating happiness or distress. I fear the gloomy scale would be the heaviest after you have put in Petrarch, Southey, Ovid, the dark years of Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, etc. (just now I am reading letters written with Stygian water—Foster's.) There is, doubtless, a constitutional infusion which nothing can utterly expel, but many things might alleviate; and one of them is occupation distinct from that line of things in which the fancy is most disposed to travel. Geology as a present study, and pastoral work as a future calling, will exert a good influence on a mind like yours. But I must stop, otherwise you will wish for a letter of facts. The tidings of Uncle Walker's death, so soon after aunt of Langrig, is very solemnizing. These events are fast altering Stonehouse. Give my warmest love to mamma. The next (I hope early) letter, will, I trust, bring cheering accounts of her. I fear I wrote too querulously to Jane; but I really was uneasy and unhappy at being so long without hearing. We have delightful weather, and are getting on nicely.—Ever, my dear Andrew, your very affectionate brother,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"EMS, *July* 31, 1846.

"MY DEAR JANE,— . . . I am sorry that we did not find out the delights of donkey-riding before Mr. (William) and Mrs. Hamilton left us. We have now had three famous excursions in this way, and I intend another this afternoon. They are wonderful creatures for strength and sense and gentleness,—the Esel family at Ems. On Tuesday afternoon, along with Mr. Matheson, we all went to a hill about two miles distant, from which we had a splendid prospect down the Rhine as far as Bonn, round to the Vosges mountains in France, and back to the Taunus hills near Heidelberg. But it was not the prospect, but the progress to it. Every donkey is followed by a driver in a blue blouse and a scarlet cap, and ours entered into the spirit of the thing. Passing through a wood they descried another donkey party descending, and determined to have a shine,—they urged ours to the gallop. The rider has nothing for it but to stick hard and scour along. T. Matheson set up a shout which would have done credit to a wild Indian, and the opposite party were evidently dismayed, but before they could effect a retreat into the woods we were on them, and I came full tilt against an elderly French lady, and nearly swept her out of the saddle. Her looks of horror so diverted our company that they could scarcely hold on for laughing, and when we got to the hill top we all protested that we had never so much enjoyed a ride. But to tell the feats of the donkeys transcends the limits of a letter. We ambled away to a farmhouse yesterday morning on the top of a wooded hill, and besides a good breakfast got several new butterflies. The

green net is nearly as *kenspeckle* here as at Versailles, and yesterday it was edifying to see the tall donkey driver rushing through the dust and flailing at the *schmetterlinge*, as they call them here. On Wednesday evening, a little before tea, an event occurred which has been quite an era at Ems. I had put out my candle, and was pulling the quilt about my shoulders, when I felt the bed hitch up. Of course I paused, thinking that some one was under it, and in so doing observed the bed, doors, and whole room shaking so violently, along with a heavy rumbling noise, that the next thought which flashed into my mind was, 'The poor gentleman next door is seized with a fearful fit,' and a cold shudder crept over me. But I had hardly time to think this when I saw that it was an earthquake. I got up and hurried on my clothes, met the worthy little Zimmer-mädchen, Elisabeth, in the passage wringing her hands, and unlocking the parlour-door found the ladies, who had not gone to bed, pale and almost speechless. By this time all the dogs were barking, and a terrible uproar in the house and streets. Knowing that this is not a country for earthquakes, I did not feel alarmed, but just for this very reason the people of the place were in all the greater panic. In case of another shock, I sat up for an hour; but feeling most ungallantly sleepy persuaded the ladies to go back to their room, and having again committed ourselves to Him who can keep us even when mountains are moving, in a few minutes I was fast asleep. Yesterday and to-day many people are leaving in consequence of the alarm."

"BINGEN, *Aug.* 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—On Wednesday we took leave of Ems—almost sorry to leave a place where we all thought we had got some health, and where most of the days passed so pleasantly. We made no friends among the visitors except at last exchanging civil words with a few, but we had a great many humble friends who were concerned at our departure. Such as Philip and Andrew, the honest and sensible donkey drivers, our waiter Louis, who turned out to be an entomologist. (We had often seen him looking at our butterfly spoils when bringing up tea, but thought it was only in rude wonder, till we found out that he had a much larger collection of his own than any of us are likely to possess.) These German attendants are simple, warm-hearted, and obliging, and, as they are all well educated, it is interesting to talk to them—a thing which all visitors except the English do. We had a lot of English servants about the house latterly, footmen and ladies'-maids, who were evidently a subject of great surprise and compassion to the Germans. They treated their affectation and jaunty airs just as they would have been treated in a lunatic asylum.

"On Thursday evening at six we went on board the little steamer which sails up the Moselle, hoping to get to Treves, a city which, next to Rome, contains the most Roman antiquities. We had a lovely route, through perpetual castles, villages, and vineyards, but owing to the uncommon drought very tedious. We were frequently obliged to get horses to drag us through the shallows. We wearied of this, and got out at tea-time at a village called Alfen,

where the guide-book promised us the best inn on the Moselle. It was a truly German place,—a piggery under my windows, and a *midden* below those of the parlour, and so many queer smells, that had it not been for Eau-de-Cologne we could have done little justice to the noble cheer which they set before us. Here, and in other villages through which we passed, it is astonishing amidst what pestilential smells the people live, whilst all around is the sweetest and most salubrious air. After visiting an iron-work and some beautiful scenery, on Friday afternoon we took a carriage twenty miles, as far as Simmern, and next morning came to this place of noted beauty. This overland journey is what hardly any Englishman has yet performed, and gave us more insight into the interior of Germany than can be got from a month on the Rhine. In the first place, it was all *German*. Except our landlord at Simmern, who said that he could speak a little French, but whose performances in that way went no further than 'Oui, Monsieur,' and 'Bon soir,' we did not meet a creature who knew any other language than *Deutsch*, and, what is more remarkable, the said landlord had never seen an English *sovereign*. The travelling, too, was primitive. We came to a ferry where there was nothing but a shallow little boat and no boatman. Our postilion proceeded to help himself to this boat, and would have taken us across in it, but at last the ferrymen made their appearance. Mrs. —— was in a perfect panic at the idea of our venturing in such a shell, and insisted in *English* on getting out of the carriage. This being interpreted to the coachman, he looked humanely at us, as a

tender-hearted drover would look at three calves in a cage, and quietly led his horse into the boat with the carriage, contents and all. Then the road on the other side, over the Hundsruch mountains—such bouncing and bumping over rocks and stones as would have demolished a Stonehouse cart, anything except a German *Wagen*—whisking through vineyards all fresh and tender in a recent thunder shower—holding our handkerchiefs to our noses till we got through another of these fetid villages, and then emerging on thirty miles of table-land where universal silence reigned. There were no farm-houses nor isolated cottages, all these being (like Caffre Kraals or the old Scotch *touns*) clustered in little villages,—every village being provided with its church and school, and every habitation with its Mrs. M'Clarty. Extent and silence were the genius of the landscape; no birds except the quiet wagtail; no people except the solitary herd with his vast troop of goats or oxen—the latter not lowing; no travellers; no noise of our own wheels on the (now) dusty path—a region struck dumb. Its absolute newness made us enjoy it greatly. We looked, and felt, and said little. To-day we go back to Coblentz, to-morrow to Königsberg, on Friday to Aix, and thence to Antwerp. If all be well I hope we shall be home in the end of next week. I am perfectly ready to go for two or three weeks to Scotland or Wales, or wherever you may like best, and as soon as you please, and am very happy in the thought of thus enjoying your company. Yourself will be society enough, and unless you wish to superadd some other, I do not. I shall be ready to start whenever you like, and in whatever

direction. I am sure you much need some change after so long and hard a season. The Ems waters are alterative. Whilst taking them I felt no increase of strength; perhaps the reverse: but for the last few days I have been conscious of much improvement. The inactivity has yielded to a more sprightly feeling. I have slept remarkably well most of this journey. I cannot join the popular vilification of German beds. They are the freshest and most elastic I have ever occupied, and except last night I have had the whole to myself. Last night I had for a neighbour a *Floh*, which the Frenchman I succeeded had forgot to take with him. As it is now likely to be the end of September before I am allowed to preach again, it is a great comfort to have the pulpit so occupied. I would like to write to Arnot, but a letter takes an hour, and, except in rain, I like to spend every hour in *idlesse* or the open air. His coming up just now is an act of friendship for which I feel most deeply and affectionately grateful.

"Best love to dear mamma and Jane. I am glad to think that so few days are now between us, though the past have been days for which I must be ever grateful.

"J. H."

He returned from the Continent improved in health; but it was judged expedient that his vacation should be prolonged for another month. Accordingly, in company with several members of his own family, he spent the greater part of September in Wales. This interval was eminently beneficial in restoring his strength; it was also

turned to account in maturing schemes for the work of the ministry.

"BANGOR, *Sept.* 6, 1846.

"Having now been sequestered from all preaching for twenty Sabbaths, I have got some time to think anew on what preaching ought to be. I have heard many sermons of late. Sometimes I have been so weak and joyless as not to be a fair criterion, but generally I wished to be pleased, and was not unwilling to be impressed. Leaving out of account all the erroneous doctrine, two defects attach to most of the pulpit performances at which I have been present. Few of the preachers seemed to have a definite object in view; and of the few who were anxious to establish some particular doctrine, or enforce some specific duty, I can scarcely recollect one whose discourse was so fresh, and clear, and persuasive that the careless would be arrested, that the simple could follow, and that the attentive would be impressed.

"Around my own recovery there still hangs a serious uncertainty; but thinking of it as a thing, in the kind providence of God, not impossible, nor altogether unlikely, I often revolve on beginning my ministry, and *what* should I preach, and *how*.

"Now, it does seem to me that the Lord Jesus is the Alpha and the Omega of Christianity, and that the gospel ministry has achieved its highest end when it brings a soul into a realizing knowledge and firm belief of what Jesus Christ *has done* and what he *is*. When it has enkindled such an adoring affection for him that henceforth to live is Christ, and when it has availed itself of this new

principle, to elicit a frank obedience to Christ's commands, and a studious conformity to Christ's example.

"There is one preliminary point on which I have some difficulty. I fear that many hearers do not intelligently and assuredly believe that Jesus Christ came into the world. And I do not know whether for their sakes I should not commence with some brief and forcible proofs of the historic fact. If mine were a country congregation, I should never think of so employing a single Sabbath. But our young men are in frequent intercourse with sceptics and scoffers, and I strongly suspect that some of our well-disposed and sober-minded people are haunted with speculative doubts and scientific difficulties. To some I really believe it would be a relief,—it would be setting them on a rock, and putting the new song in their mouths,—did they know for certain that the New Testament was written in the first century, and were they as sure of the facts in the Saviour's history as they are sure of the narrative in Cæsar's Commentaries. Would it be worth while employing a few Sabbaths on some of the most striking evidences? I think it would. I think that I myself have no more doubt of the occurrences related by the Evangelists than if I had personally witnessed them; but I fear that some of my hearers may not be so fully persuaded, and I also fear that in such cases, without this preliminary persuasion, subsequent reasonings and appeals would be, for the most part, labour lost.

"The next thing would be to present to the minds of the people the most vivid conception I am capable of forming, or for which the Scriptures supply the materials,

of what the Saviour *was*, what He *did*, and what He *is*, at the same time striving, by every touching consideration, to make such a Saviour precious. There are two classes who are most likely to hail Him,—those who have a great burden on their conscience, and those who have a great void in their souls. It should therefore be an object of my ministry to convince of sin, to make the conscience-burdened know what it really is which weighs them down, and direct them to that Lamb of God who takes the load away. And for the other class, the restless, and craving, and life-weary, I must try to show them how in Jesus Christ they will find love without alloy and a Friend without infirmity,—a Friend worth living for, and with whom it will be blessedness to live eternally.

"And the last thing to be attempted is to give such an exposition of Christian character, the things sublime and the things amiable in living Christianity, as, in connection with love to Christ, will produce a holy ambition to abound in them. The production of holy, Christ-like character is the highest result of evangelical preaching, but it is also the rarest. It is rare, because many evangelical preachers do not venture to descend into the details of Christian duty, and some who have studied these fail in supplying the great motive to Christian practice. What I long to see is a Church of saints, a band of happy, devoted, unworldly men, full of the Spirit of Christ, and abounding in good and noble deeds,—a Church of members far superior to their present ministers.

"These are the things at which I would aim. I have a deep conviction that no mere preaching can produce

these things, but I also believe that these ends are never earnestly and prayerfully sought without the power of God's Spirit accompanying the minister."

This scheme for a course of sermons is the expansion of a briefer note inserted at a previous date. The plan in its fuller form shows the aim of a workman who strives to divide rightly the word of truth. Jesus stands in the midst of this ministry, with the evidences on one side and the fruits on the other. The series on the Evidences was meant to lead the hearers to Christ, and the series on Christian Character was meant to keep the converts following Christ. This is substantially the old apostolic resolution,—a determination to know nothing among the flock but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

"BANGOR, *Sept.* 8, 1846.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—So full are we all of the tidings of this afternoon that the most natural and most pleasant thing I can do is to write a few lines to Stonehouse. I will not tell you how Jane and I went to the post-office, hardly expecting a letter, and then the amazement and the glee with which we read the holograph announcement from grandmamma herself, and how we went back to the house and teazed and puzzled Andrew by saluting him 'Uncle Andrew.' But I must tell you how happy and thankful the good tidings have made us, and how earnestly we hope to hear continued good accounts. When John Foster was an old man, the only survivors of his family were two daughters, and it is curious to read his mournful forebodings of their future

lot in life. He had gloomy views of life in general, but it was his opinion that the life of women in this world is peculiarly unhappy. I do not agree with him either in his general or his particular views. Considering how much evil survives in the best, I wonder that earthly life is so happy; and, so far as my memory goes, some of the calmest, serenest, and most blessed lives have been those of well-educated and pious women. Harriet Newell, Elis. Smith, Fanny Woodbury, and many more of whom I have read, betwixt the peace of God which filled their hearts and that soft atmosphere of kindness and respect which their goodness gathered round them, led very happy lives; and though some, like Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Huntington, had great trials, they had greater joys. I trust you may both be spared till you see Christian principles so confirmed in the mind of this little girl, that when you are at last taken away for a season you may have no fear for her future. When there is an early dedication to God, followed up by prayerful painstaking, I have no fear that this will be the result."

TO MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"CARNARVON, *Sept.* 17, 1846.

"So intensely Welsh are the Welsh Calvinists, that it is of no use going to their chapels. We heard a good sermon from the Independent minister at Bangor, and another good one in the Wesleyan chapel here. Our experiments in the Established Church have been very discouraging. The Bishop of Bangor and a stranger whom we heard here last Sabbath were utterly insignificant. A

gentleman whom I met on the top of the coach took measures to count the actual attendance one Sunday in all the seventy-three parish churches of Anglesea. In a population of 47,000 there were less than 500,—less than an average of seven to each. And yet I suppose the High Churchmen will clamour for the continuance of the diocese of St. Asaph, as if the permanence of Christianity in North Wales were involved in it. Last night Mr. Gillespie's old friend, Mr. Rees of Liverpool, was preaching here. He had on a week evening five times as many hearers as all the Episcopalians of Anglesea. . . .

"Now that in the kind providence of God I have the prospect of soon preaching again, my mind is much occupied about this winter's subject. As recent events admonish, 'the time is short;' and as the discourses will at first be limited to the morning, will it not be better to suspend the lectures on the Acts, and give a short course on the most essential things of Christianity? These, I am persuaded, might be made far fresher and more simple than they usually are, and I would even hope more impressive."

An intelligent observer, with the spirit at once of a Christian and a patriot, sojourning for a month in Wales, must needs take note, in sadness or indignation, according to temperament, of the position occupied by the Established Church in the Principality. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, supplemented efficiently by some other orthodox communities, are the really national Church. Unlike the Gaelic in Scotland, which is confined to the

remotest localities, and the least educated of the people, the Welsh tongue is cherished and used by the bulk of the people in the Principality,—the educated as well as the unlearned. The preaching, accordingly, that is truly national employs the native tongue. Symptoms, however, are not wanting to warn the Christians of that country, that, though they have hitherto embanked their territory against the rising tide of the English language much more completely than the Scottish Highlands, the time is coming when the barriers must give way. There is no time to be lost. A prudent glance into the immediate future should suffice to stir up all their energy in the direction of providing ordinances for the rising generation in the English tongue.

The notice regarding the late Mr. Rees of Liverpool, which occurs in the close of this extract, is most interesting in the light of subsequent events. Mr. Rees was the true bishop of North Wales. That voice of the godly people, which in such a matter is the voice of God, clearly designated him as the chief pastor and preacher of the Gospel. His memory overshadows the province still. At the mention of his name in any company spontaneous signs of tender reverence are displayed. Yet, when that man died, the incumbent of the parish, being anomalously ruler of the national cemetery, permitted his dust to be buried only on condition that his sorrowing disciples should keep their lips closed, and not dare to sing a hymn by the brink of his grave!

The latter part of this prolonged vacation was turned to good account for his own subsequent ministry. With

such a measure of health as enabled him to be a hearer, but not such as to justify him in attempting to preach, he occupied the interval as a worshipper with various sections of the Church, and in different parts of the country. Whatever excellences he observed during this period, were treasured as examples; and if he also noted the faults of other preachers, he employed them as a means of detecting and amending his own.

His entrance into the marriage relation is generally one of the great turning-points of a man's life. Different persons are, of course, differently affected by it, according to their age, and character, and habits; but even where least, the consequences to happiness and usefulness are unspeakably great. Perhaps we would be safe in saying that James Hamilton was one of those persons who experience the need, and enjoy the benefit of a help-meet in the very highest degree. Such a companion was a prime necessity for him, and he knew it. He was not one of those firm, self-contained mortals, who can stand alone, and be all the world to themselves. His spirit was of the full and overflowing kind, that is ready to burst unless it is permitted to pour out its emotions more frequently and more completely than is possible in any human relation except the nearest. Accordingly, he accounted it a great matter, and gave it the gravest consideration; but he could not command the blessing. He silently prayed for the gift, and then waited the Giver's good time. He learned in his own experience, as many have learned before him, that marriages are made in heaven.

At length the right person appeared in the right place,

It may have been observed from intimations in Mr. Hamilton's letters that one of his favourite retreats from the bustle of the city was at Willenhall, under the roof of Mrs. Moore, widow of the late John Moore, Esq., of Calcutta, who had lately returned from India. From these pleasant sojournings "important consequences followed." Mrs. Moore's eldest daughter was at that time very young, and in the first instance he entertained no design and no expectation in the direction of matrimony; but as time went on, according to his own confession, he "found in her such a fountain sealed of various goodness,"—found her so "full of sense and considerateness and mature feeling, as well as mere girlish innocence and simplicity," that he was taken captive in the usual way. Judgment and affection conspired in the choice, mother and daughter were duly consulted, all parties interested gave cordial consent, and the contract, real though not formal, was fixed, with the condition that a considerable period should intervene ere the marriage should take place.

The series of letters addressed by Mr. Hamilton to his affianced between the time of the engagement and the date of his marriage is a unique and most interesting collection. We shall submit some specimens. By the nature of the case the choice is necessarily limited; yet, to withhold them altogether would leave a blank in the delineation of a character which was, in a very remarkable degree, simple, pure, and elevated. In this step of his life, as well as others, he walked by faith; and none might dare to annoy him, in such a tender and grave transaction, with any species of levity.

"DEE'S HOTEL, BIRMINGHAM, *April* 15, 1845.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—It was the wish of Archbishop Leighton that, as he had been a pilgrim all his days, he might die in an inn; and I have often looked at the old house in Warwick Lane, the Bell Inn, where God gave him his desire. And good Mr. Jones of Creaton (the 'Basket of Fragments') lived all his days in a little country inn. But neither of them, I think, would have chosen the traveller's room. Here I am at the corner of a very long table, at the further end of which Mr. Nisbet is manufacturing tea in what he calls the orthodox way—that is, in Mrs. Nisbet's way,—a Presbytery clerk at my elbow is copying his minutes, one is studying the Birmingham Directory, two are writing home, and fifteen or sixteen ministers and elders are talking in the various tongues of our motley Presbyterianism.

"Of the sights of Liverpool I saw none except the Zoological Gardens. There I missed many old friends, whose acquaintance I made in 1838. They have still the same elephant, but his character is under a cloud. A short time ago he killed a man in a fit of revenge. The man had pricked his trunk when pretending to feed him, and the elephant took the first opportunity to seize him, and squeeze him to death. . . .

"By the date of your dear mamma's note I find that this is a memorable day in her history, and in that of your family,—her brother's birthday, and her own sailing for India. It is also a day of solemn remembrance with me. It is ten years to-day since the Lord took my father to himself,—the saddest day, at the time, I ever saw, though

I can look back to it now without the bleak and desolate feelings which long rested over it. Like your own father, he had been very diligent when young, and possessed a great abundance of information on almost every subject. He was full of affection to us, and had, more than any one I have known, loving and adoring views of our blessed Saviour. . . ."

"*May* 25, 1845.—Let me try to sanctify my affection, to make our mutual regard a means of good. I must seek to guide her studies, to help her dear mother in directing them, and above all must try to increase her personal piety, expanding her mind, enlarging her information, and trying to give a holy elevation to her character, to fit her for those scenes and duties in which it is my hope yet to see her."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *June* 10, 1845.

". . . Well, my dearest Annie, the things about which I am most anxious are your character and your acquirements. Don't startle when I speak of *character*, as if I imagined you had still one to make. It was because you had made Mary's choice, and because you had so many congenial dispositions, that I felt it right to entertain towards you those feelings which now I do. But the best character is that which improves the fastest, and nothing will give me so much joy as to see you winning every one's esteem by your good sense and energy, your gentleness and self-denial. You cannot be too kind to grandpapa and grandmamma, and you may be very useful, not only to Helen, Fanny, and Mary, but to your brothers

also. Of dear mamma I need say nothing, knowing how much you love her, except this, that I hope she will never see in either of us what will give her a moment's concern, and this, that one of the loveliest things in yourself is that you have loved so much one whose wisdom and affection and goodness would have made her (even though she had not been your own mother) so worthy of your love. And oh, Annie, take time for prayer! They are dreary and disjointed days when God is not with us, but everything prospers well when His blessing is secured.

"Then for acquirements. I am glad that you are so fond of *work*, and that you have a taste for music. The only other thing about which I am anxious is your information. The world is full of accomplished and ignorant women, people who can dance and draw and embroider, but whose company is far more irksome than the solitary confinement of Pentonville prison. If you have, what you can so easily get, a well-furnished mind (by adding diligently to the knowledge you have already attained), you will possess what few of your lady sisters have. Two hours of solid reading daily, in which I would gladly be a sharer on the days I am at Willenhall, and perhaps half-an-hour in writing down the results, would be a goodly acquisition in the course of a year. What would you think of laying down and enforcing on yourself this rule? History, biography, voyages and travels, and books on natural history, are the most useful kinds of general reading. It is an excellent plan to make the books one has been reading the subject of conversation.

It impresses them on the memory, and saves many of those idle words for which we must give account.

"I know that you know me too well to look on this as a mere letter of advice. It is a letter of anxiety. You have been in my heart as I wrote every word, and though there are many persons for whose welfare I am concerned, there is none whose growing improvement in intelligence and piety and beauty of character can be the same joy to me. . . . The Lord shine on you with His face, and make us happy in Himself.—Your ever affectionate

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"10 BATH STREET, WORTHING,
Saturday, July 10, 1845.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,— . . . Yesterday afternoon I went to see a rich nursery-garden in the neighbourhood. The rarest plant in it was an American mallow, with a flower as large as a hollyhock. It came accidentally among some American roots, and turned out to be a new species. Professor Lindley named it *Malva Fulleriana*, in honour of our friend Fuller, the nurseryman, who showed it to us; and so gorgeous was it that he had orders for three hundred cuttings of it at a guinea each, and got a man from London on purpose to attend to them, when one frosty night the fellow got tipsy, and left the glass open, so that they all perished. The survivor which we saw was a plant that he had previously sent to Baron Alderson, but by this time a Parisian florist had somehow got possession of the plant,—so that, like the milkmaid and her pail, Mr. Fuller's vision of golden guineas was all dis-

pelled. In that garden we saw a profusion of roses, as great a variety as I have ever noticed, but none of them so sweet to me as your moss-buds. At this moment I am sitting before the fire, for it is really cold, and your roses are on the mantelpiece as fresh as their neighbours at Willenhall."

"ROUEN (HOTEL D'ALBION), *Aug.* 9, 1845.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—As I am not likely to keep any other record of this excursion, I shall set down whatever comes into my mind, and just in the order in which it comes,—along, perhaps, with some of those things which I would have been apt to say if you yourself had been beside me. I will thus feel in some measure as if I were in your company, and will feel more interest in what I see. . . . Havre is the Liverpool of France, and a very lively town. We stayed all Friday there. One thing struck me at once—the boundless vivacity of the French people. Some masons were repairing our hotel, and singing at their work. Some carpenters were repairing a steamer which lay opposite our window, a job which needed haste, as she required to sail next day, and they twirled their gimlets and flourished their hammers, and skipped about in search of pins and nails, as if they were capering through a pantomime. And some sailor lads were washing out a deck, when they began to souse one another with their water-buckets, and soon got up a famous sham-fight. I do not know if they get through as much work as our sullen and deliberate English labourers, but they certainly go more briskly about it. Here the

working men all wear bright blue smocks, and the women, except ladies of quality, go about, not in bonnets, but in muslin caps, some of them very fantastic, but all of them, down to the very poorest, of a snowy whiteness. It is no uncommon thing to see the common people, husband and wife, going arm-in-arm, which I have never seen in England. They are wondrously polite and affable, and talk as much in a day as would suffice a Saxon for a month. In some things they are very far behind us. Their horses are small, and wretchedly harnessed, often yoked into their omnibuses with ropes, and the said omnibuses pitiful wooden machines without springs, in which the passengers bob up and down like dice in a dice-box. The streets are swarming with soldiers and police—a sign of a lower stage of civilisation; and the streets themselves are narrow and dirty, and the interior of the houses too much in keeping with the streets. On the hill d'Yngonville I first tried the new net with which mamma supplied me, and almost the first capture was her favourite golden Y-moth. We also secured a Goliath of a grub, a sleek green monster, which far surpasses any caterpillar I have seen at home. I cleared out a box of soda-powders for his special accommodation, but I fear that he is not thriving in his new quarters." . . .

"ROUEN, *Sabbath, Aug.* 10, 1845.

"This morning we went immediately after breakfast to the cathedral, one of the finest in France. They were celebrating mass. A great multitude, perhaps 2000, were present, almost entirely women and children, and of these again very few seemed earnest or devout. I do not wonder

at what an English gentleman, long resident in Rouen, told us yesterday, that not three Frenchmen in a thousand believe in any religion. The only religion which arrests their eye is the one whose mummeries we witnessed this morning,—and certainly a greater outrage on common sense, or a more daring mockery of the heavenly Majesty under pretence of worship, I never expected to see. It was not so much the service in an unknown tongue, but the entire ceremonial—so childish, so theatrical, so alien to the very genius of Christianity, and in the present instance so irreverent,—for the priests of Rouen are a coarse and rascal set. In the procession of the host they stood for some moments where we sat, and made faces and joked with one another in what should have been a most solemn part of the service, and showed little anxiety even to seem sincere. I should except two dignified ecclesiastics, the one a very young man, from his graceful manners and noble look probably of higher birth, at least of more elevated sentiments than the sordid herd around him; and the other an old priest of that earnest and ascetic look which reminded me of Mr. Newman. An aged Protestant pastor (a Frenchman), whom I met this morning, said 'Popery will soon die out in Europe unless *your* country give it another chance!' . . .

"*Tuesday Morning.*— . . . I give myself credit for some forbearance, in as far as I have given so little space to the subject which most occupies my thoughts. The Lord bless you and keep you. In these ramblings I often revert to that happy Wednesday which we spent so much of together, and which made even us so much

better acquainted with one another. I used to think that our minds were congenial; but now I feel as if there were an interfusion of our souls,—as if what we had, we had between us. . . . I am sorry when I hear people only jesting and laughing about these things. You are not only so dear to my heart, but so sacred in my eyes, that I would not like that our affection should ever be a subject for raillery or quizzing."

"108 MARINE PARADE, BRIGHTON,
Sept. 5, 1845.

". . . We are here very pleasantly situated, and have had two days of quiet leisure. There is a little strip of garden reaching down from these houses to the sea, where yesterday I saw a prodigious crowd of the cabbage butterfly among the mignonette and the tamarisks. So many were they that the children were looking over the fence at them. A man sorting the garden brought me in a great caterpillar which he found on the privet. It will likely be some sort of hawk-moth. I spent a week at Brighton in January last year, and then read the half of Sir Samuel Romilly's Life. I was exceedingly taken with it, for in some things I saw a curious resemblance betwixt his turn of mind and my own. Yesterday I went back to the same library, and borrowed the last volume, and in reading it was surprised and happy to find (what I had forgotten) that the name of the lady to whom he owed nearly 'all the real happiness of his life' was Anne. She was a remarkable person, and theirs was a more remarkable love. There was only one element wanting in it; and when, after twenty years of devoted affection, Lady

Romilly was taken from him, poor Sir Samuel had no comforter to go to. His heart broke, and in the frenzy of his grief he destroyed himself. It is likely that we, too, who have to wait some time for our completed happiness on earth, may again have to wait a little while—the one in the absence of the other—for our completer happiness in heaven. But whoever be the one whose lot is to tarry in the body when the other is gone home, O Annie, may the Lord give that one a meek and weaned spirit, willing to wait the happy hour 'when death-divided friends shall meet to part no more.'"

"9 UPPER ROCK GARDENS, BRIGHTON,
Oct. 10, 1845.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,— . . . What were you doing on the 10th October 1838? That was the day when I was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh,—the day of the highest wind I ever remember. We then lived in George Square, and I do not wonder that some who then lived in it feel Lansdowne Place a dull exchange. It was a sweet and peaceful abode, but in less than a month thereafter an event occurred which made it for some time a sad one. My sister Mary died on the 5th Nov. She was eighteen, and for the last two years of her life had been very delicate. She was full of gentle goodness, and though not so brilliant as an older sister who died seven years before, had mind enough to make her interesting without making her formidable."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Nov.* 19, 1845.

". . . When coming down stairs on Monday morning (I am ashamed to say it was a quarter-past nine), I met

Miss Fector coming in. She had come with £50 for the Schemes of the Church,—a thank-offering from her mother. It seems that Mrs. Fector had a cataract in her eye, and was intending to undergo the usual operation for its removal, but she did not like the idea of the operation much more than the prospect of losing the eye, and she prayed very earnestly that, if it were the Lord's will, He would remove it Himself. Three weeks ago, to her amazement, the cataract was gone. She sent for Alexander, the oculist, who was to have extracted it; and he said that it was as effectually done as he could have done it; that it was a case almost unprecedented, but had been done by a very peculiar action of the muscles of the eye; so the good old lady, in the fulness of her heart, sent this acknowledgment. Being so long an Episcopalian, she has always been fond of praying out of a book; but, as her daughter told her, she did not find in her book a prayer for her eye, and she must allow that it has been as effectual as any she ever offered." . . .

"HASTINGS, *May* 16, 1846.

". . . At present I am husbanding my voice, and my time is divided betwixt books and sauntering walks. I feel that it is my duty for the present to be idle; but I can imagine no more odious combination than health and idleness. Within three doors of this lives the rector of ——, an empty, indolent man; his children littering about the gravel, and himself yawning through the square all day. He goes in a fly to W— on Sunday morning, 'does duty,' and returns in the evening. When I see this cumberer of the ground, I am apt to get angry at myself for doing nothing."

"BANGOR, *Sept.* 8, 1846.

"Perhaps I am too fond of looking forward, and yet whenever I feel as much strength as I have felt the last few days, plans and purposes about the future revive very strong in me. There are two portions of my ministerial life on which I look back with pleasure—the twenty months at Abernyte, and the four years at Regent Square, betwixt January 1, 1842, and January 1, 1846, that is, betwixt the publication of the *Church in the House* and the *Mount of Olives!* During the first period God blessed my preaching, during the second He opened up a new path of usefulness through the press. There is still one thing which I would like to try, if the Lord permit. I would like to see how much might be made of one congregation. I would like to make full proof of my pastorate. I am willing to give myself wholly to my own people (at least for a season), and by preaching, and personal intercourse, and affectionate dealing with young and old, would fain see our flock a holy church—a peculiar people. In this work, my dearest Annie, I shall have need of you. Perhaps it is for this reason that hitherto my exertions have been wide-spread, and I have been somewhat of a public servant, whilst a young and single man. And now when I have the hope of leading a different life, these pastoral and home-keeping feelings occur to my mind. But be that as it may, I am sure that it is a great advantage to one who wishes to be a pastor to be a married man, especially if his wife be a help-meet for him. I look forward to the day when we shall have schools connected with the church, and when we may both fill up an hour usefully and

pleasantly among the children, and by-and-bye amongst the parents. And though hitherto I have been grievously disheartened by such specimens of poverty as I have tried to help, I would not abandon the hope of doing something among the poor.

"I hope, too, that you may find a few congenial and estimable friends in the congregation. But my main hope of our doing good in our new capacity is by the silent influence of example,—by being 'patterns to the flock' of what married people should be. I would like our house and all our arrangements to have so much order without stiffness; so much neatness, without expense or show; that the quiet comfort and Christian simplicity of our home should be itself a lesson. I rather, I fear, love arrangement and method in other people than exemplify it myself; but I do love it, and often think of a saying of Mr. Martin of Westminster, 'I wish to remember that the eye of God is in each drawer of my writing-table.' I love it, and with your help, dear Annie, I am now willing to make an effort towards its practice. I am enlarging beyond my intention; but if you invite a continuance of these meditations, I will go on."

"Festiniog, *Sept.* 22, 1846.

". . . And now to resume our meditations. However retired we live, the minister's family, like the minister's self, is sure to be the subject of observation, and to a certain extent this is natural, and, if rightly improved by us, may be rendered useful, for we should be patterns to the flock. On this account we must in our mode of living

cultivate plainness and simplicity. We do not need to give parties, and this, besides saving trouble to the lady of the house, saves a great deal of useless expenditure—*useless*, because nobody is the more esteemed or loved for giving a gay entertainment. It is not possible to live in London without incurring serious outlay. House-rent alone has hitherto absorbed a fourth of my income, and for cabs and omnibuses I spend thirty or forty pounds a year, besides the expense of more distant journeys. Since coming to London I have subdued my propensity to book-buying, but still a minister must buy books—they are the implements of his industry. By the time that the requisite household and personal expenses are defrayed, there cannot much remain for the savings bank. And then there is an item more urgent than house-rent—I mean charity, including contributions to the missionary and other schemes of the Church. I do not think that people's comfort depends on their income. That income will be very much what good sense and self-denial make it; and as you have both of these qualities, I am in great hope that we shall hit the golden mean of comfort without profusion, and simplicity without shabbiness. Instead of incurring debt or exceeding one's income, the true wisdom is to try and save, though it were only twenty pounds a year. A saving to this amount, or getting into debt to this amount, makes all the difference between indigence and independence. If people feel that they are spending all their revenue, and perhaps a little more, they have no heart to give away money, and very little enjoyment of those good things which their money has pro-

cured for them. We shall soon see what we are about, and must shape our plans accordingly.

"Dearest Annie, notwithstanding your invitation, I am almost ashamed to go on in this strain, as if I were dictating to you, or telling you things which you had not thought of before, some of which dear mamma is better able to expound than I am. But sometimes it is useful 'in order to stir up the mind by way of remembrance,' to mark down those things the carrying out of which in daily life makes a useful and respected character. I will therefore add one more. It is the ungallant remark of Mr. Jay,—'If the Graces were female, so were the Furies.' There is one slight foundation for the remark. I do think that, generally speaking, ladies are more sifting in their criticisms and more severe in their judgments, more apt to credit an unkind report and resent a wrong, and consequently more ready to fall into little sects and coteries, than are gentlemen—(I say 'generally speaking,' for it would not be difficult to quote instances of female generosity and forgiveness). And this perhaps is one reason for what has sometimes been remarked, that ministers were more useful before their marriage than after it. Their wives were gossips, and listened to everybody's story, and told their husbands what this one and that other had been heard to say about him, till they filled the poor minister's mind with prejudices against half his flock, or even split the congregation into little sects and cliques, till the minister's heart was chilled and his usefulness was at an end.

"Now I do think that our congregation is toler-

ably exempt from partisanship and evil-speaking, but there are doubtless different *sets* of people, and these by-and-bye might grow into *sects*. Of course each would like to reckon the minister's wife one of their set. But the best way is to be so kind to all as to be committed to none. Some will be so good and amiable that you will naturally make them your friends, but they must give you their friendship without insisting on your taking up their antipathies; and with your natural circumspection, aided by the wisdom from above, I think it will be possible for you to walk in such a perfect way that none can justly call you cold, and yet none be able to claim you for their coterie. These are some of the practical duties which lie before us. I am glad that there are such. It is in this way that married life supplies an additional means of glorifying God and fulfilling His will."

"BELLEVUE HOTEL, ABERYSTWITH,
Saturday evening, Sept. 26, 1846.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—The equinox brought its usual gales, and since Tuesday we have had stormy weather. On Wednesday and Thursday it rained so much that, except to witness the sublimest of stormy sunsets which I ever saw, I scarcely ventured out of doors either day. I spent the time in reading Hume's *History of England*, and going over the passages which I had formerly marked in Foster's *Life*. It is not so much the books which one reads, as the way that one reads them; and though it is not near so entertaining to travel the ground a second time and make extracts and abstracts, it adds fourfold to

the value of the first perusal. Some of this sort of work I compelled myself to do at Festiniog. Yesterday afternoon it cleared up, and in a car we jogged across the mountains, eighteen miles to Dolgelly, at the foot of Cader-Idris, which we did not reach till dark. This morning it rained so terribly that we all thought Dolgelly a dismal-looking place, and were glad to take inside places in the coach to Aberystwith. The road is hilly, and ours was the slowest coach in which I ever travelled. It took more than seven hours to thirty-five miles; but he was a good-natured man the driver, and the coach and the horses were his own, all his own,—for, as he said himself, he had no partner but his wife, and as he was anxious to save the horses, and was willing to let me down to gather mosses, and was willing to stop as long as we pleased in the village where we changed, nobody could find in their heart to be angry. I saw in him what an impenetrable coat of mail good-nature is, for though I sometimes felt that I ought to scold him, I am sure I never spoke to him without a smile on my face. . . . Oh, dearest, how I wish I had you here, listening to the ocean's billowy psalm! It is dark, very dark, and I cannot see the slender moon which we saw last night like a horn of silver sinking into a mountain top; so dark is it that we can no longer make out those long foam-ridges which we watched an hour ago, nor see the spray dashed far over the reefs; but the darkness makes the sound more audible, and there it is booming and rattling and moaning away, just as the billows, and the shingle, and the distant tempest did when first I heard their anthem.

Andrew gets in ecstacies beside a waterfall, but to me there is no grandeur like the sea.

"I was counting—how humbly we should count, and how submissively we should say, 'If the Lord will'—but if it be *His* will, I was counting that it is just one hundred days from this to that other day which I have so long desired. Over how many obstacles has that gracious Preserver brought me, brought us, to this day! And if He be pleased to bring us to that other, how deeply bound shall we be to consecrate our happier lives anew to Him!"

"HEREFORD, *Tuesday evening, Sept.* 29.

"On Sabbath we heard two excellent sermons in the parish church. The vicar, Mr. Hughes, is a good old man, and being this, we were delighted to see his large congregation. Altogether, we enjoyed last Sabbath greatly."

Although he speaks plainly wherever an example of indolence or unfaithfulness crosses his path, his eye is open to see good in the Established Church, and his heart to receive it. Indeed, the habitual elevation of his spirit towards the Head kept him singularly free from sectional prejudices.

Mr. Hamilton was married at London on 5th January 1847.

CHAPTER VII.

1847-1849.

Upon his return to London late in 1846, with his health in good measure restored, Mr. Hamilton began his ministry with renewed earnestness. During his enforced silence he had considered deeply what he ought to say if his lips should again be opened. At once he began to execute his long-cherished plan of giving some lectures on the evidences of revealed religion at the ordinary hour of public worship on the Lord's day. In his own judgment this was a service which the Lord required of him, and he loyally rendered it, in spite of formidable difficulties that crossed his path. In simplicity of heart, and with a far-reaching purpose, he adopted and prosecuted this method as the best contribution it was in his power to make for the cause of the Gospel. There is no question at all regarding the purity of his aim and the singleness of his eye in the whole transaction; but there may be room for doubt as to the soundness of his judgment, in as far as, while able for only one discourse each Sabbath, he substituted for a time an argument on the evidences for the preaching of the Gospel in the ordinary way.

"London, *Dec.* 16, 1846.

"My dear William,— . . . Though I preach only once

each Sabbath, yet a short course on the evidences gives occasion for abundance of reading, and perhaps more careful composition, than ordinary lectures. I have delivered six of the nine which I originally projected, and every Sabbath that passes and adds one to the series, I feel so thankful. I hope that if completed they will do a considerable amount of good. I have frequently noticed particular hearers much impressed. It is only in places like this that such a course is likely to be useful, or indeed would be justifiable. I have enjoyed 'strong consolation' in my own soul while surveying the immoveable foundations of the faith, and have been much affected by the kind providence of God in preserving the evidence so abundant and entire."

At a meeting held on 19th January 1847, the first full and regular report of the congregation's work was submitted. It is an able, comprehensive, and instructive document.[1] Indeed it approaches the character of a treatise on educational and evangelistic effort. It contains a sketch of what had been done or attempted during the two preceding years, and submits bold yet wise schemes for the future. Although not much is said of the minister's own department, the report bears evidence that his spirit is felt in the centre of operations, and that he has already gathered around himself a body of intelligent and energetic Christian philanthropists.

Besides notices of the mission begun in Corfu, and the

[1] Drawn up by Dr. A. P. Stewart, a fellow-student formerly at Glasgow, and at that time one of the deacons of Regent Square.

mission meditated in China, it goes fully and heartily into the problem regarding the degraded condition of the masses in various districts of the city of London. In certain districts contiguous to Regent Square the visitors discover a population of more than ten thousand, sunk in poverty and ignorance and vice. Schools on Sabbath and on week-days are forthwith planted, humble at first, but rapidly advancing both in bulk and efficiency. Missionaries are engaged, and paid to devote their whole strength to the locality, and many, both of men and women, contribute their own personal exertions. Red tape is finally thrown away, and a raid is made upon the bush, and the wild things that find cover there, without counting cost or keeping by the tracks of former operators. A lady, finding that to teach city Arabs for an hour on Sunday makes little impression on their life, obtains a room and teaches them herself on the week-days also. The missionary, finding no opening in the morning to the busy adults, fills up the time by collecting a class of children who are employed later in the day, and teaching them to read between the hours of nine and eleven. One of his hopeful scholars is a little girl, whose brother is a blind fiddler. He needs her to lead him through the streets, but as he does not commence the labours of his calling till near noon, the missionary is welcome to teach her the way of life at a time when no other use can be made of her.

For some years at that period their lay missionary, Mr. Sinclair, in a simple but wise and inventive way, rendered effective service on that difficult field.

We learn incidentally that after Mr. Hamilton's settlement a great increase took place in the number of the Sabbath-school teachers; and, as encouragement to attendance at certain monthly meetings, it is intimated that "Mr. Hamilton will deliver a missionary address;" but instead of doing, or seeming to do, all himself, the comparative silence regarding his work maintained in the report accords to him the greater praise of inducing many to consecrate their talents in concert to the work of the Lord.

Among other departments of the congregation's widespread agency, the Young Men's Association is specially mentioned. It was first constituted on 22d September 1841, and the date of its birth reveals the influence with which it originated. This association has continued in vigour till this day, and has exercised a beneficent influence on a generation. Affectionate reference is made to members who even at that early stage had left the city for other spheres of duty, and specifically to Mr. Alexander Swan, one of their number, who had lately settled at Folkestone, as superintendent of the engineering works of the Continental Steam-Packet Company, and whose influence had already been successfully employed in diminishing the amount of Sabbath labour in the affairs of a great mercantile copartnery.

From this time forward a full report of congregational work was prepared and printed annually. The series amounts now to two goodly volumes, and constitutes a noble monument of intelligent, energetic, and patient Christian work for the age and for its great metropolis.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Jan.* 25, 1847.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,— . . . This last week I heard of six instances of good done by the Lectures on the Evidences." . . .

About this time he manifested an unwonted tendency to defend his own course as to the character of the lectures which he addressed to the congregation on the Lord's day. It may be frankly confessed that he was thrown into an attitude of defence by adverse judgments which reached him from many quarters. Among others, the late eminently amiable and pious Duchess of Gordon pronounced rigorously against him. Having come to Regent Square one Sabbath, according to her wont when in London, she was shocked to find that the time was occupied with criticism of ancient manuscripts and quotations from the early fathers, instead of the usual proclamation of mercy to sinners through the blood of Christ. Her opinion was conveyed to the minister, whether by letter or through the report of a third party, I do not remember. Without abandoning his own judgment, he was always ready to explain the grounds on which it rested. Accordingly he addressed a letter to the Duchess, containing a full exposition of his views. He showed that he remained of the same mind as formerly regarding the one way of salvation, and that, in the course to which she objected, he was, according to his best judgment, becoming all things to all men that he might gain some. His remark to a friend afterwards was, "The good Duchess never answered me, and the good Duchess never returned to Regent Square."

It was a case in which persons equally sound in the faith, but providentially led by different paths, and looking on the world from different view-points, formed diverse conclusions regarding the expediency of a specific course, and of its fitness to promote the kingdom of Christ. For our own part, we love the Duchess none the less, that, having no need of more argument for the confirmation of her faith, she was unwilling to spend even one Sabbath in listening to the reasonings which might convince the gainsayer; but, on the other hand, we the more regard James Hamilton as an able minister of the New Testament, that, knowing the stability which a consideration of the evidences imparted to his own mind, he sympathized with honest doubts and grieved over flippant unbelief, and so dared, contrary to the usual routine, to meet the wants of a class in London whose souls were precious, and were in special danger of being led astray.

The result was, as might indeed have been predicted from the nature of the case, that he received more of articulate and emphatic approval, and also more of articulate and emphatic condemnation, of this course of lectures, than of any other course in the exercise of his ministry.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *April* 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . This is Good Friday, a nice, quiet day for study. No visitors. The town quiet, like the country. Nothing open except Episcopal churches, bakers' shops and fishmongers'—the latter for the sale of hot-cross buns and salt fish, all three, churches, buns, and fish, being alike means of grace in the eyes of many people

here. I have read a good piece of *Simeon's Life*. At Dr. Hanna's request, I think I shall make it the foundation of a paper for the *North British*. It is very delightful to go back to those fresh days and fervent spirits.—Your ever affectionate brother, JAMES HAMILTON."

The paper on "Simeon and his Predecessors," or rather, as it might with greater accuracy have been designated, "His Predecessors and Simeon," appeared in due time in the *North British Review*. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous of his essays,—a prose poem on a great spiritual struggle and revival.

"LONDON, *April* 26, 1847.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . Our Synod met on Tuesday. Arnot was unanimously chosen Professor of Divinity. I do not know whether he will accept. Wm. C. Burns was present, declared his willingness to go to China, and when asked when he would be ready, answered, 'To-morrow. I have all my things with me, and would rather go at once.' Accordingly he was, after the precedent of Acts xiii., set apart to the work on the morrow, and proceeded to London, where he is now.

"A new edition of Camoens' *Lusiad* (Portuguese), noticed in last *Athenæum*, brought twenty years ago to remembrance. I read it then in a huge quarto translation, and remember nothing but one thing, a voyage. Indeed, a very slight effort of fancy will transform that Russia-leather quarto any day into an old-fashioned galley with every sail spread, heaving slowly along over a surging sea.

However, it is something if one get a single idea from each book one reads, or each town one visits. From Sunderland I carried nothing away but its lofty bridge of iron, with the ships far below it. Were Turner standing on that bridge some evening, and letting his eyes dazzle into luxurious indistinctness, he might make of the long lines of craft, and the forest of masts seen from above, and the rippled water, one of those mysterious and unfathomable pictures which you never can make out entirely, and are compelled to look at notwithstanding. The best of Wordsworth's poetry seems to me analogous to Turner's painting."

The appointment of Mr. William Burns as the Synod's Missionary to China was a great event, and would appear great if we could see it from the other side. As a fellow-student, I am in a position to bear witness that he possessed a strong, manly intellect, and had acquired stores of exact learning. But these and all other things were in his case so completely subordinated to his zeal for Christ's kingdom in the world, that they were not permitted to appear. Not more than two or three, if any, missionaries in modern times have equalled him in elevation above the earth, and absolute devotion to the risen Redeemer's wish and will. The Spirit dwelt in William Burns with a sort of Pentecostal power, carrying him away as by a rushing, mighty wind. Only the day shall declare his work; for, of all missionaries, he was the most reticent. In China, long before the country was opened by treaty, he deliberately abandoned his base on the sea

and plunged alone into the heart of the country, dressing, and eating, and speaking like the natives, that he might win them to Christ. We shall hear of this mission from time to time, as our narrative proceeds. Mr. Hamilton had charge of it, as convener of committee, from its commencement till the period of his own death.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *May* 14, 1847.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—If not to-morrow, at least on Monday, we hope to hear of your safe arrival. We both miss you very much. The house is not the same without you, and people pity two helpless young creatures like us left to ourselves. On Wednesday we went to the Royal Academy Exhibition to console ourselves. There is a capital picture there by Harvey of Edinburgh,—"Quitting the Manse." We recognised a good many likenesses,—Mr. Bruce, Fox Maule, Campbell of Monzie, etc. This morning I breakfasted with Dr. Chalmers. Isaac Taylor, Morell, your metaphysical acquaintance, and Baptist Noel were there. By the days of the week it is twenty years since the Doctor opened Regent Square (Friday, May 11, 1827), so the talk was mostly about E. Irving. Mr. Taylor's view of his character was very just, and many interesting things were said and told.—Ever your affectionate son, JAMES HAMILTON."

TO MR. ARNOT.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Very possibly it may end in my coming to Glasgow after all; but there are some reasons

why I would prefer remaining here, *e.g.*, the expense, my lothness to leave home after repeated and lengthened absenteeism, my having promised an article to the *North British*, which, in that event, I could not write. Nor do I really think it will be needful. Surely when you get to a standing-point high enough, and see the vastness of this opportunity, you will make up your mind so resolutely that no urgency will be able to detain you. Here it is. A vitalized Presbyterianism might, under God, be the present salvation of England. I have no security about the English Establishment. If things go on as at present, in twenty years its rulers will not endure sound doctrine. There will be no place found for Evangelism within its pale. . . . There is a very considerable craving for Free Church preaching, a craving which a little more strength in our Church, and a little less stiffness in our ministers, might convert into a perfect *rage*. But the power of our Church, both to create and meet this demand, resides in the college. I only repeat that it is a vitalized Presbyterianism, sound doctrine in warm English hearts, and from fluent English lips, guided by Scottish sense, and systematically propagated by Presbyterian organization, which promises, in the hand of the quickening Spirit, to retrieve the interests of Evangelical piety in England.

"Now, my dear Arnot, you have open eyes, and a fresh and active mind, and power of adapting to circumstances. If you were here, you would soon see how the land lies, and what the present exigencies of this England are, and you would train and instruct our students accordingly. . . .

"I know that you will not found a new school in theology, but I believe that you will put new life in the old one. And I firmly believe, if you come here in high heart and hope, and with a two years' stock of patience, that you will be blessed by God to render a most signal service to the Christianity of this empire.

"Send me a line, and if your path is not plain I will try to come down; but oh! how thankful I would be to hear that your doubts were ended."

"*May 26th.*

"I wish you could have considered this question in the dispassionate atmosphere of London, or at all events on the neutral territory of the border. You must make a great allowance for the deflection of the pendulum in the neighbourhood of such a Schehallion as St. Peter's. . . .

"Dr. Chalmers has no doubt that a regard for wider interests requires you to come to us. He said so to a friend of mine."

I cannot now form a judgment on the question how far Mr. Hamilton's ardent anticipations of spiritual benefit to England would have been fulfilled if the Free Church and her individual ministers had at that period heartily responded to his call, and fully equipped the college and the principal churches in the south: but any one can judge easily and surely that his advocacy does him the highest honour.

This attempt, like many of those which preceded it, failed not from an unwillingness on the part of the minister

who was called, but because the Presbytery that judged in the case gave all their moral influence against it, and refused to share in any degree the responsibility of the translation.[1]

"LONDON, *July* 16, 1847.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—For some days I have been very anxious to write, as you might be thinking it long, but I have been sadly hindered. The first week of June, as you know, was devoted to Glasgow and Arnot. The third week was occupied by Dr. Candlish and others, who had come up as a deputation for the Free Church Missions. Last week I had to go to Liverpool, on an errand of the Synod, and I have had more than usual work visiting among the people, as well as more fatigue, having resumed two sermons on Sabbath. Amidst all this, I have been struggling to get ready two articles for the *North British*,—one on Simeon and his predecessors, the other on Dr. Chalmers. But I have found it very difficult, for I went on the principle of neglecting no invalid, no committee, no work, which I should otherwise have done, and have been obliged to rise early, and take refuge sometimes in the church. To-day, having sent off the second proof, I feel quite relieved, and give my emancipated pen to you.

"Being disappointed of Arnot, our College Committee has turned its thoughts to your present neighbour, Merle d'Aubigné. Last week I wrote to him, and, unless he puts

[1] The Presbytery of Glasgow refused, on technical grounds, to permit an appeal to the Assembly, although both the English commissioners and the minister whom they had called pleaded for that favour, in order to obtain the deliberate judgment of the Church.

a peremptory veto on it, we will likely send him a deputation of one or two. To me, there is nothing chimerical in the proposal. He knows English. He would have the command of abundant libraries. We would do everything to make him comfortable. He would have the half of every year for study. He would be attended by many who do not mean to become Presbyterian ministers. He would be in a condition to put the stamp and impress on a rising church which he deemed most Christian and evangelical. It is very likely that the Free Church will invite Dr. Duff to succeed Dr. Chalmers. I have also heard some hint of their trying Merle d'Aubigné, but I sincerely think he would bestow himself much better on us than on Scotland. He might mould *us*, but Scotland is so strong that no individual can be much else than what the Free Church is. I enclose a note to Dr. Merle, but by this time you have probably met him. Ross of Brighton gets on admirably. His church is filling. He published a funeral sermon for Dr. Chalmers (one of ten which I have seen advertised), really able and original: along with J. Macaulay, he dined with us on Wednesday, and came out very racy. He knows Carlyle; and I think has a slight infusion. I charged him with it, but he disowns it. He and Welsh of Liverpool are our most powerful men. The River Terrace people have called Mr. Weir of Belfast, and he will be settled in a fortnight. James Stewart was licensed at last Presbytery.

"You are much to be envied at actual Geneva, the 'Mother dear Jerusalem' of John Knox's Scotland, and Beza's home, besides all your lettered friends, Rousseau,

De Staël, Gibbon, Byron, Shelley. For me, Vinet seems the finest thinker, most evangelical, yet fresh, on all the Continent. I should like much that his life were written. Dr. Wilson of Bombay is about to proceed up the Rhine, and pass your way, most likely, on the route to India. Perhaps you may *forgather*. He has published two thick volumes of Eastern travel. He is really one of Bacon's 'full' men, brimming with information and communicative alacrity. Have you been to hear the Ranz des Vaches? or to eat a glacier? (with us, has been a week of torrid weather, ice-suggesting) or drink milk in a mountain châlet? I enjoyed both your Abbey rapture and (though second-hand, *viâ* Stonehouse) your ascent of the Drachenfels."

TO MR. W. HAMILTON.

"RYDE, *August* 27, 1847.

"I see in the present state of matters few symptoms of progress and denominational enlargement. Collectively we are wanting in that ardour and disinterestedness and unity of purpose which are essential to a rising and triumphant cause. . . .

"As for the idea of my giving lectures, even if I were to be stronger this winter than I have ever been, I would not attempt it. I want to preach. Hitherto it has been my fault to dabble in too many things, and the pulpit has not got justice. I wish to do my very utmost there before I die."

"RYDE, I. OF WIGHT, *Aug.* 28, 1847.

"On the 25th of October I resumed my work, preaching till the beginning of summer only the half of each Sabbath.

In pursuance of my plan, and after asking wisdom from above, I gave a short course of eight lectures on the Evidences as the commencement of my new curriculum. I told the reasons for my doing it, and, as some of the lectures might have a more secular sound than was usual in our Sabbath-day discourses, and as they might be superfluous to those who were fully persuaded in their own minds, I entreated beforehand the forbearance of the members of the church, and begged their prayers that God would bless them to the conviction and instruction of those young men and undecided persons for whom they were especially intended. And in order more effectually to obviate prejudice, I put into the lectures as much essential truth as I could, and tried to make the landing-place of each the direct Gospel. But they were not 'the good old thing.' They were fresh, and they required attention. They made the historic truth too vivid, and they disturbed the perfunctory class who love to take things for granted. I could read discontent on the face of the congregation, and though I worked at them as hard as I could, the complaints and murmurings which daily reached me made it up-hill work. Some of the most pious hearers absented themselves from church till this heathenish course should be ended, and I was told that if I persisted I should disperse the congregation. . . . I know that Mr. Hamilton took my part against others who censured, but I believe that both he and Mr. Gillespie (who were too kind to say anything against them) were heartily glad when they were done. Except my mother and a few of the deacons, I do not recollect one voice of

positive approval and encouragement, and had it not been for a firm conviction of duty I could not have gone on. Had the course been printed, I might have called the book *Benoni*.

"I still believe I was right. At a subsequent communion several of the candidates proved to be the fruits of this series. And by-and-bye I heard of some intelligent families who had in consequence taken seats in the church; and for these tokens of approbation I felt unusually thankful. This experiment has taught me a good deal. . . . Even those who have been led into some knowledge of the truth have no patience for the process by which their minister seeks to lead others into it.

"I cannot say that this experiment has abated my love for my people. Robert M'Cheyne told me that when he came back from Palestine, many of the people were disappointed at his return. They would rather have had William Burns. His sin had been to idolize his congregation, and he felt their estrangement a rebuke from God. In a different way, I had idolized Regent Square. They had contributed so largely to the Free Church Building Fund, and done so many things of which I was proud, and I gave them credit for tolerance and enlargement of mind beyond most congregations. I was sure of their love, and was conscious of a yearning affection towards them, and felt that with them I might venture almost anything."

"RYDE, *Aug.* 30, 1847.

"What goodness and mercy have met me since I wrote the first lines of this little book at Bangor a year ago! I

then crept about a pensive invalid, not knowing whether my earthly desire should ever be fulfilled, and whether I should be restored to my work and people again.

"On the 5th of January that desire was fulfilled, and Annie became my own. Already eight months of new and peculiar happiness have passed, and the longer we live the more our minds grow into one another.

"And for more than nine months I have preached about every Sabbath, and some Sabbaths twice.

"Besides which, I have published four tracts—*China*, and *The Vine, Cedar*, and *Palm*, the sermon after Mr. Wilson's funeral (he was in full vigour when I thought myself dying), and two articles in the *North British Review*, to which I may add a sketch of Matthew Henry, written since coming here.

"Heavenly Father, how can I sufficiently magnify Thy mercy to a sinful worm! Thou knowest my foolishness, and though pride and vanity would often overrate my importance to my fellow-mortals, I know that my goodness extendeth not to Thee. Let my own vileness make me humble, and Thy munificence make me thankful. And should I be longer spared, sanctify and kindle me into a living sacrifice."

The tale of work for the press this year does not bulk so largely; but its quality quite sustained his character. The tract on China was the right word, spoken at the right time. It filled a blank and exerted a power. An interest in that vast and mysterious empire had begun to spring up in the country, but information regarding its

condition was very scanty. Hamilton possessed the rare and useful faculty of observing exactly where the want lay and what would supply it; then his stores of miscellaneous knowledge and his ready pen were at hand to deal the appropriate blow at the appropriate moment. His tract was, like all the products of his pen, graphic and lively; it was greedily read, and it did much to popularize and spread whatever authentic information was at that time accessible regarding China as a field for Christian missions. The subjects with which it deals have now become familiar; but at the time of its publication the long closed gates of that distant and dark realm were only about to be opened to the commerce and Christianity of the west.

The Vine, The Cedar, and *The Palm* were a series of religious tracts. They were written with the view of presenting the gospel in a form attractive alike to common people, and to the cultivated classes. As the names imply, each tractate endeavoured to suspend the doctrines of grace upon a parallel from nature—as forest trees are pressed into service to sustain the feeble but fruitful branches of the vine. Several of them have been translated into two or more European languages, including Dutch and Swedish, where through a revived evangelism a demand for such literature arose. These, with some others of kindred character, were afterwards published as a volume, under the general title *Emblems from Eden,* and are included in the uniform edition of his works.

"RYDE, *Sept.* 1, 1847.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . I mean to act more on your advice hereafter. I am quite satisfied with the course

I have hitherto pursued, as a thing past, but hereafter I shall accept whatever remuneration is offered me for anything I may write. I got £30 for my papers in the last *North British*. I read *Foster's Life* at Ems, and marked a great many memorabilia. But I had not the enjoyment of Foster personally that I have had of Arnold and Romilly and some others whose lives I have read with a consciousness of congeniality. There are few more readable compositions than Macaulay's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. I was at a volume this week, but their moral tone is low. I have been much struck by a very original poem, *Festus*, by Bailey, who was my coeval in the logic class at Glasgow.

"VESTRY OF MR. FERGUSON'S CHURCH,
LIVERPOOL, *Oct.* 6, 1847.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—'Let dogs delight,' etc., would be a good hymn with which to open the Lancashire Presbytery meetings. We have been occupied for hours trying to restore peace and harmony in this quarrelsome body. It is a pity, for they are all good men, but ill assorted.—Your ever affectionate husband, JAMES HAMILTON."

Let the playful tone of this remark pass in consideration of the quarter to which it is addressed; but its substance may remain as a lesson to all whom it may concern. In these matters it is certain that James Hamilton did not claim for himself a license which he reproved in others. It is the testimony of survivors that one of the great benefits that the Church derived from his talents and character, consisted in the soothing and healing influence

of his presence in Church Courts. He was watchful and skilful to interpose with something both good-humoured and humorous whenever he perceived that zeal was threatening unawares to grow too warm. His peculiar grave playfulness was an admirable non-conductor, keeping spark asunder from spark, and so preventing a conflagration.

"LONDON, *Oct.* 22, 1847.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . I have got a premature copy of the first volume of Dr. Chalmers (Memoir by Dr. Hanna), and have read enough to feel that all is right and safe, and that the book will add to the Church's wealth and his own renown."

"*October* 26, 1847.—The month of September was devoted to a course of sermons on Philippi, *i.e.*, Lydia and the jailer. A blessing seemed to attend them. Frequently the people listened with solemnity, and several have since opened their minds and expressed their anxiety about their souls.

"I have in contemplation a course of lectures on the application of Christianity to the various ranks and professions of life,—teacher, merchant, labourer, servant, etc., in which I may use up my reading in Christian biography, the department of Christian literature with which I am best acquainted.

"At present I am happy. The ministry is not without tokens of God's approval and presence. The prayer-meeting last night was excellently attended, and I was much affected by Mr. Webster's prayer and Mr. Robertson's. Mr. Nisbet presided. Ten days ago we paid a pleasant

visit to Mr. Thomson at Haysden. Yesterday passed a delightful hour with Mrs. Finnie. The accounts from Scotland good, our own home full of sweet tranquillity."

"LONDON, *Nov.* 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . Following an advice of Dr. Darling, I intimated from the pulpit that I did not wish to see visitors on Fridays and Saturdays, nor on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays till after one. This is now coming into operation, and I find it a great comfort, but even with this caveat I sometimes get into arrears. Last Sabbath morning I rose at five, and Annie rose too and gave me coffee, and lay at my feet on the rug and cried. She has got as great a horror of London work as you used to have, but amidst it all I rather gain than lose. And at present it looks as if some good were done. At night the church is nearly filled, in the morning quite, and several have called on me in deep concern—young men and women. After the Communion I intend a course of evening sermons on Christianity exemplified and applied in the different callings and professions of life: the servant, the labourer, the teacher, the man of business, the man of science, the man of letters, the physician, the philanthropist, the missionary, the private Christian, and the Christian family."

Here we obtain a peep behind the curtain, and what a picture! The minister, slender in body but keen in spirit, sitting at his desk at five o'clock on a Sabbath morning, in a dull wintry day, and putting forth all his powers to find acceptable words for the congregation that will

assemble in Regent Square some six hours hence. His young wife, one in spirit with him, has risen at the same hour to prepare some refreshment; but looking into his face before she retires, she imagines that symptoms appear of a too rapid waste, and a premature decay. She throws herself down on the rug, and in a woman's way seeks relief in a gush of tears. But this is a heroic woman notwithstanding. Permit nature in her to have its efflux in its own fashion, and she will leave the student undisturbed at his work. The sacrifice she thinks is great, but the cause is worthy; she will not drag the minister from his study in order to save her husband's life; she will retire and pray.

The series of lectures to various classes of society suggested in this letter was fully accomplished, and has been included in his collected works.

TO THE REV. ANDREW BONAR.

"London, *November* 2, 1847.

"The congregation is, I trust, in a hopeful state at present, the evening attendance better than it ever was. More persons have come to speak about the state of their souls within the last six weeks than in any *year* that I have been in London. All September we tarried at Philippi with Lydia and the jailer, and the last four sermons have been on 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.' Please to remember that next Sabbath is our Communion. I am drawn to the text John i. 29. How is it at Collace just now, and in the neighbourhood?

"A fortnight ago we baptized a most interesting young Jew, Dantziger, the son of a Hamburgh merchant."

"BEDFORD SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
Dec. 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . This treeless town never looks wintry, and as the sun shone powerfully, and the sky was blue and the ocean calm, and all the Steynes bright with gay dresses, and the drives glittering with carriages and dancing with riders, it had quite a soothing and exhilarating effect on shattered nerves, and at night, for the first time this fortnight, I lay down with no fever. Going into a shop to-day we found a pile of *Life in Earnest* on the counter. The bookseller knew me, and told me that Mr. Pease, a Quaker, had given him an unlimited order to send a copy to every family whose address he knew, hoping that it might have a good effect on the frivolous young ladies with whose numbers and non-occupation this good Friend was grieved, as I myself have sometimes been."

But that fortnight's fever is the legitimate offspring of the overstrain last month to provide convenient food for Regent Square, "quite full in the morning and nearly full at night."

7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Dec.* 14, 1847.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,— . . . On Sabbath evening I preached my sermon to working men. The church was crowded. The Sabbath before that it was to servants, and I have had letters of thanks both from them and their mistresses."

A little snatch of such news as will cheer a mother's heart; our mother shall get the news accordingly. There is much pressure upon the minister of Regent Square at

this time, but not enough to press his mother out of her place.

His sermon on the last Sabbath of the year, from the text, "So teach us to number our days," etc., was printed at the request of the Session, for private circulation, under the title *Days Numbered and Noted.* It is an interesting study in connexion with what we now know of his inner life during that year. It was a time of quickening in his own spirit, and the public ministrations felt the glow of the preacher's faith and love. The address is suggestive and searching. It goes right to the point, and keeps nothing back.

It may not be amiss to introduce a portion of the introductory paragraphs. Besides their spiritual lesson, they will show the affluence of his analogical resources.

"The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance—but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarum sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor —the same watery plain around and the same blue dome above—each so like the other that you might fancy the

charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

"However, it is easy to see how insidious this process is, and how illusive might be the consequence. Imagine that in the ship were some passengers—a few young men, candidates for an important post in a distant empire. They may reasonably calculate on the voyage lasting three months or four; and, provided that before their arrival they have acquired a certain science, or learned a competent amount of a given language, they will instantly be promoted to a lucrative and honourable appointment. The first few days are lost in the bustle of setting all to rights, and in the pangs of the long adieu. But at last one or two settle down in solid earnest, and betake themselves to the study of the all-important subject, and have not been at it long till they alight on the key which makes their after progress easy and delightful. To them the voyage is not irksome, and the end of it is full of expectation. But their comrades pass the time in idleness. They play cards, and smoke, and read romances, and invent all sorts of frolics to while away the tedium of captivity; and if a more sober companion venture to remonstrate, they exclaim, 'Lots of time. Look how little signs of land. True, we have been out of port six weeks; but it does not feel to me as if we had moved a hundred miles. Besides, man, we have first to pass the Cape, and after that we may manage very well.' And thus on it goes, till one morning there is a loud huzza, and every passenger springs on

deck. 'Land a-head!' 'What land?' 'Why, the land to which we all are bound.' 'Impossible; we have not passed the Cape.' 'Yes, indeed; but we did not put in there. Yonder is the coast. We shall drop anchor to-night, and must get on shore to-morrow.' And then you may see how blank and pale the faces of the loiterers are. They feel that all is lost. One takes up the neglected volume, and wonders whether anything may be done in the remaining hours; but it all looks so strange and intricate, that in despair he flings it down. 'To-morrow is the examination-day. To-morrow is the day of trial. It is no use now. I have played the fool, and lost my opportunity.' Whilst their wiser friends lift up their heads with joy, because their promotion draweth nigh. With no trepidation, except so much as every thoughtful spirit feels when a solemn event is near, without foreboding and without levity, they look forth to the nearer towers and brightening minarets of that famed city, which has been the goal of many wishes, and the home of many a dream. And as they calmly get ready for the hour of landing, the only sorrow that they feel is for their heedless companions, who have lost a glorious opportunity to make their calling and election sure.

"And so, my dear friends, we here are a ship-full of voyagers bound for eternity," etc.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *March* 16, 1848.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . When Dr. Hanna was here, a fortnight ago, we had Mr. Lennox of New York at dinner,—quite a state dinner,—Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton, Mr. Gillespie, Monsieur Bost, the Misses Williams, Dr.

Stewart, Jas. Anderson. Yesterday he called. I was not in, but he left with Annie £50 for our Home Mission, £25 for Mr. Bost, and as much for the poor of London. This last will be a great relief to my over-taxed charity purse. I wish I had seen more of him. He is a very superior man. On Tuesday of last week I made a holiday. Went down to Woolwich with Dr. Stewart, Lord Blantyre, and Jas. Anderson. Col. Anderson showed us over the arsenal, with its 24,000 cannons, and 4,000,000 of balls. Then we steamed up to Deptford, where a warm-hearted Scotchman, Dr. Bruce, had prepared beef-brose and pancakes for us, it being Shrove Tuesday. Then we saw the mill which makes cocoa or chocolate for 14,000 men every day, and the place where they bake the daily biscuits of 40,000 seamen. Then after a bachelor dinner with Dr. Stewart, went to the Linnæan Society, of which I had been some weeks a member without taking my seat. The Bishop of Norwich was in the chair, and I was introduced by old Mr. Spence (of Kirby and Spence), if not the father, the uncle of modern entomology. Yesterday and to-day have been a good deal occupied with the Council of the Evangelical Alliance. I like to meet the good men there. We have one of them staying with us, a Mr. Walters, a layman from Newcastle. If spared to August I think I would like to try a new and short memoir of our father. The present one is a sad farrago. If you can glean anything from uncle John as to his early days, or if anything occurs to your own memory, I would like you to jot it down, and when we meet we may compare notes. I am sorry that there should not be an interesting record of

such a life. Next Sabbath evening I shall close my lectures to classes and professions. To myself they have been very interesting, as refreshing old readings in biography. You would hardly think how rapidly they have been written. This fast-writing is to me a new and perhaps dangerous talent. Our London mobs are not more desperate than the one through which you passed so triumphantly at Glasgow. There will be more misery in France. Events seem ominous for Antichrist. This day's news is that the Roman mob is besieging the Vatican, and clamouring for reforms which the Pope dare not concede. In consequence, I suppose, of our proposal to move into a smaller house, the Church Building Committee have increased my stipend to £500. With our exemplary thriftiness, this will do for house-keeping, but for books and journeys, as well as charities, I must still call in the aid of the crow-quill. Delightful place this London, but very dear. Tell Christina so any time that she proposes to flit. But Mr. Walters will be coming back, and I have a great long snake of a proof-sheet coiled on the table, so good-night, and love, brotherly and sisterly love, from, dear William and Christina, your affectionate brother and sister,

"JAMES AND ANNIE HAMILTON."

The "crow-quill" in this letter is not merely a figure of speech. He used that instrument almost exclusively to the last. The stately feather from the goose's wing was early abandoned, and the modern metallic inventions, brass and gold, were not adopted till a very late period of his life, and not frequently used even then. Little boys,

who lived near rookeries in far-off Scotland, were bribed to gather the precious pinions.

TO THE REV. ANDREW BONAR.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *March* 29, 1848.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—A letter sealed with white wax came this morning, but it did not contain the expected cards. When are they coming? I was beginning to be rather afraid of you, so unconscious of your forlorn condition did you seem. And now I feel that Miss Dickson has much merit in dispelling your monkish delusion, and by herself becoming one of our sisterhood, restoring you to our perfect brotherhood. Now it is all right. Robert M'Donald, Horatius, Mylne, and, at last, you and I. They have often reproached us ministers as growing less active and zealous when we got our homes all comfortable; and we must try and do away with this accusation. It should not be true; for, besides being a help-meet, a good wife should be a strong motive. I know very well that yours will be both, and I think you will find some new advantages for your work. We wish you would take your marriage trip to London. Will you not? It would delight us greatly if you would. We often pray for you, and for her who is soon to be your wife. We are glad that we know her, having enjoyed a short sight of her last year. I have just been reading William Dickson's notices of his mother's last days,—a fine specimen of the mellow piety of old Scotland."

"LONDON, *June* 29, 1848.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . My leisure has been all occupied in writing tracts for the times, the first-fruits

of which I enclose. I share a good deal in the popular prejudice against tracts, and therefore have disguised my lucubrations as well as I could, and have got *Punch's* next door neighbour to publish them, as the Berners Street imprint might have awakened suspicion.

"I hope that Christina has got strong again, and that the heir-apparent waxes and is well."

"BRIGHTON, *May* 18, 1848.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Nothing can surpass London in the month of May. Our lilacs, laburnums, and pink hawthorn run riot. The picture exhibitions are open, and the town is full of nice people. But I am writing a few short tracts for working people, and want three days' leisure. Chartism has frightened some dignitaries of the Church."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *July* 21, 1848.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . I have just heard of the death of Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds. Of all the English Dissenters he had the richest scholarship, and the most aspiring and chivalrous mind, with a noble infusion of the old Puritan sap and vigour."

"KILMUN, *Aug.* 21, 1848.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—You must feel that you have got into quite a patriarchal dispensation with all these grandchildren starting up around you. Even as their old uncle, I grow venerable in my own eyes. I am well pleased with the sample here. Little William is very good, and Jane is a funny, sagacious, and selfish lassie, fast spoiling her papa. One sometimes wonders how all these little things

are to *warsle* through the world. Not so badly, perhaps, if their parents are spared; but if these were taken away, there are few aunts like Aunt Elizabeth. However, if they are intrusted to Him, the Father of the fatherless will take charge of them Himself."

TO MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"CARNWATH, *by* CARSTAIRS, *Sept.* 11, 1848.

"I hope to finish this week my tracts for the working people. I hear that they have been a good deal bought by the class for whom they are intended, and I trust that though a very feeble agency, they may be accepted by the Lord, and used for good."

These tracts for the working people demand and deserve some notice.

It was the year 1848. Revolution was in the ascendant abroad; Chartism threatened all established institutions at home. There was distress of nations, with perplexity. The ship of the State laboured like the ship that bore the fugitive Jonah, and every one on board was fain to awake and call upon such god as he knew and trusted. The storm, as we now know, although it did some mischief in knocking over certain rather ricketty thrones, did much good in the way of blowing unhealthy vapours out of our political atmosphere.

There was too much, both of the Christian and the patriot, in James Hamilton, to permit him to sit still and fold his hands at such a crisis. He was not so much alarmed as were some dignitaries of Church and State. He had mingled much with the people, and knew the

good qualities that still remained in the mass. He did not tremble for the existence of the commonwealth; but neither did he think light of the danger which threatened its wellbeing. There was hope of weathering the storm; but there was need of exertion. He will not stand idle; he too will put his hand to the work of preservation. But he saw preservation only through reformation, and to reformation of the dangerous classes he accordingly addressed himself. The weapon which at this crisis he seizes, is the old and well-tried one—a tract.

This time, however, he has a different audience to address, and accordingly he must employ a different method. The problem in hand is not to lead gently forward the educated and well-disposed: it is to arrest the attention and win the favour of the alienated and the dangerous classes of the community. With this view he deserts for a time his publishers in Berners Street, and enters into an alliance with Mr. Bogue, who happens to be next neighbour of *Punch*. The tracts shall be anonymous, and, as far as possible, the writer's style shall be disguised. But alas! the change of publisher and the omission of his name availed no more than the very simple scheme of the ostrich, who hides his head—the smallest part of him—in the sand, in order to conceal his huge body from the hunters. His speech bewrayed him in every line. The tracts were indeed published anonymously, but the writer did not remain unknown.

The series consisted of twelve, which, when collected into a small volume, assumed the general designation, *The Happy Home*. They attracted considerable notice at

the time. To some extent they reached the section for whose benefit they were designed,—the discontented and uneasy classes who heaved and foamed ominously at that period, near the base of society; but even from the first, it must be confessed, that they were read more for their remarkable literary characteristics by people of refined taste, than by the unrefined, for the instruction which they contained. There are many gems of description, and many streaks of sage humour, and many adventurous sallies,—all the work of a really earnest man, honestly aiming at a great object; yet the result has been a speculative interest in his peculiar method as a work of art, rather than an arrestment, on any large scale, of our clever but wayward, and unlettered and unchristianized, artisan population. To make the effort was honourable; and the effort, even as to its direct aim, was not by any means in vain. It is no disgrace to the writer that for their original purpose these tracts are by no means perfect. Indeed it might have been with certainty predicted that his style would not prove an instrument nicely adapted to go right home to the understandings and the tastes of the lapsed masses. There is so much of essential poetry, and of covert, elegant allusion, and of peculiar idiom, that the average artisan must in reading them experience many a breach in the continuity of his comprehension. Some men of less brilliant parts have since that time addressed the same classes in a style better fitted for the purpose. The *Happy Home* will continue to be read with interest, but mainly by those who have already reached and passed the moral and economic reformations which it so warmly urges, and so felicitously recommends.

It may indeed be questioned whether any printed address, however skilfully adapted, will ever make much impression on that particular stratum of society to which this effort pointed. This kind of spirit goeth not out by a preacher that can be sent by post. The living voice and loving look of a brother seem the necessary, the divinely-appointed means, of conveying effectually to these quarters the message of reconciliation with God, and consequently with men. Into this form, accordingly, in recent years, earnest Christians, taught by experience, have mainly thrown their efforts, with such a measure of success as suffices to encourage them to perseverance.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Nov.* 15, 1848.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . I hope you will continue to enjoy health, spirits, and friends. I know the sort of slumbers which you are now enjoying. Indeed, without being an epicure in sleep, I am a connoisseur. (I am not an epicure, for I am glad to get whatever comes.) I know by some experiences that sort of sleep which goes off you clean and light, and leaves you calm and hale—like an ether bath or a cloud-blanket rolling off. But sleep seldom leaves me in this way. I usually leave it, and come out of it like one who has been over head and ears in some viscus (say treacle), and who has clots of drowsiness sticking to him for an hour after he gets up. London, I must confess, is ill supplied with air. I wish there were some Sir Hugh Myddleton and a New Representation Company to supply the town with Hanoverian or Elberfeldian atmosphere, of the standard quality—21

per cent. of oxygen. By-the-bye, Dr. Witling will be glad to hear that a Londoner has taken out a patent for the essence of sunshine. By a new application of galvanism he can produce a light having all the intensity and other qualities of solar light, and by some means can parcel it out so that for three farthings a night you can command a piece of sun big enough to supersede one hundred candles. I have just come in from lecturing to the students for the third time. I had them all at tea last night. They are a good set (nine—the Muses), intelligent, willing, and in earnest. Even to myself the course may be of some use. It will set me in my old age to study English. I wish I had a musical ear. I can trust my judgment in the selection of synonymes, and in the use of figures, etc., but I cannot trust my ear in the structure of sentences. I often suspect that I fall into monotony and jingles, as well as into harsh combinations. I have bought the *Faery Queen*. It would be a good sermon or speech which filled the sense like one of its cantos: as varied, round, and ample.

"Your philosophers will expect some scientific news. Well, I went to the Linnæan Society on Tuesday last week, when it was proved pretty conclusively that the potato-blight is a fungus allied to *Botrychium infestans*, the spores of which enter from within by the sap vessels. And on Monday evening, Adam White emerged from a six months' æstivation, and invited me to the British Museum, to get a private view of the Nimrod marbles. They throw a flood of light on such passages as Nahum ii., etc. The sculptures give with wonderful vividness the

private and military life of old Nineveh. There is something very solemn in the exhuming of God's witnesses 2500 years after the event."

"LONDON, *Dec.* 5, 1848.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . I am going out to the funeral of old Mrs. Bunting. We have lost three of our most venerable hearers within a fortnight; besides herself, the oldest of all, Mrs. Pritchard and Mr. T. Johnstone, the elder. He had just taken a house in Calthorpe Place in order to be near us; and on the Sabbath morning, the day to which he always looked forward with desire, he awoke with a pain which he had often felt, and very soon expired.

"Do you know Gaussen's *Theopneustia?* It is a conclusive book, making an end of the matter, quite a masterpiece of sanctified genius. Such books I am inclined to call 'Prophecies,' in the New Testament acceptation of the term. Their writers are not evangelists, nor teachers, nor pastors, but they are prophets. They give stability to some pillar-truth of revelation, or raise to a stately and commanding elevation some neglected doctrine or duty. Instance Edwards on *The Will*, Butler, Paley's *Horæ*, Foster on *Decision*, Chalmers's *Astronomical and Commercial Discourses*, *The Paradise Lost*, Calvin's *Institutes*, and perhaps Irving's *Orations*. It is the tendency of the churches to 'despise prophesyings,' for they do not furnish light reading or comfortable preaching; but to them Christianity owes all its strength and grandeur (outwardly).

"We have again got a Scotch Lord Mayor, Sir J. Duke. Last Sabbath he and the Lady Mayoress came to Regent

Square, and their grand coach made quite a sensation among the young folks. There is a novel just completed by Thackeray—*Vanity Fair*, which is said to be the most remarkable fiction printed for many years. Last week I got it from the library, and abhor it. It is 'a novel without a hero,' and its object is to make humanity contemptible. It is written without any moral, any curative design; and is, devil-like, a derision of all that is good or bad in man. I am sorry at its extreme popularity. The hero-worship which forgets man's depravity, seems to be not nearly so disastrous in its tendency as this sardonic fooling—this blasphemy against a nature originally made in God's image."

FROM MR. ARNOT.

"GLASGOW, 23*d January* 1849.

"MY DEAR BROTHER HAMILTON,— . . . To show you that I have no ill-will, I have turned out a broad-sheet in the good old fashion under the heavy postage. The only objection I have to the cheap postage is its demoralizing effects on the size and the sense of letters. I venture to affirm that the next generation of biographies will not be so rich in really good and substantial letters as the last. These loathsome little sheeticules,—two pages going to an ordinary sentence,—how can they have anything in them fit for posterity? . . .

"As it will gratify the honest pride of an author, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of informing you that *Happy Home* is an especial favourite of my eldest daughter. She calls for it as frequently as for any of her literary and pictorial store. She is well acquainted with Caspar

Rauchbilder.[1] She knows that is his wet coat hanging on a chair before the fire. She can point out the column of smoke ascending over his head, and tell the uninitiated what it is, and she enjoys a hearty laugh every time it is opened, at the sight of the dog running off with the pudding. As to my own opinion, an author, when he reaches so many thousands, may well appeal to *public* opinion, and let *private* opinion take its course; yet I could not write without congratulating you on the peculiar honour of *making the attempt.* To that point I chiefly look. To succeed is evidence of *talent*, but to *try*, there is *virtue.* I suppose that you will have been made aware that, amid a very general admiration, some wicked people (M'Phails, etc.) revile, and some timid people start and rub their eyes, and look again, and ask what do you think of that? To the wicked people, I think, for I have no opportunity of saying, 'You lazy scoundrel, you stand there high and dry with your hands in your breeches' pockets, and look down on that other man, who has stripped and plunged into the quarry-hole, and is manfully plucking drowning bairns from beneath the broken ice,—you find fault with the method of his operation. He don't dive elegantly, etc. You insufferable fellow, go, jump into the quarry-hole and do it better, and *when you come out* criticise your neighbour.' To the timid people I say, 'Don't be afraid,—here is a new walk, here is a man doing battle with the enemy in a field which they have long had to themselves. Goliath has been defying the armies of

[1] Each tract was originally published separately, and each was adorned with an appropriate picture.

the living God, and if a stripling accept his challenge and go right out to meet him, we must let the youth take his own weapons and his own way of using them. Our regular weapons and our prescribed sword exercise have not repressed the incursions of these uncircumcised Philistines; why should we bind them on the back of this champion? Let him alone. What although he choose a tiny-looking weapon; what although he give it queer outlandish twirls round his head; that is his own way of giving impetus to the missile. Let him alone. If he strike Goliath in the forehead, that is the main point.' Well, I must say good-night. All our family well. Hitherto we have been preserved. W. A."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 2, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . At dinner I sat next Lord Ashley, the only time I ever met him in private. His hobby is the same as Mr. Guthrie's, and all night he talked of nothing but ragged schools. In one thing I believe he is right. The London thieves are perhaps the sharpest and most susceptible race in London; but I can't find, either from him or from the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, who is a member of Regent Square, that many tangible cases have yet occurred where they have been reclaimed. What I am far more anxious to see is a movement, wise and systematic, to Christianize our working men. In such a movement I think Mr. Noel is ready to take a zealous part; but it will be some time before his ecclesiastical relations are fixed, and till then he will not preach, nor appear in public."

TO MR. ARNOT.

"*February* 15, 1849.

"I am not at all discouraged by the reception of Bogue's series (*The Happy Home*). I daresay they are very open to criticism when read in parlours, but I wrote them for working people, and perhaps they are the only tracts which working people buy. The other day I had an anonymous letter from an operative in Birmingham, saying that he had hung up my picture near his bed that he might see it every morning when he awoke (poor fellow! I suspect he will not be allowed much time to look at it); and I often hear of poor people (for instance, a man selling hot potatoes in the streets) going and buying them. Now, I think it possible to write better and more interesting tracts, and I wish some of you would go and do it, for it is cheaper philanthropy to get the people to buy their own tracts, than to need to coax them to accept them. Popularity in this quarter is the only sort of distinction about which I feel no sheepishness.

"Remember me kindly to the presiding genius of your own happy home, and give Caspar Rauchbilder's love to Miss Arnot. J. H."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *Feb.* 21, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . I was glad to hear such an account of your Communion. Our own was a profitable season too. Some of the new communicants were interesting cases. Four of them were the sons of Mr. D. Napier, the engineer; all fine young men. That Sabbath was the first in which their father officiated as an elder, and two

of them were to sail the same week for Otago. Another was the daughter of Mr. ——. She was naturally a proud and strong-willed creature, and most resolute against all religion. But last November she was deeply awakened by a sermon on Judas Iscariot. Another was ——, the boot-maker, a man at middle life, and in a very respectable business, who seems at last to have received the truth in the love of it. And most of the young communicants (twenty in all) seem to have received their religious impressions quite recently. J. H."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 26, 1849.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,— . . . Yesterday morning I was preaching on 'Cast thy bread on the waters,' and just before I went into the pulpit who should come into the vestry but Andrew Melville? He is still forester to the Earl of Malmesbury, doing well in the world, and as good as ever: and this morning a nice-looking young woman came in and told me that she had been in church yesterday, and that it was by the sermons in Roxburgh Church, eight years ago, when she was one of Miss Spence's scholars, that she had been brought under the truth as it is in Jesus. Her name is C—, and she, along with her mother, keeps house for her brother at Gravesend, who has a good place in the Customs. She has an aunt in town, and frequently comes up to attend Regent Square on the Sabbaths. I was much interested with many things she said, and much struck with the providential commentary on the morning's text. On Friday, a minister at Islington told me that, when pastor of an Independent church near Cambridge,

at one communion he admitted two members, one of whom had been converted by reading the *Mount of Olives*, and the other by *Life in Earnest*. It is very cheering to hear such news now and then.

"Yesterday we had with us, for the last time, Arnot's brother-in-law, John Fleming, a fine youth, who has improved much even in London, and who, I hope, will turn out well."

"LONDON, *March* 27, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Our *Presbyterian Messenger* is not paying, and is not thriving, and I have been called in as sick-nurse. I hope to cure it by light diet and gentle exercise. But it is a great trouble; meanwhile, I have had to write nearly the whole number myself."

So, whenever a wheel of the Presbyterian waggon stuck in the mud, it was to his shoulder that people looked for the needful push,—a shoulder strong morally, but, alas! physically unfit to bear the burden. Wisely judging that a magazine which should contain denominational as well as general intelligence, was a prime necessity for the Church, he cheerfully undertook the work, and successfully accomplished it. Henceforth he led it with his own hand, until it was able to walk alone; and even then continued to keep a fatherly eye on its movements. By a few sentences from the address which he inserted on the occasion of assuming editorial charge, we may contribute a specimen of that amazing skill with which he contrived to brighten, by a ray of his own hopefulness, a prospect that otherwise would have appeared forlorn :—

"Many readers have hitherto deemed the *Messenger* too massive in its structure, and too denominational in its tone. On the correctness of this impression it is not for the present editors to pronounce; but such readers will not be displeased to learn that the magazine is hereafter to be conducted on principles more accordant with their tastes. The larger portion of its pages will be devoted to biographical sketches, missionary intelligence, short practical essays, and those scriptural or historical miscellanies which may entertain our younger friends, whilst they convey instruction to all. We shall be more anxious than ever to detail the progress of our China and Corfu Missions, the proceedings of our several presbyteries and congregations, the increase of our schools, the on-goings of our college. And whilst we shall gladly insert whatever may tend to elucidate or endear to its adherents our ecclesiastical polity, we shall be open to all sound and judicious suggestions toward the improvement of its working. But our plan will necessarily exclude many articles which might be prized in other periodicals. We have not space for critical or homiletic disquisitions, and we are not in the humour for controversial reviews. Our little barque makes no magnificent pretensions. She is too lightly built for heavy goods, nor will she carry the thunderbolts of war. But like her namesake among the South Sea Islands, it is all her hope to be a "Messenger of Peace," a little coaster carrying tidings and a few plain commodities, in her monthly voyage, amongst our insulated congregations; and if cheered by a little kind encouragement, no pains will be spared to provide an acceptable cargo.

"Some well-wishers may be startled at the prospect of a monthly sixpence instead of the present moderate sum. And we ourselves confess that to a doubled price we would greatly prefer a doubled circulation. If, therefore, by the exertions of our friends, we receive during the next two months the assurance of 2500 new subscribers, the price and size will remain as at present. But if our readers practically decide against both alternatives,—that is, if they will give us neither the additional pence nor the additional subscribers, the pleasant month of June will put a period to the *Presbyterian Messenger*. And after paying their debts, should a few sovereigns of their private resources still remain to them, the gratuitous editors and the grievously mulcted 'promoters' will seek to recover their spirits at Brighton or Southampton, or some other watering place, where they may find the skies still azure and the brethren true blue."

"LONDON, *March* 27, 1849.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,— . . . I feel sorry for you all in your bleak and upland dwellings—William often so ill at Stonehouse, and Jane so invalid at Carnwath. But even London is not proof against influenzas. I have had one since Tuesday last, and though I tried to preach on Sabbath morning, I felt my throat so tender that I begged Mr. Noel, who was in church, to go on with the service. This he kindly did, and preached a beautiful sermon from Genesis xxii. 16-18: so that his first appearance since he left Bedford Row has been in Regent Square. A good many of his old hearers were present, and much affected to see him ascend into the pulpit. . . .

"I have read with much interest lately three memoirs, the life of Mrs. Sherman of Surrey Chapel, and John M'Donald of Calcutta, and Tom Campbell the poet. I have seen all three, and Mrs. Sherman I knew. She was a beautiful combination of nature and grace, her piety was so natural, her nature so gracious.

"I hope that James the Less is behaving magnanimously during his mamma's illness; and I trust, through the goodness of God, health and quiet may soon revisit your abode."

He refers here to his only remaining sister, the wife of Mr. Walker, minister of the Free Church at Carnwath. The hope he fondly entertained was not fulfilled—the sickness was unto death. The letters which follow exhibit a very great grief, balanced by a still greater consolation:—

"LONDON, *April* 16, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—My impulse would be to speed back to Carnwath, but there are some matters to which no one can attend except myself, at least for the next two days,—especially the writing of the *Foreign Mission Report* and preparing for the press next *Messenger*. It seems strange to myself that I feel quite equal to the doing of such things, especially when I remember how dull I was on Saturday week. But one great reason is that to me it scarcely seems as if Jane were gone. I feel that she is living and happy, and with Christ. When I see poor Annie sitting and crying, I think that she would weep less if she had been with me at Carnwath last week, and if she had been led (as I have been) to think not so much of our own loss as of her gain."

"*Tuesday, Evening.*

"DEAREST WILLIAM,—This day my mind has been much divided, but whilst feeling drags me to Carnwath, duty seems to detain me here. Many things would fall into confusion were I leaving even on Thursday night; and I am not without fear of catching cold, owing to the season, especially if I travelled overnight, as I would need to do. Oh, how fain would I pay the last tribute of a brother's love to that dear dust, and how I would like to shed a tear with them that weep; but nobody can do the things that I have got to do here, and must do this week.

"In regard to the Sabbath, I think Dr. Hanna, or some one who knew and loved her, can improve the occasion best, better than either of us.

"I feel it hard to stay away, and nearly impossible to go.

"May the Comforter come to dear mamma and James.—Your ever affectionate brother, J. HAMILTON."

"*Monday, April* 16, 1849.

"MY BELOVED UNCLE,—Our dear Jane has entered into rest. I left her on Saturday morning very very weak, half hoping she might recover, and happy to think that if she did not get better she was going home to God. And thither she departed gently and peacefully yesterday morning at twenty minutes past six. When asked to her marriage, you said that on such occasions you saw not only gay carriages but a hearse at the door. I saw her that day, then when I went to baptize her little boy, and then last week when on her dying bed.

"Owing to the meeting of Synod, I do not think that I can return to Carnwath; but William is there, and my dear mother is most mercifully supported."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *April* 20, 1849.

". . . I am glad to hear, dear mamma, that you have been so supported under this most afflicting dispensation. My own feeling on behalf of our sainted sister is thankfulness, more than anything else; and it is only when I think of those left behind that sadder thoughts come over me. No one ever passed through twenty-seven years of earthly life so inoffensive, so innocent, so self-denied, up to the limits of her strength so useful, nor one who, in her own quiet, truthful, and kindly walk more adorned the doctrine. Calm, sweet, and holy will be her memory, like the remembrance of a summer Sabbath at Strathblane.

"What is your plan about little James? Poor little fellow, I wish we had him here, if James would let him come. Would it not be your best plan to come up to us as soon as you can and bring him with you? Stonehouse is too cold, both for him and you, and we have plenty of room. I hope it may come to this."

"52 HAMILTON TERRACE, *May* 25, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . A delicious summer has now arrived, and nothing can surpass the beauty of the outlook from the window where I sit. Every season, I am more struck with the beauty of our London environs. There can nowhere be a finer blending of the picturesque and

the sumptuous. But looking out on this lovely spring, I think often of one who can no longer smell the lilac and wallflower, nor walk over this soft new grass. Where is that ransomed spirit's home? and is she cognisant of physical beauty in any way? Or is it for the present mere intercourse of soul with soul—meditation, communion, worship?"

Jane was the only one of his sisters with whom the present writer was personally acquainted. As it lies within his power, it seems to be his duty to bear testimony that the terms in which her brother describes her character, are in no degree exaggerated by fraternal fondness. She was bright and sportive like a lamb, and like a lamb too in a certain simplicity and pureness which won all hearts. While mother and brothers mourned their loss with a very great sorrow, her husband was well-nigh stricken down by the blow. For a long period his spirit was crushed and his health enfeebled. Such is life on earth, even for the disciples of Christ; the more precious the treasure bestowed, the more dreadful is the rending when it is taken away. The space here is too narrow for the full development of our Father's plans; He needs a larger room whereon to exhibit in the ultimate issue the love and wisdom of His comprehensive purpose. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

CHAPTER VIII.

1849-1851.

FROM year to year the congregational and pastoral work goes on with the utmost regularity. The stream is seldom ruffled by any great or extraordinary event. The annual reports succeed each other, containing full and clear accounts of schools and missions in London; of efforts to extend the limits of the Church in England; of foreign missions in Corfu and in China. Regent Square is like a hive of bees in summer; and the mighty metropolis is the better for this and other similar congregations in its midst, whether the mighty metropolis knows and acknowledges its obligations or not. The minister, loving and loved, is felt everywhere a rallying point and centre of attraction. The beneficent machinery goes smoothly round, Christian charity lubricating every wheel; and precisely because all is going on well there is not much for the historian to tell. Where there are no battles, the history of a country is brief and dull; but great is the happiness and the progress of the people. It is the same with the work and sphere of a Christian minister, when he is faithful and his flock affectionate. His letters will

quietly illustrate his character, but there are few events large enough to constitute way-marks in his history.

"LONDON, *June* 8, 1849.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—Your last with its enclosure to William arrived safely a week ago. I should have sent you a good long letter sooner, but I am sadly occupied. As I keep no journal, I may give you a sketch of the last week. On Friday I worked all day at the *Life of Lady Colquhoun*, and on Saturday till midnight studied for Sabbath. On Sabbath rose at four, and being out at Hamilton Terrace, it was beautiful to behold that Sabbath prime. It was bright in the east, and in the west so darkly grey that you could easily imagine the skirts of night's sable stole as allegorical painters delineate. And then so warm and genial—the 'may,' the laburnum, the breath of June—and so musical, the skylark in the air, and the turtles in their cage. Besides which I had a happy feeling about the day and its blessed work. Though far too nervous and unequal to have any certainty about preaching well, I have great enjoyment in studying, from confidence in the truth, and a hope (often illusive) that I may retain the same benevolence and joyousness in preaching, and so effect some good. After the morning sermon three artists came into the vestry all in a row, and unknown to one another. Hope Stewart and Miss Laird, who took dear James's likeness, and Norman M'Beth, all inquiring after you. On Monday received visitors till twelve. One of these was a Professor Stewart, from New Albany, Ohio. He brought a handsome edition of *Happy*

Home, published by Carter, New York, and a diploma constituting me a life-director of the American Board of Foreign Missions—a distinction obtained by purchase, and a good way of applying part of the profits of these publications. Then visited till half-past four. One of these visits was an affecting one. On Sabbath evening I was asked to go and see a young Scotchman at Walworth, dying of decline. I made a memorandum to go there the first place on Monday, but I was only in time to see his tall figure stretched on a table in the repose of recent death, and his old mother, from Peterhead, sitting beside the corpse. Poor fellow! I fear there was no hope in his death, the only thing like it was that he had expressed a wish to see me. I observed on a table what appeared to be a novel from a circulating library, and with which I fancied he had been beguiling his dying hours. I prayed with his mother and brother and came sorrowfully away. After dining with Mr. W. Hamilton, attending the Session prayer-meeting and two committees, got home at ten. Tuesday wrote fourteen letters, corrected the proofs of a new edition of *Mount of Olives* in order to be stereotyped."

"52 HAMILTON TERRACE, *June* 12, 1849.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,— . . . Our old cook, Anne, is feeling the infirmities of age, and has resigned. We have got one from Yarde, the chemist in Lamb's Conduit Street, who is well recommended. For the last month we have been very much here. Dr. Darling recommends it as good for Annie, baby, and all to be here as much as they can. And so another friend and neighbour has passed

away. It is thirty years since Miss Craig came to Strathblane in all her buxom vigour, and very bowed and feeble they say she was these latter years. I missed seeing her when in Edinburgh last September. That little spot in the West Churchyard has now received beneath its sod forms with whom my early memories of the old manse intermingle. Yesterday, the day the notification came, was the Monday of Strathblane sacrament twenty-two years ago. Mrs. —— and Miss Craig would be the stateliest guests at the manse dinner; old Susan would be assiduous at the table; and Mary, seven years old, with her white frock and soft fair hair, had helped Elizabeth to gather flowers for the épergne—lilac and bachelors' buttons and red pinks and cowslips from the bank. Dear Jane, her cheeks even then were rosy, and I think her hair was black, though her dark eyes had not softened into that gentle and magnanimous expression of friendliness which they afterwards acquired. Andrew was in Lizzy Ramsay's arms. Poor Captain Craig's funeral was on the Saturday of a summer sacrament—a cold and windy Saturday. But before it took place his young sweetheart (Elizabeth Hamilton) had escaped from the windy storm into the bosom of her God; and the great break up had begun which has been going on for eighteen years. That old manse beside the burn was like a nest; and, taking in Aunt Elizabeth, there were nine of us who nestled there; and I seldom see a hawthorn tree, or scent the caller smell of clothes bleaching on the grass, or the odorous breath of a milch cow, but I think of these warm, peaceful evenings. Of the nine, four are left, but no two together. How much

need to think of heaven!—I remain, your ever affectionate son, JAMES HAMILTON."

"LONDON, *July* 21, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . The wealth which I most value is the affection of relations and friends; but I feel that I am doing nothing to deserve it, and by negligence doing much to forfeit it. On Wednesday, at Hamilton Terrace, just before the bell rang for dinner, I finished writing the Memoir of good Lady Colquhoun, and after two days more I have just completed the *Messenger* for this month. And then I said to myself, 'I shall now rest a while; I shall take in hand no more book-making. I shall take leisure, and delight myself in the society of dear friends.' And Annie enters enthusiastically into the idea. (She has even some sinister wishes that the *Messenger* may 'go down.') And carrying out our scheme we are going to Tulse Hill and Camberwell on Monday, and are to have some friends at tea on Tuesday; and by a little extra activity we hope to pick up a good many of those old acquaintances who may still remember us after the relegation of the last fifteen months. It is just so long since I conceived the notion of 'Happy Home,' and began to lead this life of cold-hearted industry.

"To-morrow, Mr. Noel is to preach in the morning, and in the evening I exchange with Dr. Leifchild; so this afternoon I have a singular sensation of disengagedness. This week I have read a wonderful book—Lieut. Lynch of the United States has sailed, or rather floated, down the Jordan, and all round the Dead Sea; the only man who ever

did so. His exploration is a wonderful confirmation of the Bible narrative of the destruction of the cities of the Plain. Over and above, it is a most interesting volume of travels."

In a letter of the same date to his brother-in-law, Mr. Walker, he states his opinion that the preparation of the memoir occupied more time than all that he had hitherto printed put together. This intimation takes one by surprise; but he knew what he said, and could, if necessary, have given his reasons. The books and tracts, for the most part, were in the line of his ministry, or lines that lay near. The materials were all at hand, the accumulations of a laborious life. But the memoir of a life with which he was not, to a great extent, personally familiar, must have been compiled altogether from documents that he had not previously seen. Besides, the labour of reading a great mass of documents, written by various pens, and with varying degrees of legibility, and the strain laid upon the judging faculty by the necessity of forming a multitude of decisions, or rather one continuous act of deciding what should be retained and what omitted, render the task of a biographer exceptionally laborious.

But the work was a credit to him, and a benefit to the public. It is alive, and will speak for itself. The honour that accrued to him from the manner in which he executed this task, became ultimately a burden; applications for similar service were, in some cases, pressed with inconvenient urgency.

TO MR. ——

"BROADSTAIRS, *Aug.* 24, 1849.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Few persons can love Mr. Noel more than I do, and few can be so sorry at the last step which he has taken. But he took it in the exercise of the same conscientiousness which made him espouse the cause of the Free Church, and which led him to leave the Establishment; and though I would vehemently dissent from his judgment in this case, I cannot withdraw from him my affection. Even we ourselves do not know what we might have done had we belonged to a church which teaches baptismal regeneration. Our friends must make allowance, and, like Mr. N. himself, who joined in the prayers for the infants baptized in our church last month, we must exercise Christian magnanimity. . . ."

"BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *Aug.* 27, 1849.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—Your letter with your Iceland experiences arrived safely last Monday, and is now at Carnwath. You are seeing places and people whose acquaintance it is the lot of few to make, and which, I hope, you will find of good account in your calling hereafter. The globe is a little islet after all, but it contains materials of interest in its past and present more than all its naturalists and poets will ever use up. . . .

"The only drawback on the rustication is that thing which I can no more get rid of than 'a man can jump out of his own shadow.' I have already written sixty-four letters since I came here, and edited the *Messenger*, having to write twenty columns of it myself. However, it is

better than London; and in the pure, health-giving sea-air I have read some books. Hare's *Life of Sterling* is a book which gentlemen scholars like you should read, to see the spiritual dangers of literary habits when not corrected by the tonic of some active and beneficent pursuit. Sterling became a Straussian, and a great outcry has been raised against Hare for publishing a candid and friendly memoir; but every lover of truth should be glad to get the true history of a mind so sincere, and so finely accomplished, even though the ending is sad. With Chalmers's *Theological Institutes* I am delighted out of measure. Orthodox, honest, conversational, eloquent, divinely human, it is the shock of corn fully ripe—the mighty Chalmers in his golden maturity. It is the converse of his sermons. *These* it was better to hear than to read; his lectures are noblest in print. With Longfellow's *Hyperion* you would be greatly charmed; as well as with Lamartine's memoirs of his youth. I have also read a volume of Sir J. Stephen's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*: brilliant sketches of Baxter, Wilberforce, and other leading men of many persuasions. And when I go out, either alone or with Annie, I have usually in my pocket a volume of my unwearying companion, the *Faery Queen*. . . .

"As you will have seen, Mr. Noel has been re-baptized. He will resume his ministry in the chapel, Gray's Inn Road, which has hitherto been Mr. Mortimer's. Yesterday he was to preach in Regent Square, as he also will next Sabbath. This step cannot cool my affection for him, though I very much lament it. Perhaps, owing to the diversity of our minds, there is a peculiar drawing

together betwixt him and me. Most of the sermons which he has preached this summer have been in Regent Square, to the very great benefit of our people. Three weeks ago I opened a beautiful new Presbyterian Church at Shields, built by Mr. Stevenson; and in other three weeks I expect to preach at the opening of another at Birmingham. We have now a dozen handsome churches in England, which are one element of denominational strength.

FROM MR. S. LAURENCE.

"KEVER'S HOTEL, BOND STREET,
Sept. 8, 1849.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Some weeks since, when on the Continent, I received the enclosed note with a letter from my brother, Mr. Amos Laurence, of Boston, with a request that I would call on you in London and thank you in the warmest manner for the many good things you have written, especially for that entitled *Life in Earnest*, which is being circulated most extensively through the States, with an influence truly favourable on vast numbers. My brother enclosed a letter he had received from Mr. Briggs, the present Governor of Massachusetts, in which he says this work of yours is next the Book of books, and of all things he would like to take you by the hand. I called at your house to-day, and found that you were out of town, and as I shall embark for my home, at Boston, next Saturday, it will not be in my power to gratify your admirers by a personal interview. Let me say that, should you visit the United States, you will find thousands

of warm hearts to receive you, but none with more cordiality than those I have alluded to. Among the principal sources of enjoyment on the passage home, is the pleasure of reading your works, and I beg to present you my thanks in anticipation, and am, your obedient servant,

"SAML. LAURENCE."

It is understood that his works have enjoyed even a larger circulation in America than in this country. He possessed the higher reward of knowing that he was honoured as an instrument of good; but it would not have been amiss, all circumstances considered, if our brothers beyond the Atlantic had "felt in their pockets" for the author of works which they so much admired. Not altogether, but almost, it can be said, that he derived no profit from the sale of his works in America. The exception amounted only to a few pounds. This of course throws no reflection on those private persons who bought the books in the market: it belongs to the system which refuses international copyright.

"LONDON, *Oct.* 5, 1849.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Many thanks to your dear and good friend, Mr. Rowan, for so kind an invitation. It would indeed be very delightful to spend these days together; but the College, the *Messenger*, the congregation, next Tuesday's Presbytery, the China Mission, and the stopping of this Sunday post, are a sixfold cable which tethers me to town next week.

"During this winter it will be absolutely needful that

you husband your strength, and especially that you eschew all week-night meetings. Four years ago, I gave up our Thursday meeting in Regent Square. I did not lose a single hearer in consequence, and, by being able to preach better on Sabbath, our Sabbath congregation improved. The Sabbath service is the sheet-anchor of our ministry. And then for health. My experience is, that if I do not go out in the rain, and sit in no draught in the house, I do not catch cold; and I never contract any mischief from the utmost amount of study. I hope you will now make a conscience of your health, and spare no comfort which is to make you strong and fit for future service. Our constitutions are not very tough, but neither are they distempered; and they will last a good while if we do not allow people to tear them to pieces."

A pastoral address during the prevalence of cholera, in October 1849, presents his character in an interesting aspect. We venture to think that few evangelical ministers would have given to temporal affairs so prominent a position and so large a place in such a composition. One whose hope was less lively, and whose spiritual life was less mature, supposing him to be really a true disciple of the Lord, would have felt it necessary in such circumstances to deal almost exclusively with the new life of the soul. Foremost in place, and largest in bulk, would have been the "call to the unconverted,"—the urgent appeal to press into the Kingdom, lest the door should suddenly be shut. A pastoral so framed would have been a good and an appropriate charge; it would have been a

word in season to any congregation. But the pastoral which James Hamilton wrote under the shadow of the pestilence was, we do not say a more useful address, but the fruit and evidence of a higher spiritual attainment. He speaks as one who is ready to depart and to be with Christ; it is such an one who, from such a view-point, can calmly enforce, in principle and detail, the duty of setting one's house in order. We subjoin those portions that bear on this point, and are in some degree peculiar and characteristic :—

"In His infinite wisdom the sovereign Ruler has left the term of human existence vague and indeterminate; but, in the same wisdom, from time to time He sends messages to warn us that though life be indefinite, it is not perpetual; though long, it is not everlasting. Of these methods, one most effectual is a temporary increase in the rate of mortality. By sending into a district a pestilential disease or other devastating malady, the Most High shortens the lives of its inhabitants. To each inhabitant He brings death nearer than it was. He virtually says, 'Twice as many, thrice as many, are dying now as used to die, therefore from this assembly twice or thrice as many will be removed in these transpiring months as would have been taken had all things continued as they were; and whatever was the previous likelihood that any given individual should die, that likelihood is for the present twice or three times greater than it was.' This is solemn language, but it is true. It is the language of God's providence; and it is spoken not in order to put people into panic, but to lead them to repentance—not to

frighten or distress us, but to force us into closer contact with our truest interest—to compel us to grapple more resolutely with the great object of earthly existence. And as he would be our best friend, not who could insure to us a long life, but who could make us continually ready for the close of a short one, and as I deem it likely that I now address some who, ere the short remainder of this year is ended, will be the inhabitants of eternity, without exaggeration and without evasion, and using great plainness of speech, I would seek to offer some suggestions suited to the present emergency:—

"I. And amongst these preparations which may enable you to look upon your departure with serenity and cheerfulness, the first I shall mention is the ordering of your worldly affairs. If these be obscure or tangled, they will be a great hindrance to the more important and vital preparations.

"In the complications of modern trading it is difficult to speak of such matters with absolute precision, but it seems very obvious that no one leaves the world gracefully, not to say righteously, who leaves it in debt. Doubtless there are sad coincidences, and disease and death may arrive simultaneously with commercial disaster. But setting out of sight such anomalies, there cannot be a moment's doubt on the question; and his life is the honourable one whose well-directed industry and forethoughtful self-denial have enabled him to add to the world's resources, who has converted crude materials into objects of solid use and substantial comfort, and who, if his five pounds have not gained by trading other five

pounds, at least leaves to his children the same advantages for well-being and well-doing which his father bequeathed to him. Just as, on the contrary, every affectionate mind must revolt from the idea that his family are to be involved in financial distress on the very day that their natural guardian is taken from their head. It is surely enough that they must feel in all their poignancy the woes of orphanage and widowhood, without being subjected to the ignominy and vexation of a bankruptcy for which they are nowise to blame. And as you would preserve inviolate the sacredness of sorrow, and as you would rescue the house of mourning from the degrading diplomacy, the rude intrusions, and coarse insults incident to embarrassed or ruined circumstances, surely no effort should be spared, no present self-denial grudged, in order to secure a provision for survivors, and so to render your affairs simple, explicit, and self-adjusting.

"There are some subordinate preparations for the final event which I would gladly have specified; but alas! 'the dignity of the pulpit' sets limits to the friendliness of the pastor, and perhaps for one discourse I have sufficiently exceeded the usual range of allowed conventionalities, otherwise I should have liked to add, 'Set your house in order by securing wise, kind, and pious friends for survivors.' In its human provisions there never was a shorter will than that which the Son of Mary uttered on the cross, 'Woman, behold thy Son; man, behold thy mother;' but the three years of close and confiding companionship with which that 'man' had been favoured by his Master, bespoke his fondest services, and prepared him

to fulfil with sacred and tremulous solicitude, his affecting and ennobling trust. And in like manner you may have little to leave, almost as little as He who had not the poorest cottage, or the smallest endowment to bestow on a beloved parent's waning years, and whose very apparel was a perquisite forfeited to the soldiers who slew Him. But happily, and in the kindness of God, it is possible for the poorest, by worth and obligingness, to secure friends who may advance his best interests and be of unspeakable service to his family when he himself is gone. And, amongst those whom I now address, there is probably not one who might not secure for himself the affection of men whose wisdom and goodness would be a constant blessing to himself, and a precious heritage to his children. True, this modern world is in a hurry, and hurry begets a certain heartlessness; but if we ourselves take leisure to be very good, and very useful, and very amiable, even in this rapid age some one or other will find leisure to love us. And as it is through the friendship of our fellows that the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother sends many of His own sweetest mercies, it is worth while to seek out and to cultivate the society of those Christians who are devout enough to quicken our own languor, and faithful enough to indicate and remedy our own defects, and whose pious counsels and prayerful watchfulness will not lose sight of our earthly representatives, when ourselves have disappeared.

"And I should have liked to add, 'Set your house in order, by attending instantly to those matters, whether temporal or spiritual, which you mean to do some day.'

Every now and then, inside of some wainscot, or under the basement of a ruined tower, people are finding a pot of rusty coins or a tarnished lump of some precious metal. It was the hoard of some frugal worthy who intended to impart to his heir the secret before he died; but he perished on the battle-field, or was smitten down by some sudden stroke, and his secret perished with him,—his secret perished, and his heir was poor. And so, at this moment, hoarded up in the bosoms of living men, are many treasures; not bullion, not jewel-caskets, not minted money,—but good ideas, good intentions, things which, if imparted or performed, would enrich by making wiser and better a family, or that eventual heir of all right deeds and holy thoughts—mankind. But alas! if they be only in your own bosom when you die, that is a ruin which will not divulge its treasure. The information, the fact, the project, the thought, has perished; and so far as you are concerned, must remain a secret till the resurrection. Then, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' . . . And if our house be thus in order, we shall not need to mind which of many messengers our dear Lord sends to warn us of His coming; and provided it opens the gate and lets in the Saviour and the Sabbath of His own immediate presence, we shall not have any quarrel with the grim door-keeper, whether it be a stormy billow or an exploding engine, a palsy or a pestilence, a slow consumption or the rapid and much-dreaded cholera."

Although the habit of his mind was Christian rather than ecclesiastic, and cosmopolitan rather than denomi-

national, he was constrained by the necessities of his position to undertake a large share in the councils of that section of the Church to which he belonged. With a positive distaste for Church politics, he was yet compelled by his talents and influence to be a leader in the Church.

One rule for the Presbyterian Church in England which he counted essential, and kept constantly in view, was that, while Presbytery should in the south be maintained intact, both in its theology and its government, whatever was peculiarly Scotch about it might profitably be left behind at the border. He was continually thwarted in his plans by an inveterate prejudice which held to the accidents of Scottish habits, as if they were the essentials of the Church. He firmly and fondly believed that the grand system of doctrine and discipline which Knox introduced into Scotland might suit England, and be her salvation in the spiritual deluge that is coming on, if those into whose hands the boon has fallen were wise and pliable enough to distinguish between essence and accident; if they would give England the living body of the system, and not insist on England accepting also every rag of the Scottish costume. This was a passion with him—an aim which he prosecuted through life. An opportunity occurred of ventilating his principles, when Mr. Young, an able and good minister, after a brief experiment in London, determined to treat the experiment as a failure and abandon the field. In the Presbytery, on this occasion, he spoke with more bluntness and less reserve than was his wont. Probably he felt more at liberty to let out all

his mind in connexion with that case, because the minister was a man of acknowledged ability and of the highest character. There was less danger of giving pain in such a case, than if there had been a failure through lack of ability.

At a meeting of Presbytery in March 1850, Dr.[1] Hamilton said "he felt much for Mr. Young, and felt much for the congregation, but most of all for the Presbyterian Church in England. Considering how cordial was his call, and how clear Mr. Young was in accepting it, he could scarcely conceive the effort or the sacrifice which their brother should not have made before conceding that his coming was a mistake, and his ministry a failure. He agreed with what Mr. Chalmers said regarding adaptation; but what he lamented was, that so many pious and able men failed to adapt themselves. How was it that Scotchmen succeeded in every mission except the mission to England? Why, but because to the Jews Dr. Duncan became as a Jew, and to the Hindus Dr. Duff became as a Hindu; to the Bushmen Mr. Moffat became as a Bushman. But catch a Scotchman becoming an Englishman to the English. We invaded them as in the days of the Border raids, and as a preliminary to their becoming Presbyterians or Christians, insisted on their first becoming Scotchmen. We treated them to frosty metaphysics

[1] About this time he begins to be addressed as Doctor, both in public and private documents; but I have found no notice of the degree having been conferred, either in his own letters and journals, or in the letters that were addressed to him by others. I understand that the degree of D.D. was conferred on him about this period by an American institution, I think the College of Princeton, New Jersey.

and formal dissertations; and whilst we made a great parade of our logic, we made a great secret of our feelings. The consequence was that we often parted in mutual discontent—the preacher indignant at these stupid English, and the hearers effectually tired of that cold and stately Scotchman."

His sister's infant son did not long survive his mother. Some notes of the event, and the tender emotions it called forth, appear in a letter to his brother Andrew. It frequently happens that by far the fullest record of his thoughts occurs in the letters to this member of the family, owing to the circumstance that he was generally in some foreign land. To this we owe the two next letters, each charged with a great family sorrow.

"CARNWATH, *March* 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—When Annie and I heard the sad tidings last week, we resolved at once that we would come down and see them here. We came on Thursday, and found William, who had been here all week. Friday was the funeral. He had become a beautiful child. Nothing could be lovelier than his look in death. We sent for Gall from Edinburgh, who came and took a cast from his features. He was buried in Jane's grave, as near as might be in his mother's arms. It is a spot in the churchyard on a line with the front of the church, enclosed by a neat iron railing, and I have got, through young Oliphant, a beautiful Gothic design for a tablet. On Sabbath I preached for James. You remember the last occasion,—and as I looked down on the empty font, I felt how

pathetic was the close of this little family-history. To mamma, this early end of all her tending and all her hopes is very touching. But her sore trial took place when Jane was taken; this is only an addition, and it is a death in which there was no bitterness. At times she is able to be even somewhat cheerful. And in her health she is remarkably well. On Tuesday Annie and I crossed over to Stonehouse, and spent the day with them. William's manse is a pattern of neatness and comfort. His two children are great musicians. It is wonderful how many tunes little Jane knows. To-morrow we go into Edinburgh, and on Sabbath I preach for Dr. Candlish, who is to preach for me. Last Sabbath he preached in Regent Square, and had Dukes and Lords without number, besides four Cabinet ministers—Lord J. Russell, the Earl of Carlisle, Sir G. Grey, Fox Maule. I am told that it was a deeply impressive sermon on 1 Cor. iii. 10-17: the importance of everything we do as an element of character—every good addition on the right foundation being everlasting. On Monday I shall be in London, and shall transmit the long neglected money to Dr. D. We would fain have carried mamma away with us, but it is kinder to James Walker to leave her here for a little, and she herself would like it better.

"It is solemn to think that the *sister* side of our family table is now extinct to earth; but sweet to believe that they are all in heaven."

"London, *April* 11, 1850.

"You will feel, my dear Andrew, as if all letters from Britain were now written in lamentation, and mourning,

and woe; but the letter which, I suppose, you have by this time received from William could not startle you more than it surprised and prostrated us. When Annie and I were at Carnwath we crossed over and spent Tuesday the 19th at Stonehouse. Christina was then in the highest health; their manse a model of neatness and comfort; their children singing their hymns so sweetly, and as obedient as music. Since our return from Scotland we had not heard from Stonehouse; but going in from Hamilton Terrace to Lansdowne Place last Saturday afternoon, we seized two letters from William, expecting a quantity of news. The first line told us that she was gone! Beyond the fact that it was fever, and that she was only ill from the Thursday till April 3, when she expired at eight P.M., we have yet no particulars. To William it is a dreadful blow; to all of us a solemn warning,—1 Cor. vii. 29-31. Annie feels it terribly—for since they were so much together at Kilmun, Christina had become to her a very dear sister. Having a severe cold, I could not go down to the funeral; but on Tuesday, the hour of it, we sat in our darkened dwelling, and thought how, at the same hour three short weeks before, we had sat at her table in the very room where the mourners would be assembling in order to carry her to the grave, and we tried as well as we could to give thanks for her and to pray for poor William. Three gone since last April out of one small circle—Jane, April 15; little James, March 12; Christina, April 3. I love to think that heaven is our family home. They are with Christ, and the grown-up survivors, I trust, are in Christ.

"If spared, I think to give some lectures on Ecclesiastes. They will be more ethical, literary, and æsthetical than pulpit expositions usually are. I wish to throw on the book all the biographical, poetic, and all the other cross-lights I can. If God should vouchsafe help, I may possibly print the substance afterwards. Is there any Danish commentator on the book? or still better, any poet or moralist who has parallels to the *vanitas vanitatum?*"

This is the first glimpse of the project which issued in *The Royal Preacher.*

In May this year, Mr. Hamilton consented to visit Glasgow at my request, for the purpose of preaching at the opening of a new church. The occasion of this visit marked a stage in the series of events which sprang from the Disruption. About twenty new churches had been erected by voluntary contributions in Glasgow during the ten years preceding 1843. This was the fruit of a great zeal that had sprung up in the Established Church, and had for its aim to supplement the deficiencies of that Church, so as to make it, if possible, commensurate with the wants of the community. The influence of Dr. Chalmers was the mainspring of the movement; but a numerous band of public-spirited and Christian men were associated with him in the work. The late William Collins, publisher, was chief of the Glasgow section, and the twenty churches were sometimes called by his name.

The property was in the title-deeds bound over to the Church of Scotland. When the Church, in 1843, came out free from the State, the property of all the endowed

churches was handed over as a matter of course to the body which then succeeded to the functions and emoluments of the Establishment; but those newly erected and unendowed chapels were, in the first instance, retained by their owners and possessors, pending the result of a law-suit, instituted for the purpose of determining authoritatively the legal destination of the property.

The Free Church occupiers conceded that the buildings were attached to the Establishment, but they rested their case on the fact that the attachment was made on condition that the Church should assign a parish to each, with all ecclesiastical rights and machinery. The Assembly had, for a number of years, been in the habit of granting such constitutions to new parishes on its own authority, not presuming to constitute civil rights, but limiting its action to the spiritual sphere. These were accordingly called parishes *quoad sacra*, that is, parishes that were designated by the Assembly as the sphere for minister and elders in their spiritual capacity, without pretending to touch any material property or civil right. But by this time it had been decided in the civil courts that the Assembly of the Church had no right to apportion a parish even *quoad sacra*, and that in pretending to do so it had exceeded its powers. The case of the Free Church, accordingly, in claiming the property, was this: We confess that we bound the fabrics to the Established Church; but we bound them to it with a condition—a condition which, as now ruled, it is beyond the power of the Church to fulfil: as the Church cannot fulfil the condition, it cannot claim the property. Two things were proved, and easily

proved: *first*, that no other assignment of a parish was contemplated by the parties, than the *quoad sacra* assignment which the Church at the time was accustomed to grant; and *second*, that this assignment of a parish to each chapel was counted so essential that the heading of the subscription lists, when the money was raised, bore that, unless this condition were fulfilled, the subscribers would not be held to their promises.

The case went through the Courts, and was finally decided by the House of Lords, in 1848, against the claims of the Free Church. It was found that the constitution given to the churches was good to bind the property to the Establishment, but not good to compel the Establishment to fulfil the condition.

The result was, that a considerable number of the Free Church congregations were suddenly deprived of their churches. They found temporary accommodation as well as they could, and proceeded with all speed to erect new fabrics. Mr. Hamilton, although he had devoted his life to England, remained in complete sympathy with the Free Church in her testimony and her struggle. To identify himself with us at this crisis he came to Scotland, and preached in one of these churches, St. Peter's, Glasgow, on the last Sabbath of May 1850. His visit was much appreciated, and many old friends, both his father's and his own, gathered affectionately round him.

"*May* 1, 1850.

"MY DEAR ARNOT,—I am glad of the day you have fixed for the opening, the last Sabbath of May, for it will enable me to spend a few days at the Assembly. I am

further glad that you have no week-day service, for a good deal of toil, and some grief, have made me rather reluctant for extra services.

"Dr. Duff is in town. I spent two hours with him yesterday at Sir John Pirie's. He looks no older than eleven years ago.

"This is the 1st of May, in London only distinguished by the dancing of chimney-sweeps, in Glasgow by the doffing of red gowns. Dear Arnot, are you ever like to cry when you think of these old May mornings, and think what a gulf of irremeable years now lies between us and them? To you and me, I take it, they were much alike. They brought a modest portion of prizes, enough to make us respectable, without the envy which accompanied Colquhoun, and Mackinlay, and Halley, and such Nimrods of the college, cunning prize-hunters; a *solatium* to take home withal, and the sweet self-complacency to boot, that we could have won more had we chosen. Just now I am looking at the row of well-gilt volumes, and thinking how much brighter they looked when bran-new and bathed in all the glory of the Common Hall. Alas! nearly every hand is in the dust which wrote my name in these books.

"Last week I met Bailie Playfair at dinner; and we recalled that glorious dinner party, when Mr. Kettle filled us all roarin' fu' with jugs of water!

"Farewell, my dear friend, I hope our meeting may be by the will of God. Mrs. H. joins in kindest regards to Mrs. Arnot and yourself. She is sorry that she cannot take advantage of your kind invitation. We once hoped

to have come to Scotland together at this time, but higher wisdom has altered that plan.—Ever affectionately yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

The very thought of visiting Glasgow awakens a crowd of tender memories. The 1st of May is signalized as the day when the College of Glasgow is formally closed for the season. The assembly in the Common Hall for the distribution of honours is an imposing and exciting scene.

The gentlemen commemorated by name, were two of those Scotch worthies who contributed to make "Glasgow flourish" when Hamilton was a student there, in their double capacity of earnest Christians and successful merchants. The latter was distinguished by a long, consistent, and able advocacy of the Temperance cause.

"STONEHOUSE, *May* 21, 1850.

"BELOVED ANNIE,—The tear stood in your eye when we parted, and your pale loving face followed me all the way. Miss Young picked up an acquaintance, Mr. M'Clure, who chatted to her most of the way, till another friend took his place. So all the day-light I read, and in the tunnels I offered little prayers for you and baby and others dear. I got through the fourth volume of Southey's Life, and corrected a proof-sheet. The provisions were very serviceable; but why did you roguishly impose on a Jew like me, sandwiches of swine's flesh? However, hunger is a good casuist, and the sandwiches were all eaten, and have done me no harm. At Motherwell I got a labourer, a *navvy*, to carry my portmanteau,

and at Hamilton chartered a fly. It was late, and the toll-keepers came out like ghosts to open the gates. It struck twelve on the village clock, just as I drew up at this door. James Walker, half-dressed, opened it, and soon William and mamma came down. They had given me up, and gone to bed. Little Jane looks very delicate. She and William are in ecstasies with the musical cart. Poor William! I have not spoken about Christina yet, but we are going out to see her grave. Marion Proudfoot is here, and they have got a very nice maid for the children. J. H."

"14 QUEEN'S TERRACE, GLASGOW,
May 25, 1850.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—You must never grow old, but that fond heart is to keep overflowing with affection, fresh and girlish, even when your hair is grey. Welcome cups of cold water,—only more sparkling and inspiring than cold water are those little libations of love which the penny post brings from the lass I love best. Yesterday's has just come in. Little Mary Laird met me with it at the door. I suppose her mamma had made her understand that it was a very important despatch,—at least she was carrying it enfolded in both arms.

"Last night Arnot had a party of eighteen, including Dr. and Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mrs. Anderson (Janet Halley).[1] On Monday he is to have a breakfast."

[1] Sister of the deceased student, his companion during all his illness in Madeira, a feminine counterpart both of his talents and his principles, much remembered by the generation of students who were contemporary with her brother.

"GLASGOW, *Monday Morning*,
May 27, 1850.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—We had a grand day yesterday—not meteorologically grand, for it was raining, but the services were interesting and well attended. I preached in the morning and evening, Mr. Arnot in the afternoon. In the morning and afternoon the regular seatholders were admitted by tickets; in the evening there were no tickets, and it was fine to see the mighty mass of people who made the interior a pavement of 'living stones.' The collection was £434, 15s.

"They had over to tea on Saturday evening Dr. MacGilvray and his wife (Miss Hooker),[1] whom I was very glad to meet again.

"*Edin.*, 5 P.M.—On my way here I turned aside for two hours at Blair Lodge, and saw James and Tommy Gillespie. Mr. Cunningham's is an excellent school,—much more happy and home-like than anything I have seen in England."

Having been nominated on this occasion on the deputation from his own Synod to the General Assembly of the Free Church, he took the opportunity of speaking his mind fully on some points which were intensely interesting to himself, and ought to have interested deeply his audience. As the topics of his speech on that occasion constituted the chief practical aims of his life, and the audience he addressed was, for his purposes, by far the most influential that existed, there is no more effectual

[1] Daughter of his faithful friend and teacher, Sir William Hooker.

way of illustrating his character than by introducing the substance of his speech. He was most affectionately received, and his words were not permitted to fall to the ground.

" . . . There was a threefold function for an orthodox Presbyterianism in England. It should first of all be a home for expatriated Scotchmen—a nursing mother for your Church's orphan children. For remember how many Scotchmen are located in England. Why, sir, in a single large town of England you will find as many Scotchmen as in some of our northern counties. There are nearly as many Scotchmen in London as in Edinburgh. And what becomes of them? In the absence of Presbyterian ordinances, what is the fate of these immigrants? In Clifton and Cheltenham, and Brighton and Hastings, and such places, where our refined and wealthy countrymen go to live for the sake of their far-famed salubrity, they join the Church of England, and the pious parents become the right arm of the evangelical clergymen; but their children, M. and N., who received a Christian's name in their baptismal regeneration, turn out Puseyites—the girls embroidering altar-cloths and fald-stool covers, and the boys making High Church speeches in Parliament. And then the pious tradesman or steady artisan from your Lowlands who settles in a provincial town, finding no Presbyterian Church, as the next best joins the Baptist or Independent chapel, and soon, by dint of superior intelligence and sound theology, backed by his manly bearing, you will find him in a few years the principal deacon, the chief supporter of a congregation, which, however excellent, is

not a Presbyterian. Whilst a much larger class, many of the artisans and clever operatives, breaking loose from the religious restraint of their fatherland, sit down in the seat of the scorner, become libertines and lawless livers, and in workshops and factories, as the apostles of Socialism and the champions of infidelity, pervert their good education to the perdition of their hapless companions, and bring a stigma on the land whose faith they have renounced, and from whose virtues they have apostatized.

"But besides proving a timely home for these wanderers, an effective Presbyterian church might be an asylum to many refugees from the Church of England. At this moment there are doubtless many who, in the event of coming calamity, are marvelling into what community to convey themselves and their children. Would that our Church were so fully equipped and so conspicuous that, in its sound doctrine and scriptural organization, they saw a ready ark against the coming deluge!

"And this leads me to add, as a third good service which our Church might render—it might serve as a tonic to English theology. My friend Mr. Macgilvray remarked to me last night that England is not the land for testimonies. The reason is, that England is not the land for theology. As you are aware, theology is scarcely taught at all in the English universities; and though the Dissenters are very anxious to provide theological training for their ministers, many of their pastors never pass through their colleges. The consequence is, that the usual ministrations of English pulpits are in doctrine very meagre and jejune; and consequently Eng-

lish piety, even when most fervent, is ill able to give a reason for its faith. In fact, English piety is too molluscous. It is sadly in want of vertebræ. It needs a back-bone. And nowhere would the food convenient be better bestowed, which within its soft frame would go to form the bones and cartilage. And with the orthodox osteology of their own English confessions and catechisms (for the Westminster standards are English), with the firm substructure of a sound and Puritan evangelism, covered over with the flesh and sinews and mantling life's-blood of English virtues and English graces, southern piety would stand on its feet exceeding strong and fair, withal able to 'testify' and to adorn its testimony.

"When I was assistant to a minister in the Carse of Gowrie, I often heard it mooted among the farmers, 'What ails the red clover? surely the lan' has ta'en a scunner at the red clover?' Perhaps, sir, the author of the *Manse Garden* could have solved the mystery; but really I could not tell how a plant, which had once grown freely, and been almost naturalized, had sickened of the soil. The same question is now often put to me, but in another shape. I have been asked, What ails Presbyterianism? surely the soil has taken a scunner at our system? And I am told of able and excellent ministers who have abandoned the field in despair, and come home thoroughly disheartened. Now, I might answer, first of all, that Presbyterianism has never got a chance. Till of late the clover seed was about as bad as could be. Not only had we to bear the reproach of Socinianism, but many of the ministers who supplied our churches were the refuse of

Scotland—dead and useless moderates, or dissipated and disgraceful men. But though that reproach is wiped away, we have still to contend with many drawbacks. Soon after their coming amongst us, some of our ministers have been attacked by violent home-sickness; and whenever we hear the tune, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' we next expect to see the musician in the express train on the Great North line; and then the next spring will be, 'I 'll gang nae mair to yon toon.'

"Then, again, many have formed most extravagant expectations. Coming to England, the romance of Edward Irving floated before their eyes, and because all England did not run to hear them directly, they could not forgive the dulness or capriciousness of the English; whereas they would have been wise to set to work as missionaries, with the view of their becoming ministers; by pains and personal assiduity gathering round them a few, and then, with the help of these few, gathering more. But the grand cause of failure is the want of adaptation. Some say that our psalms, and tunes, and prayers are not adapted to the English; but I have always thought that we might soon find the service adapted, if we took pains to adapt ourselves. The English are eminently practical. To a theological lecture they any day prefer a living epistle; and if they have no other choice, they will take to a genial Arminian rather than to a *glum* Calvinist. In this they may be wrong, but still they do it; and therefore we should show them Calvinism and Presbyterianism in their most genial aspect. The two favours which we more especially ask of the Free Church—and we ask them as your little sister, very little,

but very loving, and who can do so much for us as you? —are, first, that you would introduce to some one of our ministers all families and all young men proceeding to a residence in England. Many ministers already are in the habit of doing this, and it has been the saving of hundreds. One other request is, that you would give a kind consideration to our calls. In the famous '45, and when the rebels were in Edinburgh, one night a Highland follower of the Prince was taken up by the watch, because it was plain that he could not take care of himself. And when, in the guard-house, he came somewhat to his senses, his first ejaculation was 'Hech, sirs! it's sair wark flittin' thae kings!' We in England have found it *sair* work flitting Free Church ministers. Some of us have travelled thousands of miles on the errand, and never once succeeded. Perhaps after this we may find it easier. Perhaps we may be so happy as to find ministers who can realize the mighty advantages for usefulness conferred on them by labouring in that region, which is really the heart of the world." . . .

In a conversation with Mr. W. Dickson of Edinburgh, he undertook to exhibit the distinction between the English and the Scotch type of Christianity. English Christianity, he said, is, "God so loved the world," etc. Scotch Christianity is, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," etc.

"LONDON, *July* 1, 1850.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . We have a number of Americans at church at present. The only noted ones

(besides my old friend Mr. Lenox) are, Professor Hitchcock the geologist, and Mr. Tappan, of their Tract Society, who says that my books have a far wider circulation in America than in Britain. I am very glad to hear it; for I have a great affinity for America."

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *July* 7, 1850.

"To-day, my frame of mind has been somewhat devotional. Yesterday and to-day, I have been again and again drawn to the throne of grace, and in the 'confession of sin,' and 'offering up of desires,' trust that I realized something of the spirit of prayer.

"The quiet of the last four days suggests to me that I live too much in a hurry. The death of dear Jane last year, and Christina's this spring, were solemn incidents in our family history; but I got no time to lay them to heart. I find, too, that secret prayer is often shortened by the daily pressure. And though I cannot run about with the ubiquitous agility of some, the same injurious effect is produced by the perpetual bustle of my thoughts. I am always scheming something, or anxious about something, and have much need, as Annie told me, to set a bridle on the brain.

"My projects at present are—

"1. Biographical sketches of Watts and Doddridge (two articles), and their contemporaries.

"These for the *N. British Review*. They would be two more chapters in that bird's-eye survey of British Christianity, of which 'Simeon' is one chapter. And I expect this good for myself, that they might help me

towards that idea of Christianity, catholic but earnest, at which I try to arrive.

"2. Lectures on Ecclesiastes, to my own people in the first instance, for publication afterwards.

"3. A Manual, which might answer the purpose of a modern 'Rise and Progress.' For this considerable materials lie dispersed through my sermons, and it might very well be made the basis of a practical course to my own congregation. This last, if God give me health and ability, might be the most useful of my books; I would therefore take pains with it."

Dr. Thomson of Coldstream, an able and estimable minister of the United Presbyterian Church, for many years waged a great warfare against the monopoly of printing the Bible that was enjoyed for generations by a certain mercantile firm in Scotland, and certain corporations in England. His perseverance and energy contributed greatly to get the monopoly removed, and to cheapen the Scriptures to the people. But having himself set up a printing establishment, with the benevolent object of still further reducing the price, and so extending the circulation of the Word, he was unsuccessful, and became bankrupt. An appeal was made for his relief. It was a nice case. Whatever view one may take of the point in debate, James Hamilton's letter is, we think, precious as an example of perfect frankness in expressing an adverse judgment, instead of shuffling and hiding under a reason that is not real:—

TO THE REV. ——

"BOULOGNE, *Aug.* 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR * * *,—It was only this morning that yours of the 15th overtook me here; and thus I am sorry that it has remained long unanswered. And now that I am writing, I wish that I felt free to comply with your request. For Dr. Thomson personally I have a true esteem, and deeply sympathize in the heavy losses which he has sustained. At first, too, I was disposed to join in this movement, but on talking over the matter with several intelligent friends, I found that they did not view it in the same light. Considering the public spirit by which Dr. Thomson was actuated, and the hardship of his case, they argued that it was just one of those hardships to which publishers and commercial men are continually exposed, and that if there were any speciality in the Doctor's case, it was rather against than for him, inasmuch as a minister should not overstep his line of things, nor entangle himself with mercantile matters. Whatever may be the justice of such reasonings, I find they are held by so many as to make an appeal from the pulpit a matter of doubtful expediency; and it is only candid to add that, in the present state of my information, I am inclined to acquiesce in them. Besides, as a general consideration, public appeals on behalf of ministers in pecuniary difficulties are much to be deprecated. Their tendency is to lower the ministry, and compromise the religion of which they are the official expounders. I assure you that it would have given me great delight to comply with a request conveyed by you; and that I would have felt it a privilege to see Regent

Square pulpit occupied by any one of the distinguished ministers who form the deputation. But for the reasons above mentioned, I fear that I cannot take part in the present movement. Instead of an evading reply, I have also thought it best to state the difficulties I feel.—Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

TO MR. JAMES WATSON.

"7 LANSDOWNE PLACE, *July* 5, 1850.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—No miser can ever have gloated over gold as I revel over books;—books that go to swell my own hoard. But when that monster parcel arrived on Wednesday afternoon, soon after we parted, my temples were throbbing with incipient fever, and it was not till to-day, when I came down-stairs somewhat recovered, that I entered into the full fruition. All this evening I have been a cow among clover, and now that I realize my riches, I must send a word of thanks for the Poole and the Kitto and the endless Biographies, the most satisfying banquet that was ever furnished to a morbid appetite for printed paper, a *monomania librorum*. I am almost reconciled that my head is too weak for writing, as it will justify me in two days of reading.

"If spared to get them arranged in another house, I must write a catalogue of my tomes. This would bring up some curious discoveries. Several of my books have belonged to interesting persons. To-day I found out that my copy of Jackson's Works belonged to Jortin, the biographer of Erasmus. It has his autograph. My Char-

nock belonged to Eb. Erskine, but in repairing it (in my father's time) the binder cut away the name. I have books that belonged to Bishop Burnet, Dr. Jo. Erskine, etc., and others would cast up.

"Already (partly through your help) my collection of religious biography is as large as any that I know.

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"42 GOWER STREET, LONDON,
Sept. 20, 1850.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . When we heard from William last week, they were all well. Mamma had gone across to spend a fortnight at Carnwath. William's beautiful schools are now completed, at a cost of a thousand pounds to Uncle Thomas.

"You are going to Berlin, but you will not see your old friend Neander, nor grasp again his shadowy hand. It is a sign how self-contained and self-satisfied English Theology is, that the disappearance of such a man has produced no sensation here. Neither did the death of Vinet a few years ago. But I see that the American papers say a great deal about Neander. D'Aubigné is the only foreign divine whose death would be much felt in Britain. Indeed we are a very apathetic incurious people, the religious world I mean. Last night I had here a Dutch preacher going out to the Cape. He spoke in ecstasies about Van Oostersee as the greatest pulpit orator whom Holland had ever produced; but I cannot say that I ever heard his name. . . .

"Poor Hewitson, after months of extremest weakness,

is entered into rest. His talents were not of the highest order; but his devotedness and his spirituality were, and the work in Madeira was enough to signalize any ministry.

"You are not sanguine about English Presbyterianism. At present we are sufficiently forlorn in London, with Nicolson, Ferguson, and Young away."

"42 GOWER STREET, LONDON,
Sept. 23, 1850.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—I hope you got the letter which I addressed to you at Dr. Daumann's last Friday, and which contained any little news I had. I am now fairly installed in my library, and a noble room it is. I have begun a series of lectures on Ecclesiastes, to which I hope I have got the clue. Of recent German commentators I have Umbreit, and Kostes, and Knobel. If there is any other good thing in German within the last twelve years I shall be glad to get it, and will in due time indemnify you for it. This winter I make no engagements away from home; except, perhaps, that I shall exchange with Dr. Candlish two Sabbaths in February, so that I hope to have an unprecedented bout of reading and writing. It is curious that I should be lecturing on *vanitas vanitatum* at a time that I have all and abound, health, a commodious house, a sufficient income, plenty of friends, wife and child quite well, congregation thriving and all going smoothly there; and betwixt these outward comforts and higher hopes, my mind for some time past in a perpetual key of contentment. This perhaps makes the Book more a word in season; but, at the same time, I do not put

that Trappian interpretation on the Book which most expositors have done."

An affectionate note from the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, an eminent theologian and a personal friend of his father, should find a place here. The colleague, now successor, to whom Dr. Brown refers, is Dr. Andrew Thomson, who paced the dingy courts of Glasgow College with Hamilton, when both were young, and has run a parallel career with him of honour and usefulness in the northern capital :[1]—

"ARTHUR'S LODGE, NEWINGTON,
Sept. 28, 1850.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Many, many thanks for your kind and valuable present. You have long been among my ἀγαπητοὶ διὰ τοὺς πατέρας, and your hold on my esteem and love is by no means *all* hereditary. It is always a satisfaction to me to know that I am loved by those whom I love. I have run over Hooker with much interest. It is by no means a specimen of very strict exegesis, but it is full to an overflow of a holy, benignant spirit. Should a second edition of my Exposition be required, I will enrich its margin with some extracts from the old New England Puritan. My colleague, who, with his family, are now in the country, will, I know, most cordially receive your salutation. I regret that circumstances will prevent me from meeting my brethren at the approaching conference at Liverpool. I cannot wish them

[1] A generous and appreciative sketch of Hamilton, written by Dr. Thomson, appeared in the *Christian Times*, 22d November 1849.

anything better than such a meeting as they last had here. I do not expect to witness anything more like heaven on earth. With heart-felt wishes for your personal happiness and your success in all your labours in the cause of our common Lord,—I am, rev. and dear Sir, yours most faithfully, JOHN BROWN."

TO MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"LONDON, *Oct.* 21, 1850.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—The *Messenger* and the usual avocations of Monday leave me only a few minutes, before the letter-box closes, to thank you for your much-prized letter of Monday. How often there is a crook in the lot! And how vexing it would seem that just on arriving at such a beautiful coast, Mrs. Hamilton should hurt her foot, and be incapacitated for fully enjoying it. To a slug like me, who could stick to this arm-chair for a week, and rather like it, the hardship would be less; but to peripatetics like yourselves, the privation is very great. But even a strained foot is among the things that will work together for good.

"You kindly ask after Annie. Do you know that yesterday she got a son? I was going to say a little son, but he is not at all little, very large, and, I must confess, not very pretty. She herself is getting on nicely. It was not the best time for study; but, foreseeing such a possible interruption, I had got both sermons set agoing early.

"Many thanks for your kind inquiries about the exchequer. But at present 'I have all, and abound.' The

other cheque, about which you know, will last very well till you return, J. H."

"42 GOWER STREET, LONDON,
Oct. 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . I hope the Saga you mention has not been translated. I think I can find out. Such a book would not be likely to have much run, unless you could popularize it by a historical preface and mythical notes, written in a racy or gossiping style. But such a book, thoroughly and carefully done, would be an important contribution to literature, and I think you should by all means go on with it. . . .

"I fear to hold out any prospect of a visit to Berlin this winter. I would almost say any *winter*. My frame is not robust enough for journeys through the frost. And besides, it will be no easy thing to get away. An article for the *North British*, promised to your old friend Professor Fraser, and a lecture to the Young Men's Association, and an exchange with Dr. Candlish for a fortnight in February, along with the *Messenger* and sundry tracts, and the possibility of preparing for the press my lectures on Ecclesiastes, leave me very hard up for time. If it were summer, and I were single, there is no saying what I might do; but when you come to be a steady-going minister, with a wife and family, and have got your house and library all to your mind, you will find your erratic and exploring propensities wonderfully die away."

James Hamilton was not a controversialist. His whole mind and character were cast in another mould. Even

where it is a just and necessary service, he rather left controversy to others, and plied his own departments, of unfolding positively Divine truth, and enforcing practical holiness. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose he was more tolerant than his brethren of any error that subverts the Gospel. Of Popery in particular, and of Popish tendencies in English prelacy, he entertained a healthy Protestant horror. In Church and State alike he was liberal, both from conviction and from an apparently innate habit of mind; but he never slipped into that species of liberalism which holds it a point of honour to ignore the difference between the slavish system of Papal Rome and the great Protestant principles of private judgment and the sufficiency of Scripture. With all his gentleness he was a Protestant of the Martin Luther and John Knox type; and when occasion called for it he was ready to express publicly his convictions without reserve.

The circumstances of the time seem to demand that the testimony of such a man regarding these subjects should not be concealed. It is our duty to permit him for once to speak out his own Protestantism, that all men may know of what sort it was. We subjoin an extract, sufficiently large to exhibit his views in their connexion, from an address to his own congregation, delivered on 17th November 1850, under the title, "Romanism: its Root of Bitterness:"—

"God is light, and God is love. The Gospel is the grand outlet of Infinite purity and Divine benevolence; and Christianity, or the religion which the Gospel creates, is the religion of daylight and goodness. He is the man most Christian who into his own soul has admitted the greatest amount of

God's merciful kindness, and who in his conduct gives forth the largest measure of God's beautiful holiness—the man who 'walks in light,' and 'dwells in love,' afraid of nothing holy, afraid of nothing true.

"The bright embodiment of God's truth and goodness was His own incarnate Son. 'He was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' and one of the most remarkable features in Christ's character was the profusion with which He scattered the sublime beauties of which He was the repository, as well as the patient and public life He led. The Saviour had no secret. During the years of His ministry He had not even a home—no retirement into which He could withdraw and gather a whispering conclave round Him; and all the time, and with full knowledge of his treachery, He retained in His immediate retinue one who was an eaves-dropper and a spy. So little reserve was there in His teaching that when interrogated regarding it, He said to the Hebrew Pontiff, 'I spake openly in the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, *and in secret have I said nothing.* Why askest thou me? ask them who heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I have said.' And so anxious was He for the diffusion of His doctrine, that He not only enjoined His disciples to go into all the world and teach it; but if there was any truth which He had told them in His more private interviews, He charged them to divulge it. 'That which ye have heard in the ear in secret, proclaim ye on the house tops.' Truth-freighted, light-loving, His constant appeal was to that magazine of light which already existed in the older Testament; and He entreated the Jews to 'search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me;' and as if there were a natural affinity between the Saviour and the sunshine, most of His discourses were delivered under the open sky, and surrounded with the full glare of a bright Eastern atmosphere.

"And whilst the part of the Saviour was thus frank and explicit, the substance of His teaching was singularly direct and real. Except two ordinances of the simplest character, and for which He prescribed no rubric, He never instituted

any ceremony, but the whole weight of His instruction bore on the one theme—practical piety. . . .

"Such is Christianity as I find in its earliest records—Divine Majesty in its truths, and in the worship and conduct of its professors a heavenly day-spring, a religion worthy of that God whose name is Light and Love. But let us fancy that we have slept a thousand years, and that now we awake again. And what have we here? So dusky is the atmosphere that we must wait till our eyes forget the sunshine and conform to the 'dim religious light' of mediæval Christianity. But this is a Catholic cathedral, and through an atmosphere grey with pastiles and smoking incense, I can now descry in a scarlet cloak, in scarlet hat, and scarlet hosen, a figure enthroned, and purporting to be the facsimile of Peter the fisherman. And those unearthly figures, with shaven crowns and tawdry tinsel down their backs, so abundant in their bodily exercise—'Who are these?' 'These are Christian priests.' 'But why is there that stern partition between the priests inside the railing and the spiritual priests all through the church?' 'Ah, do you not understand: his Excellency the Cardinal, my Lord the Bishop, as well as these reverend priests, belong to a different *order* from the common herd of Christians outside.' 'This was not the way in the Apostles' time, when one was our Master, even Christ, and there were no lords over God's heritage, but all alike were "holy brethren."' 'What are they saying? What curious sounds are those which catch my ear?—"Adjuro vos per Dominum, ut legatur epistola hæc omnibus sanctis."' 'It merely means, "I adjure you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren;" and don't you hear how he is reading it—in Latin? which, however, none of our holy brethren understand.' 'But here I have got it both in its original Greek and in my own tongue.' 'Have you, you heretic? Beware, or we may burn both thee and thy pestilent book.' 'And this female figure on the wall?' 'That is one of our mediators betwixt God and man.' 'And do you not worship the Saviour at all?' 'O yes; that is He above the high altar!' 'The altar! are you Pagans or Jews? or do you not know that Christ's one offering has perfected His

saints for ever? But those priests curtseying and crossing and muttering at the altar, what are they doing?' 'They are making the body of God!'

"Among the old superstitions there was one of some significance. They alleged that a demon sometimes got possession of the armour, or of the actual body of some slain warrior, and walked the world in the stolen exuviæ. And of course so apparent was the identity that even nearest friends mistook. The ferryman rowed across his fancied chieftain, and the warder opened the castle gate, and the lady of the hall welcomed home her absent lord; and it was not till she saw through the vizor fishy eyes, or the gauntlet dropped off and revealed the dragon's green and scaly paw, that a hellish laugh confessed the fiend, and from a swoon she woke to find at her side her husband's gory corpse, or the cradled infant dead. And of this weird fable we have been often reminded as we look at Popery. Cramming into the slough of Christianity its seven sacraments and all its superstitions; constantly invoking the Trinity, and ostentatiously exhibiting symbols of the faith; naming the name of Christ, and swearing that it is His only Church, it comes with its lying wonders, deceiving if possible the very elect; and it is not till unsuspecting piety has opened the door that the howl of the sheep-like innocent reveals the wolf: it is not till the soul that sought the mild and merciful Redeemer finds itself in the grasp of a superstition half-brutish, half-infernal, that the terrible truth flashes forth, and where it expected to leap into the arms of a Saviour, it sinks crushed in the coils of Antichrist.

"But how ghastly the substitution effected! How came the Romish mockery to steal and wear so long the mask of Christianity?

"First of all, it found piety, if not dead, very faint and feeble, and so incapable of effective resistance. There was no Popery at Pentecost, and a perpetual Pentecost would have rendered Popery a perpetual impossibility. Even before the apostolic era ended, the love and devotion and heavenly-mindedness of the Church were dying down, and before the second century closed there was very little left; and, as every

man knows by himself, when lukewarmness makes him legal, or a loose profession of the Gospel makes his conscience discontented, he is so far a Papist. He begins instinctively to look about for some other saving name than that which God has given. You can easily understand how the root of bitterness began to spring up in a loose or legal age. Ceasing to look to Jesus for justification, men were constrained to look to something else; and the first thing thought of was baptismal water. Everything was done to exaggerate its importance and increase its value. Oil was put on the receiver's head to show his consecration as a spiritual priest, and an exorcism was used in order to expel the devil; and the notion began to prevail that baptismal water was the second birth, and washed all sin away. But as it was too evident that many left the font, and took their old sins, at least their old hearts, with them, it became needful to find some supplemental salvation; and as men were now looking, not to the living Christ at the Father's right hand, but to material and palpable substitutes, they fixed on the other 'sensible sign;' and to backsliders or dying worldlings who wished to make their salvation sure, they said, 'Receive this other sacrament: eat Christ's body, and obtain eternal life.' And just as they had magnified the initial rite of Christianity into a regenerating magic, so, on the same principle, they transformed the memorial feast into a saving mystery. The alertness of an enlightened understanding and the docility of a meek and believing heart were no longer needed so much as the exact performance of a mechanical process. It was no longer, 'This is life eternal, to *know* Thee, the only true God, and Jesus whom Thou hast sent;' no longer, 'God gave His Son that whoso *believeth* in Him should not perish;' but '*wash* and be clean, *eat* and live.' It was no longer salvation by the blood and righteousness of Christ, but salvation by baptismal water, salvation by the eucharistic wafer.

"It is the tendency of humanity, depraved and carnal, continually to substitute the material object for the unseen and the spiritual change. To this propensity vital Christianity is strongly opposed. No doubt the Gospel preaches to our eyes and other organs in baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the

incarnation itself may be regarded as a gracious concession to the soul's strong craving after some palpable manifestation of the Invisible Supreme. But still, in its very genius Christianity is moral, not mechanical—spiritual, and not material. It 'is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' However, the inveterate bias of the human heart is to make it meat and drink, and to put fasts and festivals in the place of righteousness and religious rejoicing. This is human nature, and this is Romanism. It consults man's carnality. It eases the conscience without changing the will. It cannot put Christ in the heart, but it can hang a cross round the neck or press a crucifix close to the bosom. It cannot make tongues of flame leap again on the brow of its ministers, but it can set on the head of its bishops a dichotomous mitre. It cannot wash the robes of the immortal spirit in the great expiation, but it can bleach the surplice white as snow. It cannot clothe its members in what is better than linen pure and white,—'the righteousness of Christ,' but it can clothe its friars in brown serge and grey flannel. It cannot sprinkle the clean water of renovating grace on the conscience, but for sixpence a pint it can shower holy water on men's hands and their faces. It cannot tell much about Jacob's ladder, nor about that living Avenue of access who says of Himself, 'I am the Way,' but it can tell how many steps of Pilate's staircase will take you to heaven; and it knows which spot of the surface—whether Rome or Jerusalem or Loretto—is the furthest from purgatory. And though it dare hardly hope salvation for heretics like Leighton and Usher and Howard, it has a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection for the drunken debauchee who in his stertorous convulsions could hardly swallow the viaticum, but who, with monks chanting masses for his soul, now sleeps in the odour of sanctity, and locked up from the devil's reach in the fire-proof safe of a consecrated burying-ground."

CHAPTER IX.

1851-1854.

In order more fully to utilize his vast and various stores of information, he instituted and faithfully carried out a simple but effective system of common-place book and index. There is a series of books, of small superficial extent but considerable thickness, and firmly bound in leather, the size and shape being determined with a regard to convenience in carrying them about in railway journeys or strolls by the sea-shore. They are marked A, B, C, etc., and entitled Bibline or Book-essence. Volume A is carried about until it is filled; then it is laid on the shelf and B takes its place.

Never and nowhere does he write an abstract of any book or portion of a book. The entries are mainly of two kinds—either, first, a mere reference to a fact or argument, with the volume and page of the book in which it is found; or, second, the fact, or argument, or illustration copied verbatim with a reference to the author and the page. In determining whether of these two methods should be followed in any given case, he was guided by one or both of these two circumstances, viz., whether the authority were permanently within his reach, and whether the por-

tion were short or long. If he could lay his hand on the book at any time, and especially if the statement which interested him was of considerable extent, he contented himself with a heading to indicate the theme, and a reference to its place. If, on the other hand, the book could not be easily obtained, and especially if the coveted morsel was small, it was inserted bodily, duly flanked with inverted commas, and authenticated by its author's name.

As a specimen of the former class, take a few references to facts in Livingstone's *Zambesi*:—

"Plants begin to bud before rain or dew, ... 48
Man sells himself for three pieces of cloth, buys a man, woman, and child, and has one piece left, ... 49
Negro love of trade, ... 50
Water rises a foot: that Englishman is doing something to the river, 63
Holiness, ... 64
Birds of song congregate round villages, ... 65
Work preventive of fever, ... 72
Female mosquitoes the only biters, ... 96
Take it leisurely, ... 179
Continuance in well-doing alone secures continual respect, . 180"

This goes on through the whole volume. The next book he happens to read is treated in the same way. Through a certain natural taste, cultivated and strengthened by long practice, he fastens on everything that suits his purpose in every book he reads, as a bee sucks all the honey that any flower happens to contain, and then flies off to the next. Thus the labour of much reading is not lost. The book goes out of sight, but the Bibline remains in the reader's possession.

One larger book is employed as an alphabetical index to make these miscellaneous stores easily available. For each

subject contained in the day-books a distinctive title is contrived: this is inserted in the index under its appropriate letter, and all the entries connected with that subject, scattered over the whole series of volumes, grouped together there.

For example, you open the Index at the middle of letter M, and you find the heading MEMORY in large characters at the top of the broad margin, and the page filled with various references, thus—

"*Memory.*—Galaffi in Colchester's (Abbot) Diary, Genoa, 1819. Pick on means of improving, (Trübner). De Quincey in Trench's illustrations, 143. Curious creation of, Ad. Clark's Life, 9. Morbid, Winslow, Life of Lawson, 127, 235. Failure, Brydone in Life of Scott, 10, 110. Scott's own, 10, 210. Dug. Stewart, Jeffrey, D 51. Clarifying power of, D 50. Tricks of, A 10. A. Hallam's want of, N. Brit. Review, 14, 495. Of languages; the man who knew the greatest number of dialects, Elder Adelung, Athenm. Jan. 17, /63, p. 94. Bad, Le Sage, Disraeli's Lit. Char. 120. Bentley's, not good, Hallam, 4, 12. Optima Memoriæ ars est penitus intelligere, Erasm. op. I. 512. Augustini Confess. lib. 10. Feats of, Jordan's Vie de M. La Croze, p. 225. Amst. 1741. Muretus Variæ Lectiones, lib. III. cap. I. 31. 1586. Joseph Scaliger and others, Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures, II. 208, 224, 222. Life of Mezzofanti (Dr. Rossi), 32. Aided by Method, Lettsom's Life, 17, 148, II. 53.

Ode to, Tennyson, 26.

Rogers, Pleasures of.

Addison Alexander's Scrap Book.

Softening and exaggerating power of, Wordsworth, v. 82. Rapidity of Recollection, Leifchild's Tracts, 215. Scratching back of head in order to remember, Jackson, 3, 378."

Turning, as directed, to vol. D, p. 51, we find—

"*Failure of Memory.*—Lord Jeffrey told Professor Miller that his plan was to prepare his speeches, not writing them, for his penmanship made writing irksome to him, and he could not dictate. But he composed and arranged in so many mental compartments what he meant

to say. In preparing for his first speech in Parliament, he was more than usually careful, and had grouped his materials in four divisions. "I got on quite well with the first and the second; but when I had done with them, behold no third was forthcoming. Of course I had to scramble into number four as well as I could, but by this time the speech was ruined. Of course, the moment I sat down the truant came slipping back into my mind, and was entirely at my service."

At D 50 the insertion is—

"*Clarifying power* of memory—

'Was Ich sah und hörte
Selten fühlt Ich, was es war,
Solang der Eindruck die Besinnung störte;
In der Erinn'rung ward nur's Klar.'—RUCKERT."

The plan was not complete at the first; it was matured by degrees. In the first volume, "begun, Brighton, 5th September, 1845; finished at 28 Stafford Street, Edinburgh, 30th May 1850," the material is inserted under distinct heads and at different places. The four divisions are—Extracts from borrowed books; References to books in my own possession; Projects; and Sources of illustration.

In the second volume the scheme is one degree more fully developed. There is no division of the subjects now, according to their kind; they follow each other as they arise in the order of time, with absolutely no regard to their nature. To make the miscellaneous mass available, a few pages at the end are reserved for a brief and imperfect index. As the materials accumulated, the necessity for a more perfect organization became apparent. In the third volume, accordingly, "Book-Essence, Bundle III," introduced by a motto from Sir J. Davies—

"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly;
We learn so little, and forget so much"—

there is neither a classification of subjects nor a final index.

The index for these volumes and all their successors is begun on a larger scale, and transferred to a separate book. Henceforth the Day-book, and the Ledger that makes it available, proceed *pari passu* with the utmost exactness and regularity to the close. Nor did this labour cease until the powers of nature finally gave way. The sixth and last volume, begun in August 1866, deals with books that were published that year, and stops abruptly in the middle.

In the first volume, where the subjects are to some extent classified, a small but very interesting group occurs, under the head of "Projects :"—

"A book of parables.

"The manse and the minister of the old Scottish time.

"The knight vaulting over the sea-cliff.

"The bundle of myrrh, or truth as it is in Jesus.

"The manifesto of Messiah the Prince,—Sermon on the Mount.

"The Mount of Olives,—some thoughts on prayer.

"A little book to induce people to read the Bible with interest and expectation.

"A short system of personal theology in little volumes—1. Evidences; 2. The Gospel; 3. Essential Christianity, as opposed to Church systems."

The list extends much further. Let these suffice as specimens. Those who are acquainted with his works will observe that several of these conceptions were happily realized; the greater number, however, remain as conceptions and aims only. He had always a multitude of objects lying in perspective before his view drawing him forward. Although he had survived in possession of all his faculties to fourscore, he would still have been only in the middle of his work. He was never done. Before one

design was executed, two were projected. The longer he lived, therefore, the more he left undone when he was called away.

The fifth volume bears that it was begun at 48 Euston Square, in October 1862, and finished in the British Museum, in July 1866. Turning to the end, curious to learn what he may have inserted in his Day-book while he sat at the table in that great repository of knwoledge, with many seekers, each following his own bent, sitting silent near him, we find these miscellaneous jottings, all bearing on his life-work :—

"Obsolete controversies, like Martello towers a hundred miles inland—frigates rotten on the stocks.

"Hasten the time when every heart shall be an altar, and every man a living temple,—when every sinner shall have found a Saviour, and, in a world wherein dwelleth righteousness, that Saviour shall have found His recompense.

"Mind and its mysteries. Would be very nice if we could put a mind under a bell-glass as we do a bee-hive, and watch the coming and going of fancies, and the laying up of thoughts,—sweet fancies gathered from flowers of fact in memory's cells.

"Impatience of the profound. Wish a sea, transparent to the bottom.

"Outside observers or surface people. 'A primrose by a river's brim' does not tell a tale of a thousand springs.

"Sun has been forming heat and awaking motion.

"A mind many-flavoured (pine-apple).

"Send forth Thy light this day to guide us. May good be done, may truth be spoken, our neighbours benefited, God glorified."

The last entry of the last volume, written not long before his final illness, is a short poem by W. Alexander.

"J. S.

"Oh, Counsellor! four thousand years
One question tremulous with tears,
One awful question vexed our fears.

They asked the vault, but no one spoke.
They asked the depth, no answer woke.
They asked their heart—that only broke.

They looked, and sometimes on the height
Far off they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but looked like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead
By the child-voice interpreted.

Oh, everlasting Father, God!
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the earth's green sod,

Till generations seemed to be
But dead waves of an endless sea—
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow."

In this manner an immense and varied store of materials has been accumulated, classified, and labelled, so as to be easily found when wanted. I understand he was in the habit of frequently referring to these repositories for materials during the progress of his compositions. The volumes of Bibline were always kept at hand for reference while he was at work. But even though he had less directly or less frequently referred to these repositories, this would not prove that his labour was lost in compiling them. It would rather prove that he had reaped the richest fruit from his labour. The process of recording and arranging everything that seemed instructive, either in his reading or his observation, tended to give him fuller and more permanent possession of the facts and thoughts. Thus,

when the same conceptions were afterwards needed, they flowed from his mind all the more readily that they had been written in the book, and flowed in combination with other facts and thoughts obtained from other sources —the whole tinged by his own peculiar genius, and emerging to all intents the new creations of his own mind. No man made more use of what others had written, and yet no writer of his day was more thoroughly independent and original. So intense, indeed, was the idiosyncracy of his thought and style, that what he wrote anonymously was recognised as well as what he wrote over his own name. He did not possess the faculty either of adopting other people's methods, or of concealing his own.

"42 Gower Street, *Jan.* 8, 1851.

"My dear William,— . . . Last week I sent your friend Fraser an article for the *North British* on Doddridge. It will fill two sheets of that respectable periodical, and took three days of my time, and was a tax on my weary brains."

This paper was greatly appreciated. At a subsequent date, the editor, Professor Fraser, writes, "Isaac Watts is still on my list of promises; will you enable me without delay to transfer it to the list of performances? When I remember the happiness so many readers derived from Doddridge, I long to see the *North British* the instrument of communicating not less happiness in connexion with the name of Watts."

TO MR. JAMES WATSON.

"STONEHOUSE, BY HAMILTON, *Feb.* 21, 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It occurs to me that the best plan will be to print our Bibliographical preface last, and keep for it all our phizzical and other illustrations. In the meanwhile, I send matter enough to set the printer agoing; to-morrow I may send the third lecture (*Royal Preacher*). No printing better answers my idea than just such a page of type as these 'Young Men's Lectures,' and, as you say, quite *severe*, at least quite simple.

"I have seldom been so much touched by the death of an unknown friend as my kind friend Mr. Westley. I was looking forward to visit his premises as soon as any friend was with us on whom such a sight would be well bestowed; and the cordial greeting and some occasional intercourse were among the joys for which I hoped this summer. And I feel it not a little affecting that I and mine should have been among the last objects of his far-reaching kindness. Nor do I forget, my dear Mr. Watson, that all this gratification, actual and prospective, was just one particular under the general head of a most extensive and fruitful friendship."

"STONEHOUSE, *Feb.* 21, 1851.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—To-day I went and stood in the sunshine at the grave of Christina, and looked down on that emblem of life, the Avon, 'bright and loud, and speeding to the sea.' And when I read on my grandfather's tombstone, 'Born at Milnholm, Jan. 12, 1738; died at Longridge, Jan. 8, 1822;' I wondered if a fifth generation would ever stand at the grave of another James Hamilton

in the year 1927, and think—How curious! if my grandfather had been still alive, he would have been 113 years old! Perhaps before that time death himself shall die. Last night Uncle John, James Walker, and three of the Bogside cousins took tea with us; so that I have seen them without the fatigue of a pilgrimage through these impenetrable roads. Uncle Thomas's school is a splendid place. They have got a very purpose-like teacher, and he has already more pupils than he can easily manage."

A noble school in the village of Stonehouse, the contribution of Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of London, to the education of his native parish.

"STONEHOUSE, *Feb.* 21, 1851.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—Dr. Candlish has gone to London to give one of the Exeter Hall Lectures to Young Men ('Inspiration' is his subject), and in fulfilment of an old promise he takes Regent Square for two Sabbaths and I take Free St. George's. This has given me three pleasant days at Stonehouse. Mamma I find quite as well as I could have hoped. Her faculty of locomotion is not great, and her spirits are somewhat abated, but otherwise she is much as she used to be. For Uncle Thomas's school they have got Mr. Arthur, a purposelike and popular teacher. In the day-school there are about 100 scholars, and as many more at night; and as *manners* as well as *morals* will be added to the usual curriculum, it promises to be a great boon to the neighbourhood. Very touching it was to look down on life's emblem far below, the bright-flashing and noisy Avon, hasting to the sea, and then to mark

the gable of the parish church, old and ruinous, like a paralytic preacher trying to speak of the world to come, but speaking more distinctly of human frailty. . . .

"I do not wonder at your elation in making Humboldt's acquaintance. But as you are not a naturalist, it would have been better bestowed on me. I could have talked (at least listened) about intertropical vegetation and corpuscular life at the equator, and you would be more at home with Baron Grimm and his *Mährchen* (rightly spelled?) It is a grand thing to have seen the old Baron. You should write down the *ipsissima verba* of his conversation."

TO HIS WIFE.

"4 S. CHARLOTTE STREET, EDINBURGH,
Feb. 22, 1851.

"One of my visits was to Lord Cockburn, Mrs. Stewart's father. He met me on the stair and said, 'Are you James Hamilton? The footman said something about a doctor. Here, my dear, let me introduce you to Cardinal Wiseman!'

"Well, my loved one, by the time you get this, half of the time will be past. We shall have a great deal to say when we meet. More love we cannot feel when together than when apart. Very sweet has been that fountain of joy in the desert which yourself and your affection have opened for me, my Annie. May we drink together at the river of pleasure on high, and by growing holiness and love to our dear Redeemer, may we be growing in meetness for that crowning joy."

"4 S. Charlotte Street, Edinburgh,
March 1, 1851.

"My dear Lady Pirie,—The tidings have arrived for which your friends were perhaps better prepared than yourself, whose affection up to the latest would be hoping against hope. When on yesterday fortnight I left your house with my present journey in prospect, it was with very faint expectation of ever seeing Sir John in the body until the consummation of all things. And now that these long weeks of exhaustion and dying strife are over, amidst all the grief for the public and private loss, it becomes me to give thanks to Him who hath abolished death, and through whose great sacrifice we fervently trust that our departed friend has exchanged a bed of suffering for the society of spirits made perfect. For Sir John I always felt the deepest respect and affection, and I had good reason. Not only was he a citizen of the highest standing, but all his influence was exerted for patriotic and Christian ends. And personally I was much beholden to him. Knowing how beset he was with applications of all sorts, I endeavoured to tax his kindness as little as I could; but I never applied to him on behalf of any one but his good offices were instantly exerted with a cheerfulness and heartiness which made me doubly his debtor. From what I have been cognisant of in this way, I am sure that no one can reckon the number of young men who owe their advancement in life to his generous friendliness. And you also know how impossible it is to sum up the amount of his charities. Nor can I ever forget the uniform kindness and courtesy of these nine years

that I have been favoured with his friendship. And now that all his worth and integrity and public spirit have passed away from this world, in common with numbers more, I shall never cease to cherish his memory. What you have lost, you yourself fully know, or rather, I should say, He knows who alone can fill the void. You will, I am fully assured, find Him a present help and all-sufficient Comforter. And to His grace commending you, I remain, dear Lady Pirie, affectionately and gratefully yours, JAMES HAMILTON."

"42 GOWER STREET,
Sabbath Evening, March 9, 1851.

"No lot is more favoured than mine. A slight sore throat, disabling me for preaching this evening (the first time this winter) gives me time to think of my mercies.

"My dear wife and our two little children, our commodious house and a large library, my mother and brothers still spared, our nearness to St. John's Wood, Uncle Thomas and many friends, freedom from debt, ability to preach every Sabbath for a year, the church full, the members more numerous than ever, are among the outward mercies.

"Then of such as are spiritual. To me God says, 'This is my beloved Son with whom I am well pleased: hear him;' and I think I am well pleased with the Son of God. I think there is no voice I like so well to hear, nor any name which I would so desire to spread. To me Jesus says 'Come unto me,' and I hope that I have gone. In my own languid way I trust that I am often going to Him. To those that believe He is precious, and surely He

is precious to me. I speak of Him little, and I seldom feel those rapturous emotions towards Him with which the bosoms of better disciples burn; but surely He is in a true sense my Alpha and Omega. Without Him my life would have neither meaning nor motive. I love literature and the natural sciences, and I love our Free Church; but I would have no heart to extend that Church if I did not think that it is the cause of Christ, and I would have no true zest in books and study if I could not lay their products at the Saviour's feet. Though in a very faint and inferior sense, may I not hope that 'for me to live is Christ;' and if I am right in the premiss, if Christ is mine, then all things are mine.

"On Thursday se'nnight I preached a sermon in Free St. George's on behalf of 'the Shelter.' When it was over, in the vestry Dr. Smyttan said, 'Let me introduce you to a namesake—another James Hamilton.' So I shook hands with Mr. Hamilton of Ninevar, who was counting the collection, and marked his fresh hale aspect, so promising of years to come. But in a few minutes after he was carried home apoplectic, and never more was conscious, till he died on Sabbath morning. He was a pious man, and it is pleasant to think that his last employment was a labour of love. To me it was very solemn,—the identity of the name and the fact that a sermon of mine was the last he ever should hear. It is remarkable too that I should never have spoken to him till that hour, and very likely I was the last person with whom he shook hands."

A note from a Christian foreigner sojourning in London serves to throw a cross-light on the useful life of the minister and author :—

FROM C. SCHONBERG.

"9 BARNARD'S INN, HOLBORN, *March* 25, 1851.

"REVEREND SIR,—Let me beg of you kindly to accept a copy of our Moravian Hymns, and to receive at the same time the renewal of my best thanks for the precious gift of your writings, which I shall read over and over again, prizing them very much. The prayer and conversation I enjoyed in your house was like a brook by the way to the refreshment of my soul. This winter, which I have spent in London, has proved to me a spring-time productive of many germs and blossoms, and deeply implanted in my memory is your acquaintance and your writings, which by a gracious Providence I have been permitted to meet with. May our Lord, through His love and life-giving power, grant to you long to continue an instrument of great and rare benefits to your fellow-pilgrims.—I remain, reverend sir, faithfully yours, C. SCHONBERG."

FROM LADY VERNEY.

"4 HESKETH CRESCENT, TORQUAY, *June* 12, 1851.

"DEAR DR. HAMILTON,— . . . As I have been prowling among the rock pools, investigating their wonders, and making acquaintance with their inhabitants, I have had continually in mind your comparison of them to the various religious denominations whom the rising tide of love and truth is sooner or later to merge into one. I am

delighted to hear that so distinguished a fish as Merle d'Aubigné found his way into the little episcopal pool in Woburn Chapel. I hope he may have stirred the water there to much purpose.—Believe me, yours most truly and obliged, ELIZA VERNEY."

FROM MR. ——.

"*June* 18, 1851.

". . . I am glad that you retain, dear Sir, amidst your arduous stated exertions, all that elasticity of mind which enables you to produce 'things new and old,' in such large variety and with such affluence of manifold illustration. Glad, because this is always so conducive to attraction by impression, and more, I should think, in our own than in any former age. I feel more than ever the value of intellectual vigour and imaginative resources in recommending great truths, as the close approach, not to say *arrival*, of *old* age makes me acquainted with the *declension* of such powers and advantages. I have, indeed, been indulged with a full *year* of exemption from depression, a most unusual period with me, and calling for my deepest gratitude; but at present I have some symptoms of that cloud which has so often overshadowed me, and, to use your own words, 'it is not easy to muster up a smile.'—I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly."

I confess I have sometimes been provoked by hearing good people whose range of ideas was limited, and whose sensibilities were not very tender, criticising severely the methods of James Hamilton as a preacher and a writer.

He was too poetical—he gave fancies instead of the solid, searching truth. Little did they know—they were incapable of comprehending—how the gospel found its way on the wings of his bright imagination into hearts that needed its consolations, but were closed against the entrance of coarser forms. This gentleman's note serves to show that in his "diversities of operation" the Lord finds a use for every talent he has bestowed and sanctified. The feet and the hands are very useful in the mystic body; but let them beware of despising the seeing eyes and the hearing ear.

FROM SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR.

"THURSO CASTLE, *8th July* 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot find it in my heart to employ a less familiar designation when addressing the son of a father for whom I cherished so sincere a regard, and the biographer of a sister (Lady Colquhoun) to whom I was so tenderly attached, to say nothing of his personal claims on my affectionate esteem, as a devoted minister and an accomplished scholar. Your letter was read in the same spirit in which it was written—I of course mean that of kindness and satisfaction. The painful conflict which preceded my *solitary* disruption[1] has terminated in procuring for me a security and spirituality of mind to which I had for a long time been in a great measure a stranger. It is delightful to find myself once more associated in the bonds of holy fellowship with the men whom I most love and revere, and whose cause and Church I

[1] He did not abandon the Establishment with the body of the Free Church in 1843, but followed on fuller conviction at a later date.

believe to be identified with the Church and cause of Christ. I am (not proud, but) *humbled,* when I contrast the cordial gratulations which I have received from many dear and much respected well-wishers with my own claims upon their sympathy and good-will. At my age, and in my state of suffering and infirmity, I can do little (oh, how much too little!) in furtherance of these great principles, to which we both attach so much importance, but I will do *what* I can *whilst* I can, and not forget that to each of us the night cometh when no man can work. I am exceedingly indebted to you for the very kind and valuable present by which your letter was accompanied, of which I have just read enough to convince me how much pleasure and instruction I shall receive from a reiterated and attentive perusal of the whole. I am astonished at the profound research and multiform erudition displayed in the introduction, as well as by the apposite illustrations and cogent appeals both to the heart and conscience contained in the lectures themselves (on Ecclesiastes—*The Royal Preacher*). . . . —Believe me ever to remain, with much esteem and regard, most faithfully yours,

"GEORGE SINCLAIR."

TO MR. ARNOT.

"42 GOWER STREET, *July* 19, 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now that three weeks are past, I can venture to write to the reviewer of *The Royal Preacher.* Had I written sooner I should have disclaimed half the praise of that pleasant eulogy; and though my self-love has not yet so enlarged its capacity as to swallow the

whole, yet I have found out a use for it all. I say to myself, 'That dear kind Arnot knows what I would like to do, and in his friendliness he thinks I have already done it. He is very shrewd withal, and likely he sees better than myself what I might do, and he speaks of it as *un fait accompli.* So I must look on this article as a plan or portrait of what I ought to be, and take it as J. H.'s *vade-mecum* in search of himself.' Indeed, I deeply feel how short I come of what your partiality would represent; but still the qualities which you ascribe to me are exactly those which I would like to have, and the warmth of brotherly kindness which inspired that paper brought the tears into my eyes. J. H."

On the 2d of August this year the minister and congregation of Regent Square suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. William Hamilton. Through the gravity of his character, and the wisdom of his counsels, and the Christian meekness of his spirit, he had been a pillar in the church from its origin; and the survivors, accustomed to lean on his judgment, felt as a family bereaved by his removal. The minister loved and revered him as a father; and the esteem in which his judgment was held may in some degree be measured by the number of letters addressed to him on all the graver questions, whether congregational or general, as they emerged. One of the "projects" which Dr. Hamilton long cherished was to write a triple biography—memoirs of William Hamilton, James Nisbet, and Sir John Pirie, as characteristic specimens of the Christian merchant, differing much from each

other, yet all conspiring as constituent expressions to form an epistle of Christ. He published some notices of Mr. Hamilton's life and character in a sermon preached on the occasion of his death, but the larger purpose was never executed.

"*October* 1851.

"The kindness of Mr. M'Gregor of the Queen's Hotel (Glasgow) is much to be remembered. After faring sumptuously for two days and a night, he would suffer us to pay nothing, and put it all to the credit of *Life in Earnest*."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 26, 1852.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . My reading at present lies chiefly in the direction of Church History. I have a great hankering to write the true *Acta Sanctorum*,—the story of all the heroic and beautiful deeds which have been impelled by love to the Saviour. But for a history of the political corporations called Churches, I have little turn; and from the bulky compilations all round me, it is hard work segregating the materials of a truly Christian history. I would do it first of all in the way of popular lectures—say a dozen each winter; and these might afterwards be either published in lecture form or re-digested in chapters. The vision is pleasant for the moment, and gives some vigour to my reading."

Failing health again compelled resource to a German watering-place.

"WILDBAD, WÜRTEMBERG, *July* 26, 1852.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Last week Annie wrote you a

letter, but on reading it over I thought it gave such a sad representation of my health that I almost prevented her from sending it. The truth is, that I know of little the matter with myself; the only thing visible being a little heat upon my hands, which comes and goes, and is occasioned by a too acid tendency of the stomach. But though there is little visible, no doubt there is something latent. From what they tell me, and from what I feel, I believe I have over-taxed my powers, and now experience a temporary exhaustion. I am conscious, too, of a more irritable state of the nervous system, originating in the same source. This travelling is, I quite believe, the best remedy, and if you saw me at *table-d'hôte*, or climbing such hills as we crossed last week, you would think me a very enviable invalid. They have provided supply for Regent Square till the end of August, and by that time I fondly hope to be able for my work, and by a strict avoidance of extrinsic engagements, perhaps may do more justice to the congregation and myself than ever. My chest, I may just add, has felt sounder, for the last four months, than I have known it during the last six years."

"*Nov.* 12, 1852.

"I wish I could take to, and delight in, goodness apart from and despite of everything else. . . . Alas! I esteem but do not enjoy him in private. I suppose it is on some such principle as prevents me liking carrots and other esculents which do not suit my idiosyncracy, but which nevertheless contain a great deal of nutriment. It would be a healthier state to be less eclectic."

Early in March 1853 a great calamity befell the family of one of Dr. Hamilton's dearest friends, George Barbour, Esq. of Bonskeid. With his wife and children and servants he was approaching Manchester, by Bolton, in the train after dark, when the carriages ran off the rails, and a very great disaster ensued. Mr. Barbour's two bright little boys were killed, with the nurse, and himself and Mrs. Barbour much injured.[1] The driver of the engine, who had run the train over rotten sleepers at the rate of sixty miles an hour, was convicted of culpable homicide. The public mind was much stirred by the event, and many families were smitten with a life-long grief.

Tenderly associated with Mr. Barbour as his chief coadjutor in the conduct of the China Mission, Dr. Hamilton entered in spirit into the sorrow that had come upon his house, but could not in the first instance communicate directly either with him or with Mrs. Barbour, on account of their suffering from the accident. In these circumstances he addressed himself to Mr. Barbour's brother, Robert Barbour, Esq., of Bolesworth Castle :—

TO R. BARBOUR, ESQ., MANCHESTER.

"LONDON, *March* 9, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—For the last three days your dear brother and his wife and yourselves have been more in my thoughts than all other things; and although in such

[1] An account of this great bereavement, under the title, *The Way Home*, written by the sorrowing, yet rejoicing, mother of the children, was printed — first privately, and afterwards published; one of the most affecting and instructive narratives of our day.

a sad calamity no words can be any comfort except God's own, in the mere act of writing to you I find some relief to myself. With the great grace God had given to them, there were none on whom the blow could fall who could bear it as the beloved sufferers will. How different had it been some godless worldly family, whose treasure is all here, and whose only home is an earthly one! Those happy children are safe from every peril, and, introduced by the Saviour himself, are now beholding the face of His Father. What accomplished scholars, what lovely characters they will be when their parents see them again! And our dear blessed friends themselves, though we tremble at the desolate scene which awaits them on this side, and though we would be apt to think that they did not need so sore a trial, assuredly for them there is some deep and peculiar blessing buried in this dark cloud. And I am sure the dispensation is and will be sanctified to thousands. Many a heart has it softened, and into many an eye has it brought the tear of tenderness, even among those who did not know them. It has made them feel, 'Why am I exempted?' And it has helped to make them prize much-forgotten mercies more. It is good to weep with those that weep, and I feel assured that never were more prayers offered on their behalf than just at this time. In the Presbytery of London, last Tuesday, the sufferers were especially prayed for, on the suggestion of Mr. Gillespie, who spoke with much feeling, and who was listened to with emotion, for some present had not then heard of the accident.—Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly yours, JAMES HAMILTON."

In the course of this summer appeared one of the most attractive and useful of all Dr. Hamilton's works—a series of essays on various aspects of the Holy Scriptures. The little book appeared at first under the rather unfortunate title, *The Lamp and the Lantern;* for this, in later editions, was substituted, *The Light to the Path.* It contains many passages of surpassing eloquence. It is fitted to be eminently useful, and it has in point of fact been greatly honoured as an instrument of good. It must have been a singular delight to the author to receive at various periods, from eminent persons at home and abroad, testimonies to its efficacy in commending the Word of God to the world, and in making it more dear to those who already had begun to draw from it the water of life. Some of these testimonies will be submitted at the place which their dates assign to them. The first is from an eminently competent witness, the late Sir George Sinclair, Bart. :—

"THURSO CASTLE, *June* 4, 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I lose no time in offering my best acknowledgments for your most acceptable present. Any work of yours must be both precious and popular,—combining, as it never fails to do, research with originality of sentiment, terseness with truth, and piety with poetry of expression. You possess the happy art of rendering the strong meat of doctrine pleasing and palatable by the skilful admixture of interesting anecdote and felicitous illustration. I have no doubt that this seasonable publication will do great good to the cause of Christ, whilst it will at the same time add largely to the fame of its beloved and respected author. I wish he were here to

talk over many of the important topics which it elucidates so forcibly, and which are so momentous at the present crisis. . . . GEORGE SINCLAIR."

It was the characteristic of his mind that he must always have a work in hand, and several in prospect. This constant impulse and eagerness toward work was perhaps the most commanding and distinguishing feature of the man. He was like a machine wound up and set in motion, which could not stop until the course of life was run. There have been other instances of a similar intensity and continuity of action; but, in most cases, these lives of extraordinary impetuousity have been shaded by some morbid irritability, or unapproachableness. In Hamilton's life, the two factors, of congenital talents and superadded grace, so balanced each other, that the prodigious impetus of his course never crushed a fly. Although, from the gravity of the mass, and the celerity of the motion, the momentum was vast, it remained so completely under control that little children, so far from dreading it, liked nothing so much as to cast themselves in its way. There have been greater minds, and there have been as cheerful spirits, but not often has so much of the little-child cheerfulness been united to so much force.

The next effort was *Excelsior*. His letter in reply to the suggestion of the publisher, describes pretty nearly the plan that was ultimately adopted :—

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *June* 16, 1853.

"MY DEAR MR. WATSON,—The subject of our conversation this morning has been a good deal in my thoughts

since it was first propounded to me; and I feel its importance rising, and its attractions increasing.

"To bring into existence a literature which would quicken the intelligence and refine the taste of young men, and which, with God's blessing, might strengthen their moral and religious principles, and help to cultivate all good affections, is surely as legitimate an object as the Young Men's Christian Association could set before itself, and it is one into which your *house* could enter with all its *heart*.

"And I think it quite practicable. With such a Magazine as you spoke of, completing itself in a three years' cycle, you might (besides one paper of practical Christianity, and some lively Scripture illustration every month) supply a series of articles which would be virtual introductions to the sciences, and summaries of history, sacred and civil; glances at inventions, manufactures, etc., and the A B C of the fine arts. To catch the shyer fishes, you might have a tale; and to keep your readers well informed on all that is transpiring, your idea is a good one, that each number should conclude with a summary of monthly memorabilia.

"But, to give it this catholic and permanent character, there should be as little as possible of local or association intelligence. It would be better that the Association printed a separate fly-leaf every month, or a half-sheet every quarter, for its own news and notices, and stitched it under the cover, so as to keep, for subjects of abiding importance, a book which you wish to be bound up and consulted in future,—a sort of young man's cyclopædia.

"A good deal of solid and useful writing may be pro-

cured 'on reasonable terms;' but if we invite men like Isaac Taylor, or Sir D. Brewster, or Archbishop Whately, or ladies like Mrs. Stowe and Miss Wetherell to contribute, we should be prepared to give them liberal remuneration. And, seeking not merely immediate sale, but high and enduring usefulness, we should (I submit) aim at a larger proportion of first-class contribution than the sprinkling allowed in most magazines.

"Through its lectures and classes, the Association has already done a great deal towards the object at which this periodical would aim; and its highest success would be if it should contribute a notable impulse to the culture —mental, moral, and spiritual—of the rising race of our country. With this view, it should be made so attractive that no one will grudge his money for it, and those who cannot buy it will still be eager to read it.—Ever yours affectionately, JAMES HAMILTON."

"LONDON, *July* 21, 1853.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—To-morrow, by the days of the month, it will be twelve years since I was inducted to Regent Square. Last Sabbath, I introduced Mr. Keedy at John Knox's, and I am now the grandfather of nearly all the Presbytery. It is curious that Dr. Gordon, who introduced me at Regent Square, had all but consented to introduce Mr. Keedy. But twelve years have made the Doctor more frail. Mamma will have a lively remembrance of that journey to London. I wish she could come up and see our new house, now that it is all straight. It is a delightful residence.

"I have begun to learn Dutch, with Count de Zuyler

for an amateur tutor. It is difficult, but I hope to conquer it. I allow myself only one lesson a week.

"I am half through the Life of Haydon the artist. As I am fond of pictures, I am deeply interested. Its anecdotes are amusing, and its flashes of genius splendid, but its self-consciousness and arrogance are hideous.

"Your old friend Masson dined with me on Monday. On Tuesday, I dined at Tulse Hill, and baptized the little son of Mr. Boyd, whom mamma may possibly remember. Yesterday I took tea at Mrs. Hunter Blair's with Lady Emma Campbell, who had been calling on us last week. To-morrow I have two young Dutch ministers dining with me; and on Saturday I dine at Guildhall, to meet her Majesty's Ministers. But having excellent health, and long forenoons, I do not feel this gaiety much of an interruption. Besides, I have in my head the scheme of a new magazine, to which I hope to make a great deal of it subservient."

From this time forward, he took a lively interest in the Dutch language and literature. He made as much proficiency in his studies as enabled him to consult the theologians and enjoy the poets of Holland. Among his many manuscript books one is devoted to that country, and is filled with facts and thoughts regarding its topography and commerce and history and literature.

"Dining out" was in itself regarded rather as a thief of time; but now having undertaken the charge of a magazine devoted to literature and art, as well as morals and religion, he will find a use for everything. Men and things in general will go to constitute grist for his mill.

FROM MR. ABBOTT LAURENCE.

"BOSTON, *September* 24, 1853.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—Mrs. Laurence placed in my hands your very kind note of the 5th of July, with the little volume *The Lamp and the Lantern*, and a *charming, precious* volume it is. I asked the privilege of Mrs. Laurence to write for her, and to offer our united thanks for your kind remembrance of us. I wish particularly to thank you for the felicitous manner with which you have introduced the name of my good deceased brother. He was in truth a thorough Bible man. Mrs. Laurence informs me that she has ordered our agent in London to send a dozen copies of *The Lamp and the Lantern*. My intention is to have the work republished here, believing it will promote the cause of piety and true religion. We very often speak of you and Mrs. Hamilton, and I cannot omit the expression of our united wishes that you would pass your next vacation in this country. It is a small matter now to cross the Atlantic. I am sure you will be repaid for the journey. . . . A. L."

"*Dec.* 1853.

"Last March we moved into this house, 48 Euston Square. There cannot be a more commodious residence; and although the rent and taxes will absorb two-fifths of my stipend, its airy apartments are (in my case) almost essential to the prosecution of ministerial work.

"During the year I published *The Lamp and the Lantern* and *A Memoir of R. Williams.* I have just corrected a new edition of *The Royal Preacher.* And for the next three years, if health is granted, my spare time will

be fully occupied in editing *Excelsior*, a paper through which I hope to give some good impulses to the rising race, should they be induced to read it.

"I have preached seventy-one sermons in Regent Square, of which only fifty were newly written."

R. Williams, whose Memoir he edited, was the devoted medical missionary who perished in the disastrous expedition to Patagonia.

"LONDON, *Feb.* 22, 1854.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—It is a shame that I should be so tardy in answering your letter. The blame lies with *Excelsior*. I do not let him interfere with my ministerial work, but he makes a cut-up in my correspondence. . . .

"I have hardly recovered yet from the sensation of time uselessly engulfed in entertaining a man whose arrogance accepts it all as a rightful homage, and who himself has no idea of time's preciousness. . . .

"I confess, however, that I would be a better host if I had not such a nervous feeling about the value of *time*. There may be miserliness here as well as in regard to money; and of late I fear my panic about the smallness of my own stock is almost morbid."

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, LONDON,
March 29, 1854.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—My main object in taking the pen this morning is to try and persuade you all to a London pilgrimage this season. If you could clear out a few weeks in April or May, so as to bring up mamma and the

children, they could remain till July or August, or later; and there would be no difficulty in finding a convoy for them on their way homeward if you yourself could not return for them. Jane and William would acquire the English accent! and Annie would learn to sing,—to say nothing of the *gumption* which the little cockneys would imbibe from their Scottish cousins. I really think the change would do you all good, and it would be a great look forward to us. . . .

"It is now a year since I had the least interruption from illness, so that I have got on even better than you. On writing I thrive, but week-evening sermons and itinerancy have been my ruin. This is the healthiest, strongest winter I have ever had.

"Last night Annie and I were at a scientific soiree at a neighbour's—Dr. Gladstone's. Graham, Faraday, and all the chemists were there, and the cakes and ices were very good practical chemistry. . . .

"I hope you like *Excelsior*. To me it is a great source of enjoyment, but I would almost like to write it all myself, so difficult is it to get articles made to order,—that is, so difficult is it to get other people just to enter into your own idea, and do the thing in the way you wish. The next number will contain some good papers, one by Binney, and another by Andrew's friend, Professor Latham. . . . J. H.

"*P.S.—Pray do grant* OUR *request*, dear mamma, and come and see us with William and the children.—Your affectionate ANNIE."

FROM A SOCIETY OF YOUNG LADIES IN BOSTON, U.S.

"REV. DR. HAMILTON. BOSTON, *April* 18, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—We have thought it might not be displeasing to you to hear again from the little circle of young ladies in Boston who first addressed you about three years ago. Our pastor is about to sail for England, and as he hopes for the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with you, we venture to improve this opportunity for sending you a letter by him.

"We wish to thank you for the very kind letter which we received from you in reply to ours. It gave us all a great deal of pleasure, and has been read and re-read many times. Most of all, we thank you for the assurance that we had a place in your prayers. We have loved to think of this; and sometimes during months that followed the receipt of your letter, when our meetings were more than usually delightful, when we felt 'our hearts burn within us,' and realized the presence of our Saviour, the remark was made as we separated, 'Perhaps Dr. Hamilton has been praying for us this afternoon.' We still continue the practice of reading some book of a devotional character at our meetings. We have read some excellent works, but the wish is often expressed that Dr. Hamilton would write another book for us like the *Mount of Olives*. You may like to know that it is now more than five years since we commenced our meetings. We have continued them during this time with but trifling interruptions. Since our first meeting there have been many changes in our little band. We have had both

additions and losses. Some have left us for new homes and new duties on earth, and *one* for a brighter, better home in heaven, where prayer is exchanged for endless praise. We know that coming years must bring many more changes, that soon we may all be scattered, but we trust we are united by ties which time and distance cannot break. It is our constant prayer, that the future of each may be guided by our Heavenly Father, and that we may be fitted for an eternal reunion around the throne of God and the Lamb. For this, may we not still ask an interest in your prayers? Some of us are hoping to see you in England, but may we not all hope to add our welcome to the many which would await you in America? May our Heavenly Father long preserve your life and health, and as in the past so in all the future crown your labours with His blessing, and increase your usefulness more and more.

"Commending you and your family to His loving-kindness, we remain, with the highest respect and esteem, —Your young friends,

"SOPHIE L. WATERBURY.	JULIA E. MARVIN.
KATE E. WATERBURY.	MARY G. PARKER.
SUSAN H. KEEP.	ABBY BANCROFT.
MARTHA M. WALDRON.	ELLEN S. S. CLARKE."

We are inclined to set a very high value on this letter. As cold water to a thirsty soul, this good news from a far country must have been singularly refreshing to the wearied spirit of the worker at his solitary desk in the heart of London. The winged words that he had sent out at

random on the world had alighted on a group of maidens, met to read and pray together on the other side of the Atlantic. The *Mount of Olives* helped them to lift their hearts to heaven. They opened a correspondence with the author; they prayed for him, and he for them, to our Common Father. Here is a link that helps to bind the two nations together in perpetual amity. These bonds, and a multitude like them, we venture to affirm, maintain peace between us and our great offspring in the West more efficiently than all the protocols of the diplomats. The politicians of this land did not display great wisdom at the crisis of the difficulty; but the manifold Christian friendships that run unseen like submarine wires between us and the Americans, did more to prevent war than the prejudices and blunders of political parties to stir it up.

The frank and affectionate testimony given by Mr. Arthur to the value of the *Memoir of Williams* ought not to be omitted. It is the evidence of a thoroughly competent witness—an eulogium honourable alike to him who bestows and him who receives it:—

"WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE,
BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, LONDON, *July* 23, 1854.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—Several times have I been on the point of writing a word to say how my whole heart thanks you for the *Memoir of Williams*, but the constant drive of work has from time to time pushed a postponable duty out of the way. Some of your works may circulate wider, but I doubt whether any will live longer. I hardly know whether most to admire the abstinence from much writing, or the effectiveness of what you have written.

I have had a good laugh out of several Methodist circles at your epithet, a 'Church upon wheels.' The book will brace up many a young missionary to hardihood such as he would not else have reached. . . .—Yours very sincerely, WM. ARTHUR."

The Session of Regent Square, from the time of Irving's early days, constituted a most remarkable brotherhood in the heart of London. As its ranks were thinned from time to time they were again recruited, so that throughout the period of Dr. Hamilton's ministry the corporation maintained its vigour unimpaired. Many distinguished men of business have served God in connexion with it during the current century. As the venerated men who had been chiefs in trying times were successively removed, the survivors mourned over the bereavement like the members of a family. This year another stroke fell. Mr. Nisbet, the eminent publisher of Berners Street, was removed in a good old age. The minister preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion of his death. Nothing else could have satisfied either the yearnings of his own heart, or the expectations of the congregation. But a briefer, freer sketch of his venerable friend, written by Dr. Hamilton, in February 1867, a short time before his own decease, very happily and truly presents the leading features of Mr. Nisbet's character. It was published in the *Daily Review* newspaper, on the occasion of the appearance of the Memoir of Mr. Nisbet by his son-in-law, Mr. Wallace. A short extract from this paper is subjoined.[1]

[1] "The distinguishing feature in his character was the multiplicity of his per-

The sketch in its integrity presents with extraordinary precision the salient points in the character both of the minister himself, and the elder whose memory he honoured. Of no man but Mr. Nisbet could the same thing have been written, and no man but Dr. Hamilton could have written them.

Mr. Nisbet treated Dr. Hamilton as a son, both in affection and faithfulness. He manifested for the minister an untiring love, but he was nothing loath to give him such advice as he considered needful. So ardently did Mr. Nisbet love, that he could not hold his peace when anything displeased him. They understood each other; and if on the part of the senior a suggestion was never withheld, on the part of the junior freedom was never resented.

sonal services. No doubt he had a good income, and with a bountiful heart and a liberal hand he gave great sums away; but others have been richer, and their gifts correspondingly greater. But we have never known any one in labours of love so abundant, so ubiquitous and untiring. Never giving his sympathy where he did not also give money; he never gave either where he did not withal give time and trouble. An attentive, affectionate hearer of the Word, he was pre-eminently a doer of the work. With no distracting tastes, no passion for art, no turn for books, no hankering after holidays, and with an establishment which he had taught in some degree to take care of itself, most of his time was available for the business of beneficence, and to that business right joyfully did he give it. Blessed with habitual health, sanguine, inventive, aggressive, no one could complain that in cutting out work for others he shirked his own; and it would be no exaggeration to say that, during the last forty years of his life, there was rarely a leisure hour which was not given either to social worship or the service of philanthropy. In the morning you met him climbing Haverstock Hill to an Orphan School Committee; at noon, if you found him on his own premises, instead of authors and printers, his levee consisted of wanderers from Scotland, and waifs from all the world, worn-out craftsmen in quest of pensions, and foreign pastors seeking British aid; later in the day, if you stepped into a ward of Middlesex Hospital, or stumbled into a cellar of his congregational district, you might hear the tender tones of his voice praying beside the sick man's bed; and the evening would conclude with a fatherly visit to some young men's society or a missionary jubilation in Exeter Hall."

A series of letters from Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, and Mr. Amos Laurence of Boston, has come into the editor's hands a little after date; but as the letters are equally intelligible and valuable at any place, they are here submitted entire. They serve to show what estimate was formed of Dr. Hamilton's works by Christian men of highest station and highest worth in the United States. They betray a fondness of friendship which is in these days very refreshing. May the kind words of those eminent men awaken kind echoes in many British hearts :—

GOVERNOR BRIGGS TO MR. AMOS LAURENCE.

"PITTSFIELD, *July* 16, 1849.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The dozen copies of *Life in Earnest* came safely to hand three days since. I thank you for sending them, and assure you they shall be distributed where they will, I hope, do good. Never did a book bear a more appropriate title. Next to the Book of books, I never read one with more pleasure or interest. Its author must have possessed a large measure of the spirit of the Bible to have so happily and so forcibly addressed himself to all classes of men. The serious Christian and the thoughtless worldling; the man of industry and the man standing 'all the day idle;' age and youth are all alike fitly addressed.

"For the pleasure, and I hope for the benefit I have received in reading and re-reading this precious little volume, I sincerely thank the author. I should be most happy to know him, and shake his hand, for I am sure his hand belongs to a right heart. Though I have no reason to expect that pleasure here, I hope to meet him in the bright and happy presence of that Divine Master in whose name he has spoken so well.—Truly your friend, GEO. N. BRIGGS."

MR. AMOS LAURENCE TO DR. HAMILTON.

"To Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, London.

"BOSTON, MASS., U.S., *July* 18, 1849.

"SIR,—The few lines on the other side are from our excellent Governor of the State, whose good word may be grate-

ful to you, coming as it will from a Christian brother across the Atlantic. If it should ever happen you to visit this country, I need not say how great the pleasure would be to see you. I'm a 'minute man,' living by the day and by the ounce, not having sat at table with my family for a dozen years or more, and weigh my food, which is the most simple, and with a keen appetite when I leave off, have learnt the true Epicurean living; yet with this frail body I am compensated for all privations, by enjoying such treats as *Life in Earnest* in a way that few are allowed. I have cleared out the Sabbath School depository three times in the last four weeks, and have scattered the work broad-cast, and intend to do so, if my health allows. Among the persons I have given a copy to my younger brother, who is soon to be with you in England as minister to your Court. I commend him to your prayers and to your confidence, for he is a true man. I hope this may be handed to you by my youngest brother, who will probably be in London after this reaches him. His wife is with him, and is a true daughter of Scotch ancestors. Old Dr. Nesbit was her grandfather, and her family feel an interest in everything from the 'old home.' With great respect for your character, I am, Sir, your admirer,

"AMOS LAURENCE."

Additional.

"*March* 14, 1850.

"This letter reached my brother Samuel in a fortnight in Germany. On his return to London he called at your house, but had laid the letter away so carefully that he could not find it, and never saw it again until this morning, when he found it while arranging papers in his new home in this city. I regret his not finding you at home, but it may only be an increased motive for you to come and see us. I will promise you as hearty and joyous a welcome as you would receive among your own people, we are all so deeply interested in reading your *Memoir of Lady Colquhoun;* and personally I am no less interested in reading your lecture on 'The Literary Attractions of the Bible,' delivered in November, and I have sent the copy (which my good sister, Mrs. Abbott Laurence,

recently presented to me) to the printers, to be republished here in tract form, to be scattered over our country. It is a gem worth more than any in your Queen's crown. We are a little troubled here just now by the agitation of the slavery question, and the foam of our Slave States will pass off. It is our 'poison,' and its flavour is hard to get rid of. Our excellent Governor—Briggs—administers the State government in the spirit of a Christian ruler and the simplicity of an apostle. I have recently had an agreeable visit from Rev. John Thomson of the Scotch Free Church, now of St. John's, New Brunswick, out from Scotland in 1848, where he was a settled minister. I received an account of the 'St. Mark's Free Church,' copied from the *Scottish Guardian* of Sept. 21, 1849, from Dr. M'Gilvray, to whom I pray you to present me kindly when you see him.—With the highest respect, I assure you of my affectionate interest in you,

"AMOS LAURENCE."

GOVERNOR BRIGGS TO MR. A. LAURENCE.

"PITTSFIELD, *March* 31, 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind note of the 18th inst., in a package of good things—among which was one of the best of all things, Dr. Hamilton's lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association in London, on the 4th of February last, entitled 'Solomon the Prince and Solomon the Preacher'—came duly to hand. Absence from home, and various other hindrances, have prevented an earlier reply. I can't tell you how much I have been charmed, delighted, and instructed by the reading of the rich and beautiful lecture. As a fellow-man and as a fellow-Christian I feel under great obligations to the eloquent author of this production for his efforts to impress upon the minds of the young men of his generation correct views of the sacred Scriptures, and the general truths which they inculcate.

"His remarkable lecture before the same Association last year, upon 'The Literary Attractions of the Bible,' is eminently calculated to produce the same desirable result. Thousands of young men in this country have read, with thrilling

interest, that beautiful address. Its effects upon them, and upon those who will feel their influence, will be manifest after its worthy and faithful author shall have entered upon his reward in another and happier state of existence. I am highly gratified with the suggestion which you make in your note, of presenting to the young men of our country 'Solomon the Prince and Solomon the Preacher.' By doing so you will increase that obligation which your countrymen and humanity are already under to you for your numerous and continued acts of Christian munificence. I should be most happy in any way to be instrumental in laying before our young men this intellectual and moral treasure. How the destiny of our country would brighten if the noble and truly Christian sentiment uttered by Dr. Hamilton in his last lecture, that 'the saint is greater than the sage, and discipleship to Jesus is the pinnacle of human dignity,' could be made to sink deep into the heart of the young men of the United States!

"I hope before long, but how soon I cannot say, to have the pleasure of taking you by the hand. Above all, we are indulging the hope that we shall be made happy by welcoming you to our home during the coming summer.

"G. N. B."

MR. A. LAURENCE TO DR. HAMILTON.

"BOSTON, *April* 5, 1851.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I will not withhold from you the charming letter of my friend Briggs, nor will I attempt to express in words my delight on receiving your letter of February 15, and its accompaniments. The lecture delivered to the young men on the 4th of February, although designated by you as a 'fragment,' I sent to my friend, with a copy of your letter, asking of him whether he would advise its reprinting, and whether he would scatter it with its predecessor? If so I would pay the expense. His answer you have here; and I have the pleasure of saying that the 'fragment' will be ready to circulate by thousands the present week; and when you shall have added your further comments upon 'Solomon,' and his works, our American Tract Society will be ready to

publish the whole by hundreds of thousands, I trust: thus enabling you to preach through our whole country. The *Memoir of Lady Colquhoun* is a precious jewel, which I shall keep among my treasures, to leave to my descendants. I had previously purchased a number of copies of the American edition, and scattered them among my friends, so that there is great interest to see your copy to me.

"The part of your letter which touched my heart most was that in which you speak of my brother Abbott, and say of him, that 'no foreign minister is such a favourite with the British public,' for it brought him before me like a daguerreotype likeness of every period of his life for fifty years: first as the guiding spirit of the boys of our own neighbourhood in breaking through the deep snow drifts which often blocked up the roads in winter; then as my apprentice in the city, and in a few years as the young military champion, to watch night and day, under arms, on the Point of Bunkerhill nearest the ocean, the movements of a British fleet lying withing four or five miles off him, which threatened the storming of Boston, but which happily they did not attempt; and, soon after, embarking in the very first ship from this port for England, after the close of the war, to purchase goods, and in eighty-four days after he sailed from here I received his first shipment; and, from that time to this, our firm has been successful, and has never been changed, except by adding 'and Co.' when other partners were admitted; and he has been making his way to the people's respect and affection from that time to this, and now fills the only public station I would not have protested against his accepting, feeling that 'place' cannot impart 'grace;' and my prayers ascend continually for him, that he may do his work under the full impression that he must give account to Him whose eye is constantly upon him, and whose 'well done' will be infinitely better than all things are. I believe he is awakening an interest in Europe to learn more about this country; and the people will be amazed to see what opportunities are here enjoyed for happiness for the great masses; and what we most fear is that ignorance which will bring everything down to its own level, instead of that true knowledge that shall level up the lowest places, which

are inundated with foreign emigrants. Our duty is plain; if we do not educate and elevate this class of our people they will change our system of government within fifty years. Virtue and intelligence is the basis of this government, and the duty of all good men is to keep it pure. My brother Samuel will probably hand you this letter, or if he does not, he will call on you soon after you receive it. He was the youngest, and the son of the old age of my parents, and the 'pet' of the whole family, and has more in him to love than either Abbott or I have. His wife is a granddaughter of Dr. Nesbit of Melrose, who came to this country in 1785, to be the President of Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and I believe he spent his days there in labouring to build it up. His granddaughter is dear to me as my own sister, and is the mother of seven as fine children as can be found in one family this side the Grampian hills. The two oldest boys have been in France, at school, the last year, and will return home with their father. I hope you will see them, and give them your blessing, for they are 'true Scots' in their feelings and capacities. And now, my friend, what can I say that will influence you to come here and enjoy with me the beautiful scenes upon and around our Mount Zion. I live fast, for hardly a day passes that I do not ride. I am admonished to stop, for my head grows dizzy. Farewell.—With highest respect and affection, I am most truly yours, AMOS LAURENCE.

"Rev. Dr. Hamilton,
42 Gower St., London.

"*P.S.*—Mrs. Laurence desires me to present to you and your lady her most respectful regards, with the assurance that your writings are very precious to her. She also is a granddaughter of a clergyman of your 'Kirk,' and enjoys, with a keen relish, its best writings."

CHAPTER X.

1855-57.

Of date 1st January 1855, occurs a brief review of the preceding year—a very remarkable document:—

"During 1854 I have not lost an hour from sickness. I have preached 112 sermons, 77 of which were in Regent Square, and 53 of which were new compositions. I have edited volumes i. and ii. of *Excelsior*, writing 208 pages thereof. The correspondence occasioned by this has been very extensive. I have preserved 161 letters from correspondents connected with the first volume, and 239 letters connected with the second—400 in all. But the letters written by myself must have been more numerous than the letters written to me. Of letters of all kinds I cannot have written fewer than 2000 during the year. Some correspondences have been rather laborious: as, for instance, those connected with our China Mission, and the arrangement for Mr. Burns's itinerancies, and that occasioned by our Synod's overtures towards union with the United Presbyterians. Except in *Excelsior*, I have printed little. A sermon to the Sunday-School Union, a sermon on the Thanksgiving for Harvest, and a memorial of deceased members of the Evangelical Alliance, are all that I recollect.

"Committees, Presbyteries, and the Synods have absorbed in the aggregate probably a month of time; but in visits and in talking to visitors I have spent as many hours as, at the rate of twelve hours to the day, would make up two months. The only luxury in which I have attempted to indulge, was the learning of Dutch; but for this I could only find a few hours in all the year. I have often been like to go crazy at the way in which my time is torn to atoms; but there is no help for it. With a congregation to which I am tenderly attached, and for which I would fain do my best, and with subjects on which I would like to write fully, in the hope of eventually publishing,—past forty, and the days flying so swiftly, I often feel almost maddened at the unprofitable objects on which my hours are wasted. Trudging wearily from house to house, often without any hope of usefulness, but merely to prevent people from feeling overlooked or offended, and sitting four mornings in every week to hear long stories, or attend to matters which a merchant's clerk could manage far better, do not seem the true end of the Christian ministry. And when all these interruptions are over —when Friday has arrived, without being able to open a book or command a leisure hour since Monday morning, it is difficult to drop at once into the calm and devotional frame which suits with preparation for the pulpit, or even to command the mental energy. I write this at Mrs. Moore's, where we usually have a fortnight's retreat at Christmas. I shall try to keep a diary of occupations this year; but, like the Highlander's barometer, I fear it will have no effect on the weather. 1854 is to be recorded as

a year full of the loving-kindness of the Lord. We have had slight ailments in the family, but no serious illness. Our abode at 48 Euston Square seems to have had a happy effect on my own health; I have gone through more than usual work without injury."

The subject here is the most precious of all treasures, "My time." There are two parties, and they deal with it in opposite ways. Himself mounts guard over it, like a miser over his gold, and other people thoughtlessly snatch and squander it, in spite of all his watchfulness. It is most interesting for an onlooker to stand by and watch the conflict. Here and there he almost falls into a cynical vein as he laments the needless waste of the treasure, in compliance with despotic customs; but the tone is immediately relieved by a slight dash of humour. There is room for grave regret that so much of a life that was fitted for great things was frittered away on secondary objects: yet we are persuaded all is not lost that seems lost here. If he had not been a minister, or had ministered in a small and obscure place, it is more than questionable whether all the effort saved on the one side would have been effectually turned to account on the other. Even the great acceleration of mental speed caused by the number and imperious nature of his avocations imparted a glow to his published works, which they might possibly have lacked if he had been possessed of learned leisure such as many dignitaries of the English Church enjoy. The bolts might possibly, in such a case, have been more elongated and more exquisitely polished, but they might have been colder, and

consequently less fitted to set on fire the hearts and minds they fell upon.

The Epistles of Paul, on their human side, took their character from the amazing activity of his life. They owe much of their piercing power, instrumentally, to the high pressure under which the writer continually lay. For the mere exposition of scientific truth, it is better that the expositor be a recluse; but writings that have most moved mankind, are writings that have been thrown out at small openings between the tasks of active and overburdened lives.

His complaints are natural, and, in the main, well founded; and yet, if in these matters he had been permitted to carve out his own lot, it is doubtful whether the result would have been more valuable to the Church or the world. The loss of his time, if he had taken it easy, would indeed have been a calamity; but the apparent paradox might, with a large measure of truth, be maintained, that such a man's time cannot be lost. Even the indignation cherished against the robbers served, like the charge of an air-gun, to increase the impetus of the next working hour. On the whole, although we cannot but lament the annoyances to which he was exposed, it is probable that all would not have proved solid gain if he had been placed beyond their reach.

The next entry, dated on the following day, is intended as a practical justification of the unceremonious expressions which he had applied to the intruders:—

"2*d Jan.* 1855.—Wrote eight letters. Tramped in from St. John's Wood to Harrington Square to attend

Mr. ———'s Bible meeting, where there were four ministers expounding to six ladies."

The memorial of deceased members of the Evangelical Alliance, mentioned in the preceding summary, was a precious and much relished contribution to the cause of Christian union. Besides briefer notices of less known brethren, the paper embraces warm-hearted and full-bodied eulogies in memory of three worthies of the first rank who had been called away during the year,—Wardlaw of Glasgow, Gordon of Edinburgh, and Jay of Bath. The sanctified genius of Hamilton was peculiarly fitted to express among the assembled brethren the reverential love which all cherished for the memory of those departed chiefs. The Christian commonwealth has its heroes, and it has also its poets to proclaim their worth. Dr. Hamilton rendered many services to the cause of the Alliance, but none have been more valued and remembered than that glowing and graceful tribute to the faith and holiness of those eminent men.

A letter from a minister in Sweden, regarding the translation of *Life in Earnest*, will serve to link him with the band of earnest Christians who have been raised up to do the work of the Lord in the long frozen North :—

FROM H. J. LUNDBORG.

"*February* 15, 1855.

"DEAR FRIEND,—The pleasant surprise of a present in books, with a letter from you, has arrived to me by a sister in the Lord, Fröken Therese Rappe. You understand beforehand that it was very welcome to my heart.

Many thanks I therefore send you, and wish that I may prove thankful to you and other generous Scotch friends yet more in deeds than in words. The Lord give in mercy His blessed grace thereto. If not else I may be enabled, perhaps I myself by my own hand, to forward you a copy of the translation of your *Life in Earnest.* I hope soon to come over to Scotland, with the Lord's smile, perhaps next month, and may therefrom at leisure also come to London. Then I shall be glad to personally meet with you, and present you the little copy. Overwhelming ministerial duties have hitherto hindered me to do more than glance a little in the dear books you sent; but H. Bonar's were beloved old friends, and Pike's *Early Piety* and others look very good and interesting indeed. Some days ago I read your *Lamp and the Lantern.* Thanks for it, and for your valued friendship in the Lord to me, a very unknown foreigner, but your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

"H. J. LUNDBORG."

"*March 22d,* 1855.—Was much interested this morning by the visit of a young American, Gideon Draper, from New York. He had been qualifying himself for a literary life when he read "The Literary Attractions of the Bible."[1] Till then the Bible was a book of which he knew nothing, but this lecture induced him to read it. The consequence was that he was led to believe in it and love it, and resolved to devote his life to its study and illustration.

[1] One of the chapters of *The Light to the Path,* at first published separately.

Accordingly he has spent the last eighteen months at Berlin, where Nitzsch appears to have been of the greatest use to him. He is intelligent, and I hope to see more of him.

"*Monday, April* 2.—In March wrote 165 letters, and six new sermons, besides editing *Excelsior*. Intending to commence lectures on the Hebrews,—have given a course on the origin and history of sacrifices, and have read a good deal with this design.

"*Good Friday, April* 6.—On Saturday morning had a letter from Stonehouse, mentioning that on the Wednesday evening, during family worship, our dear mother had been seized with a paralytic stroke. She lingered till yesterday morning, when she passed peacefully away to the 'saints' everlasting rest.' Had she been spared ten days longer she would have survived my father twenty years. Last December she completed the threescore and ten.

"Never was there a life of such constant, yet unconscious, self-sacrifice. Her whole existence was spent in taking thought for the comfort and welfare of others; and few mothers or sisters have spent more days and nights in watching over and nursing the sick members of the family. Her affections were wonderfully warm, and it was with bitter anguish that she closed the eyes of my aunt Elizabeth, and then of my oldest sister Elizabeth, next my father, then dear gentle Mary, then her last and like-minded daughter, and soon after that daughter's only child. But as soon as the burst of sorrow was over, she was ready for a new labour of love; and to the last the well-

spring of her loving-kindness never dried, and the sunshine of her cheerfulness never shaded. The last four years of her life were devoted to my brother William and his two motherless children, and that last evening of health was spent in entertaining a tea-party of the Stonehouse villagers. Very rare was the union as it existed in her of good sense and deep feeling, of frugality and generosity. Her affinity was for superior minds, but such was her kind-heartedness and her dread of hurting others, that she would sit hour after hour listening to the long stories of very uninteresting people, and making them happy by her cordial sympathy. I never knew one with so little malevolence. She seemed sometimes to be provoked at herself because she could not be angry. Though her turn was not literary, she was a great admirer of sublime or beautiful writing; but her book was the Bible."

Although the present editor enjoyed the privilege of knowing Mrs. Hamilton for many years, he thinks it would be out of place to express here, even in the briefest form, his own view of her life and labours. Where her son has deliberately and carefully written her epitaph, he will not presume to intrude further than to indorse from an outside view-point all that filial affection has testified of her gentle goodness.

"48 Euston Square, *April* 6, 1855.

"My dear Andrew,—When I wrote to you on Wednesday, I little thought that my next letter would be so different. But most likely you have already heard direct from Stonehouse. It seems that dear mamma grew worse on Wednesday, but rallied again in the evening, so that

at ten William went to bed. At one the nurse called him. She complained of excessive cold, and hot bottles were brought, which gave no relief. She asked him to pray, and then desired him to speak to her, which he did, repeating texts, till a quarter past two, when she gently passed away. With all its solemnity and tenderness, this is no time for mere sorrow. Never was there a more benignant, self-denying, beautiful life; and now that life has expanded into immortality, after a separation of twenty years, all but eleven days, she has rejoined our father, and has found again Elizabeth, and Mary, and Jane, and Jane's little boy. Her warfare is accomplished, and the days of her mourning are ended. It would seem as if her death had been the resurrection of all my childhood. The old manse, with her active figure gliding up the stair, or tripping along the grass paths of the garden, thirty years ago; readings in the nursery, or talkings to the maids at the spinning wheel on evenings when my father was away from home, and old-world memories that gather round that scene, so sweet and holy, that one feels now like an 'exile of Eden.'"

"30 CATHERINE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
April 10, 1855.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—Yesterday I had for my fellow-travellers Leone Levi, and Mr. M'Clure, of Belfast, the treasurer of the Irish Presbyterian Foreign Mission,—a delightful man. The only drawback was, that it converted into a talk what I intended for a reading journey. To compensate this, however, I must confess that Mr. Levi's talk is more instructive than some books. Last

night there was a large congregation in a lovely chapel. It is a vast amphitheatre, without galleries, and the seats, all lined with crimson cloth, rising tier above tier round the room. Nothing can be more comfortable and cozy.

"Seldom has any one travelled to attend a mother's funeral with feelings exactly the same as mine; no grief, no bitterness, nothing but the thankful feeling, 'He hath done all things well.' No children ever had a better mother, and none can have a surer hope regarding her who is gone; and the gentle departure which has closed that beautiful career completes the loving-kindness of the Lord."

"STONEHOUSE, *April* 11, 1855.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,— . . . It was after midnight when I passed through Stonehouse, and my meditations were rather mournful. The habits of the people here are very late. In many houses the lights were still burning. At the manse I found William, and Andrew, and Jane Proudfoot sitting up for me. When I had gone up to bed, Andrew came to my room and invited me to go in and see mamma. She lay in her coffin, the most wonderful sight I ever saw, her features as full and firm, her complexion as fresh and with a hue as ruddy as in the highest health, and a calm reposing expression. It was quite beautiful. And yet it was very solemn there, in that cold and windy room with candle-light, between one and two in the morning, and all the past rushed back, far more vividly than if there had been a greater change."

"STONEHOUSE, *April* 12, 1855.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—We have just returned from following to their resting-place the dear remains. It would seem that, in the wanderings of her last days, her thoughts were all of her early years, the bright scenes of her girlhood; and it looked as if the happy remembrance had given a younger as well as gladder expression to her countenance. Certainly I have seldom seen it so placid and free of care as when I took my last look of it this morning. She had given Andrew what had been her church Bible fifty years ago, in two red morocco silver-clasped volumes, with a good deal of her pencil-writing in them. Poor Andrew, his grief is more bitter than ours. He feels that his earthly sheet-anchor is gone. It was very affecting at her funeral to-day, carrying her unconscious form over the gravel path and out at the green gate which had been familiar with her presence so long. Nearly a hundred of the villagers attended, all anxious to have their turn in carrying the coffin a little way."

In common with all ministers in great cities, he experienced the difficulty of obtaining personal access to those members of the flock, young men, for the most part, who were closely occupied during the day, and had no family home in London. By aid of zealous elders and deacons this difficulty was in some measure surmounted. From a correspondence in 1855 between Dr. Hamilton and Mr. A. Wark, at that time a deacon, I learn the method adopted. The deacon intimates to the minister that he finds the superintendence in his district defective, and suggests that

a meeting of all might be attained in the evening if he could undertake to attend and preside. The minister cordially consents, thankful for the opportunity. A circular is prepared and distributed; the meeting is convened. To the great delight of both parties, the evening is spent partly in friendly recognitions and conversations, partly in counsels and prayers. The process is repeated at intervals in the same district, and spreads into others.

It was at one of those city meetings, held in the district of Mr. Gillespie, that the much appreciated published sermon on "Thankfulness" originated. In the course of some calls made by the minister and elder in company during the day, Mr. Gillespie mentioned the passage regarding thankfulness in Isaak Walton, and showed it to him when he reached home in the evening. The address for that time was founded upon it, and that address soon expanded into the discourse, preached on a public occasion in the north of England, and afterwards published as a tract.

The talents of the minister were peculiarly adapted for this class of the community, and for turning to the best account any such easy interview.[1]

"*May* 1855.—On Monday, May 21, I left Dudley, where

[1] In my own experience I have met the same difficulty, and partially overcome it in the same way. Young men dissociated from families in great mercantile cities are precisely the class who at once most need the visit of a minister, and are most apt to be overlooked. When I attempted to reach them in the ordinary way, I experienced one difficulty first in finding them *out*, and then another in finding them *in*. If the district enjoys the services of a deacon or elder who has some love in his heart and some faculty of organization in his head, the object will be obtained. A circular, a meeting place, either in a private house or a public room, a cup of tea with a slice of bread—there is your opportunity; it is your own fault if you do not occupy it.

I had been preaching on the previous Sabbath, at eleven o'clock. I took my place in a second-class carriage, the last of the train; two other men were in it. We had not gone many hundred yards from the station, and were passing under a bridge, when in an instant there was a violent shock, and all was outcry and confusion. One of the men beside me struck his head against the wooden partition, and howled out most hideously; the other, whose knee was sadly crushed, was pitched over from the opposite angle to where I was; my hat was knocked off, but I picked it up, and found myself quite uninjured. The incident was for a moment very terrible. The usual noise of a train in motion instantly converted into a crash, and that crash as instantly succeeded by a sort of silence —the clack and whizz of the wheels and engine arrested only to make audible the shrieks and groans of the passengers. On opening the carriage door it was terrible to see so many people with cut cheeks and brows, one poor man with his face covered with a veil of blood, and fainting ladies, and all the uncertainty as to the extent of the disaster. However, it proved that no one was fatally injured, though few had escaped without a cut or a bruise, and some, I believe, had broken bones. We had run into another train, the two engines coming tilt at one another, but neither was at full speed—a merciful and memorable Providence, to which was owing the preservation of many lives. I was reading the life of Joseph Hardcastle, in Morrison's *Fathers and Founders of the Missionary Society*, borrowed from his daughter, Mrs. Haldane. I was reading at page 391—a letter written to Mrs. Hardcastle when

away from home, and had got to the following sentence :— 'It is however necessary, though painful, to reflect that a separation will, at no very distant date, take place, in which there admits no hope or possibility of ever again associating in the present life. How solitary and mournful will the remainder of existence be to the sorrowing survivor! how dreary the journey which must be travelled alone!' In the panic of the crash, which took place at this word, I had just time to think that perhaps the journey was ended. But it has been otherwise ordered. May the interval be spent in doing what will make the pang less bitter when it comes, and the memories afterwards still sweeter and more sacred."

"*Littlehampton, Sept.* 2.—Weary, weary, weary! After ninety-six Sabbaths of preaching, last Sabbath was the first day of rest I have had for nearly two years. The vital powers seem low, and even in my briskest movements there is a latent languor of which I am only too conscious. The difficulty is to get a little relaxation. This is a charming place, and our kind friend, Mr. Anderson, has taken us delightful trips to Arundel, etc., but loads of letters, college examinations, and such things often make it late in the day before I can get any good of the open air. Had a most kind message from the elders, urging me to get a month's supply for the pulpit, so as to get a thorough renovation."

The next letter, from a very eminent minister in New York, since deceased, lifts again a corner of the veil, and

gives us another glimpse of the real securities for peace between Great Britain and America :—

FROM DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

"New York, *Nov.* 19, 1855.

"Rev. and dear Sir,— . . . Often have I recalled the home which, as a stranger, I enjoyed in your company in 1851 ; and often have I wished I could see you in my home and pulpit here. Late events have made my heart tremble for the ark of peace ; and this feeling has coloured both my preaching and public utterances in prayer. The dread of war between our respective countries has, however, been much more lively with you than with us ; to a degree which has caused nothing worse than a smile in most companies with which I am conversant. It is wonderful how much of the froth and foam is floated over to you in the shape of newspaper extravagance. I protest to you, on the word of a Christian, that, living as I do in our greatest town, I have never met with a human being who did not look on war with Great Britain as horrible. At the same time, I am not prepared to aver that there are not those who would (like Catiline's fellows) seem to gain by outbreaks. By comparing your own public journals with those of the Continent, you will be able to conceive how the burst of a gazetteer in a hasty leader might come erroneously to be taken for the popular acclamation. And our newspapers are more reckless and licentious than yours. There is a profound and almost universal feeling, among thoughtful and religious people, of a common interest with our brethren in England, as having a com-

munity of blood, language, and faith. Demagogues and ambitious plotters might involve us, but our hope is in God. And, in my humble judgment, the sanctuaries of both countries ought to be filled with supplications concerning this matter to the God of peace. . . .

"I am older and graver than when we met. My honoured father and my beloved mother have since fallen asleep. My own health last autumn was impaired to the degree of imminent danger. For some months, however, I have been in full service, in a very large congregation, and with responsibilities which I need not describe to you.

"May we, through grace, fight the good fight, and lay hold on eternal life! My poor prayers shall be for you and yours.—I am, dear Sir, your friend and fellow-servant,

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

"No. 30 West Eighteenth Street."

FROM MR. PETER BAYNE.

"4 NICOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH,
January 11, 1855.

"REV. DEAR SIR,—Permit me to offer for your acceptance the accompanying volume. I cannot but feel that there is a certain specialty in sending you a book which attempts Christian biography; and if I made out a list of those to whom I am more particularly indebted for assistance, you should certainly occupy a high place; your paper on 'Simeon and his contemporaries' (or predecessors, as I think it was) formed an epoch in my life. . . .

"I am a student of divinity in connexion with the Free

Church, this being my fourth session. I have had opportunities of marking the influence of Carlylian infidelity on young minds, and have seen one or two of the noblest, and perhaps ablest young men I have ever known turned from the plain old path thereby. This, together with a desire to do in Christian biography what has been done in the biography of natural religionists, put me on the track of thought which issued in *Christian Life*. This is nearly what I state in the preface; there, however, referring mainly to the ideas, and here to their occasion. I sincerely say that, had your essays been republished from the *North British Review*, one great inducement to the composition of my volume had been withdrawn, PETER BAYNE."

Although Dr. Hamilton's literary life has scarcely passed its meridian, the harvest has for some time been begun. From time to time indications appear in various quarters that the seed sown by his hand has been fruitful. Whatever weeping he may have experienced in the seed-time, he may now bear home his sheaves rejoicing. His religious biographies stimulated and directed a thoughtful student in the University of Edinburgh; the result was, a volume on the Christian life, in its concrete forms, which has been largely read, and highly valued. This book was itself the first-fruits of an original and suggestive mind, and the commencement of an active literary life.

"LONDON, *Jan.* 10, 1656.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Since you were here, we have hardly spent an evening at home. Usually, our visits

are to good, matter-of-fact friends. Sometimes they are to places where people come whom you are glad to see. Last night I dined with Murray of Albemarle Street, and every guest was a notable—Professor Owen, Ellis (the Polynesian), Selwyn (editor of the *Quarterly*), Sir John M'Neil, and a surgeon of General Williams's staff, who has just arrived from Kars. Last week, too, at Mr. Mellors, we encountered a number of legal celebrities, and if there were time to note all the curious anecdotes and good sayings of such seasons they would make an interesting miscellany.

"Mudie, the librarian, was kind enough to make me a present of Macaulay, the morning of publication; but I only began it yesterday. A review of Harris's *Patriarchy*, for the *Eclectic*, will snap up to-day and to-morrow, which would otherwise have been free, as I have only one sermon to prepare. On Sabbath evening I have to preach in Exeter Hall."

"BIRKENHEAD, *April* 21, 1856.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—Much was I delighted with your warm, wifely letter. It came in yesterday morning, and I read it, reserving others for to-day. You greatly overrate my *powers* of pleasing, and in some respects my disposition. On the whole, I hope I have a certain fund of kindliness, and I suffer exquisitely from giving pain. Things I say in the way of finding fault, or which escape in the course of an animated debate, often give more distress to myself than to their objects. But I frequently reproach myself for not making more vigorous efforts to

diffuse happiness. My literary propensities are here the great antagonists. With a love of books and a thirst for information sometimes approaching frenzy, I get so little done in the way of reading and learning that what I do in that way seems selfish. No minister in all my acquaintance has the same amount of miscellaneous work, business, correspondence, church affairs, civilities to strangers, foreigners, aristocratic (?) acquaintances—by the time it is despatched I have only a day or two in the week for sermons, pastoral visits, self-improving study, etc. Were it not for this, I flatter myself I would be so amiable! You must make up for my lack.

"My host is a man of great evenliness and sweetness of spirit. We had a very pleasant Sabbath. On Saturday I felt a tendency to cold; to-day I am delightfully well. —In much haste, your ever affectionate husband,

"J. HAMILTON."

I have often admired, when I had occasion to be living with him in his house for a few days, the facility and cheerfulness with which he submitted to interruptions, when he was engaged with his own severer work. He is sitting in his chair, with a miniature jointed desk attached to its arm, drawing from his brain the threads of thought, and tracing them quickly with his little crow quill, when a rap is heard at the door, and a stranger is introduced—a Presbyterian minister, or a general philanthropist from America. Forthwith the conversation begins. How it goes with slavery in the south. Do Yale and Princeton thrive? How do latitude, soil, and sea air affect the

cotton crop in quantity or quality? He is immediately at home, and makes the stranger at home too. The conversation in due time draws to a close, and the visitor retires with a heart perhaps a shade happier and more hopeful. The student flings himself down again on his chair with some quaint remark, at which he laughs heartily himself, and by which he shakes the sides of the friend who may be sitting at work in another corner. In another moment the big brow is knitting itself, folding and unfolding its long deep furrows. The end of the broken thread is caught, the crow quill is again in motion, and the stream is flowing at once rapidly and smoothly. In a few minutes another rap resounds through the house; and if you happen to be looking in the right direction you will observe a twitch of vexation flitting across his face. It is but a momentary emotion however; ere the new visitor is announced he is on his feet, springing across the room to meet him. In this case it is a man from the city whom he slightly knows, gathering up votes and items of influence with the view of placing an orphan in a certain hospital. Dr. Hamilton's word in such a case will go far with this and that other large contributor, and his recommendation will procure several votes. The case is good, and two or three notes are quickly written. The philanthropist departs with hurried and warm expressions of thankfulness; and the student betakes himself to the task of finding and knitting his broken thread again.

Thus the wheel goes round; for even at his busy time he was not apt to retire or hide himself. His power of

recovering the thought after an interruption, and of bearing the interruption without a symptom of irritation, was much observed and admired by his friends. This faculty, however, was not a power that came of its own accord. The act as exercised by him seemed easy, as the tripping of a musician's fingers over the keys of an instrument seems easy, hardly requiring an exercise of the thought or will at all, but in both cases the facility has been acquired by much honest labour. In Dr. Hamilton's character two principles, in some respects antagonistic, combined to produce the result. By judgment and habit he set a very high value on time for the accomplishment of life's great work, and a high value also on cheerful affability manifested toward all, as an effective practical recommendation of the gospel. Between these two he was sometimes very hard pressed. And, alas! even when he overcame the difficulty, and gave each its due, the effort overstrained his powers and undermined his health.

It has been said that to look on near objects as they flit past from the window of a railway carriage injures the sight, by compelling the eyes to adjust themselves to different objects in too rapid succession. In a similar way, although he succeeded in quickly adjusting the focus of mental vision to the interrupted train of thought, the exertion, frequently repeated, was fitted to wear out the faculties, and induce premature decay. The sacrifice of life to duty is not perhaps so rare as the readers of hero-history might be disposed to think.

"10 CORNFIELD TERRACE, EASTBOURNE,
August 13, 1856.

"The elasticity which God has given to the human mind is great. The last fortnight has been deeply clouded by the death of C. M. Charles, poor Helen's early widowhood, and many lesser sorrows connected with that greater one. I have not been without anxieties connected with the congregation. Our children have hooping-cough, and after every precaution to keep her insulated, I fear poor little Christina has taken it, and the last nights have been very wretched. But sleepy, heart-stricken, labour-wasted as I am, and full of sympathy for my weak and over-toiled wife, something keeps my spirits up. Doubtless, mercies superabound. The birth of this little daughter and her mother's restoration; the hopeful convalescence of the three elder ones; the kindness of Lady Pirie, the dear Watsons, and other friends; this sweet place; the pleasures of hope; the over-canopying brightness of the new covenant; and the knowledge that there is 'a better country.'"

TO MR. WATSON.

"EASTBOURNE, *Sept.* 4, 1856.

"A series of sixpenny booklings might be got together by a little contrivance and correspondence—12 numbers. Could not Gosse do it? He has many friends, and is a new name in Berners Street. My own desire is to keep every hour of leisure for the next four years!! sacred for this great work on the Bible. It will need it all, and deserves a great deal more. I am often much excited about it, sometimes quite appalled. The only intermediate work

I have to get out of hand is *The Great Biography.* I have corrected and got ready so much of it. This time I think it will be better to merge the lecture and divide into *sections* like a book."

The ruling passion again! Eager to despatch the work in hand, not now for its own sake, but in order to clear the way for a greater that loomed beyond it.

We regret that there is not room in this record for fuller notices of the mission to China.[1] For three years William Burns was in the field alone. In 1850 a medical missionary, Dr. Young, joined him. After a course of great usefulness, Dr. Young died in 1855. In 1853 Mr. James Johnston, a licentiate of the English Church, was appointed; but after a trial of two years, he was obliged to return on account of his health, and has long occupied an important post in Glasgow. In 1855 Mr. Carstairs Douglas, a licentiate of the Free Church, was ordained at Glasgow for the mission work in China, and has from that day till now consecrated

[1] There is, however, the less reason for regret on this account, that a Memoir of William Burns, necessarily containing some history of the Mission, will issue about the same time from the press of the same publishers. Subjoined is a register of the Mission from its commencement till the death of Dr. Hamilton :—

Rev. W. C. Burns,	ordained at	Sunderland,	April 22, 1847,	Arrived Nov. 16, 1847,	At Newchwang.	
James H. Young, M.D.,	Edinburgh,	appointed 1850,	died 10th February 1855.			
Rev. James Johnston,	ordained at	Manchester,	April 26, 1853,	returned invalided September 1855.		
* ,, Carstairs Douglas,	,,	Glasgow.	Feb. 21, 1855.	Arrived July 1855,	At Amoy.	
,, David Sandeman,	,,	Liverpool,	April 26, 1856,	,,	Dec. 1856, died 31st July 1858.	
* ,, George Smith,	,,	Aberdeen,	June 8, 1857,	,,	Nov. 1857,	At Swatow.
,, W. S. Swanson,	,,	London,	April 22, 1859,	,,	July 2, 1860,	,, Home.
,, Hue L. Mackenzie,	,,	London,	Jan. 6, 1860,	,,	July 2, 1860,	,, Swatow.
,, Hugh Cowie, sailed from		London,	July 1862,	,,	Dec. 1862,	,, Amoy.
* ,, William Gauld, M.D.,	,,		May 1, 1863,	,,	Sept. 18, 1863,	,, Swatow.
,, J. L. Maxwell, M.D.,	,,		July 1863,	,,	Dec. 1863,	,, Formosa.
*Rev. Wm. M'Gregor,	ordained at	Aberdeen,	May 16, 1864,	,,	Oct. 1864,	,, Amoy.
Rev. David Masson,	,,	London,	June 20, 1866,	,,	Washed overboard and drowned	
Rev. Hugh Ritchie,	,,	London,	June 17, 1867.			[Nov. 10, 1868.

* Sent out and supported by the Association in Scotland.
Dr. Carnegie has charge of the Hospital at Amoy.

high talents and character with singular simplicity and steadfastness to the work of the Lord in that heathen land. Mr. Douglas is now the senior member of the mission, and is eminently qualified by learning, acuteness, and judicial calmness, either for conducting the work on the spot, or representing it, when necessary, before the Church and the world.

David Sandeman, the next missionary appointed, has, through his family connexion, his youth, his apostolic devotion, and the shortness of his course, attracted in an extraordinary measure the sympathetic regard of all who love the cause of missions in the land. Possessing by the favour of the King all the talents, he laid them out without reserve in the King's service. A pleasant glimpse of his bearing on the eve of departure for the mission-field is given in a letter from Dr. Hamilton to Mrs. George Barbour, his sister. Mrs. Barbour was in a peculiar manner attached to this mission from the first. She deeply appreciated the ministry of William Burns while he remained at home; and after he was permanently settled in China, she contributed, through Dr. Hamilton, to the *Messenger* a most valuable series of papers, under the title "A Hearer's Notes of Discourses by William Burns." Accordingly, it is in a strain of the most affectionate esteem and regard that Dr. Hamilton addresses her on the occasion of her brother's visit to him in London, preparatory to his voyage.

Mr. Barbour has all along borne the burden or enjoyed the privilege (for both are true) of ministering to the mission,—in taking charge of its affairs in Scotland.

FROM DR. HAMILTON.

"LONDON, *Oct.* 9, 1856.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARBOUR,—Owing to my absence from town there has not yet appeared a very important letter written by Mr. Douglas in May, giving an account of the ordination of *Chinese elders*. Your brother's visit (much shortened, however, by frequent expeditions elsewhere) was a great treat to us. It is six years since any one passed from under our roof so completely carrying with him the heart of every inmate. So manly, so noble, and assuring, every feature radiant with kindness, and every movement instinct with grace and goodness, he had all the happiness of one who was taking a right step, and who knew that the Lord was with him. To look at him, and think of the sacrifice he was making, was enough to bring the tears into the eyes of others; but amidst all his self-consecration there was on his own part no consciousness of sacrifice, and many a cheerful sally as well as his whole bright demeanour betokened the peace within. The night he went away, he went up to the nursery and kissed baby in the cradle (for whom he has left a beautiful Bible, to be given her when old enough), and went down to the kitchen and spoke to the servants, and gave each of them a book; and now, like ourselves, they feel that, ever since he left, something very good and holy has passed away. My wife and I now understand what it must have been to his mother and yourselves to part with such a son and brother. But I doubt not the blessing will be proportional. I trust he is to turn many to righteousness, and will shine

as a star in the firmament. We were much concerned to hear that you were suffering so much when Mr. Barbour came away. Mrs. Hamilton sends her warmest regards, and I remain, dear Mrs. Barbour, most truly yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

Dr. Hamilton presided over the Foreign Missions Committee till his death. "As Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee of the English Presbyterian Church, he cast the halo of his genius and the glow of his warm loving nature round their Mission to China; and the popularity of his much honoured name has given it a publicity far beyond the limits of the denomination he distinguished by his ministry. His ardent character infused energy into the foreign enterprise of a Church apt to be absorbed by its struggle with difficulties at home; and the fervour of his piety diffused itself through all the operations of the society over which he presided."

"STOCKPORT, *Oct.* 13, 1856. 10 A.M.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—I got safely and comfortably here before eleven on Saturday. Mr. Wilkinson met me at the train. He is a cozy bachelor, with a nice house; grand piano, on which he plays splendidly, and everything *à la mode*. Yesterday, nearly 4000 children were mustered in their mighty school-room, to whom I made an address; and I preached in the same place in the evening, amidst a tempest of music from organ, bassoons, kettle-drums, and hundreds of choristers. However, I confess it was remarkably good music."

"LONDON, *Oct.* 17, 1856.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—. . . Last Sabbath I preached for the Sunday schools at Stockport, and had all the organs, kettle-drums, etc., of which Dr. Chalmers gives such a comical account. But I am in no mood to quiz them. In some respects it is the noblest institution of the kind in all the empire. In the morning I addressed 4000 children; in the evening a vast congregation of grown-up people. The collection was £209. My old fellow-student Tait is now Bishop of London. There could hardly have been a better appointment. I wrote him a few lines of congratulation, and had a very hearty answer."

The letter from Dr. Tait, which seems to have been written after he was nominated to the Bishopric of London, but before his consecration, is simple, frank, and brotherly. It is honourable to both, and ought to find a place in this record :—

FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

"*Oct.* 15, 1856.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—Let me thank you for your very kind letter. The sad events which have befallen Mrs. Tait and myself during the last six months make the thoughts connected with this unexpected change in our prospects doubly solemn. It is a great satisfaction to me to believe that I have the hearty prayers as well as the good wishes of many kind friends, and I assure you that I greatly feel your kindness.

"Many changes have taken place since our Glasgow days, yet how short the time appears since we were there! A strong motive, in this shortness of life, to work while it

is day. I hope we may soon meet.—Believe me to be, my dear Mr. Hamilton, ever yours sincerely,

"A. C. TAIT."

One of those men whom *Life in Earnest* caught as with a hook in the jaws, and convicted of wasting precious talents, writes to him as follows :—

"*Oct.* 24, 1856.

"REVEREND SIR,—To one whose life has, alas! been very much misspent, the accidental perusal of your excellent book, entitled *Life in Earnest*, has caused a great revulsion of feeling. It has suddenly, as it were, conjured up around me ten thousand ghosts of neglected opportunities; it says 'redeem the morning of time;' but with me, alas! the morning has passed away, and the day itself is far spent, and, like a wearied traveller on a mistaken road, I have at length, in this book, found a guide-post that tells me my journey has been in vain!

"In other words, the reading of those beautiful lectures, with their fervent and glowing language, deep and profound reasoning, heart-searching appeals, and powerful illustrations, has awakened me to the stern, but deeply humiliating truth, that an existence of upwards of thirty years on this earth has been altogether unproductive, and worse than useless.

"I am a poor and comparatively uneducated artisan, and I should rejoice exceedingly to avail myself of any kind counsel and advice which one so eminently qualified as yourself may at any time be pleased to give me, whereby I might be enabled to devote many of those '*leavings of days and remnants of hours*' which have hitherto been

triflingly, and therefore uselessly, employed, to better and nobler objects. I rely upon your kindness and condescension to pardon my presumption in thus intruding upon your attention; and beg to remain, with the deepest admiration and respect for all those exalted talents and graces which adorn your truly Christian character, your most humble and obedient servant, G. A. B—.

"No. 3 Field St., Bagnigge Wells Road."

A touching note from Lady Verney reveals at once her strong faith in God, and the confidence with which she could open her heart to Dr. Hamilton, as a minister of the Gospel and a fellow-disciple of Christ:—

"CLAYDON, *Oct.* 27, 1856.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—The black edge will tell you of our sorrow, but it is a poor emblem of the glory which illuminated our precious child's last moments. I used sometimes to think a sorrow was come which even God could not heal; but He has given a balm which I could never have dared to ask or hope for, and I am not crushed.—Believe me, yours very truly,

"ELIZA VERNEY."

"*November* 28, 1856.—This week I sent the last MSS. of *Excelsior* to press. It has been very little of a task—rather a pleasant companion, and a very acceptable source of income during these three years. I feel it a great mercy that never once has the publication of a number (and there have been thirty-six) been delayed by illness or any other cause. Of its 2700 pages, I have written 483, or more than a sixth. The chief labour has been

correcting and condensing the contributions of some of our less practised authors, and corresponding with all and sundries. Of letters received I have preserved up to this date 992, and I have written more than that number.

"I now stand committed to a new undertaking, which I believe I shall enjoy very much—*Our Christian Classics.* It must appear on January 1st, but not one word is yet written."

Excelsior, a monthly magazine that started with the express intention of closing at the end of three years, and that kept its word, was now finished. It constitutes six beautiful little volumes, full of miscellaneous information, and besprinkled with exquisite pictorial illustrations. The thousand letters received in connexion with this work are bound in one neat volume, and labelled "Excelsior" in gold letters on the back. They constitute a cabinet of curiosities. It would be a very suitable book for lending to any gentleman who might be ambitious to become an editor. In particular, he seems to have had much trouble with an American story that, like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along through many numbers of the magazine. The story was not destitute of merit, but the readers in some cases were destitute of patience, and the editor was dunned by requests, expressed sometimes with more energy than suavity, to cut the matter short. Calmly he held on his way, profiting by hints from every quarter, never losing his temper, and never slackening his effort until his task was done.

The work that succeeded it, announced in the close of the letter, is totally different in character. It consists

of specimens of religious writers in the English tongue, from the earliest times till the close of the eighteenth century, with notices, sometimes brief, sometimes very full, of the writers, their circumstances, and their times. *Our Christian Classics* is a work fitted to fill a very important place in English literature for a long time to come. It was a well-timed publication. In this age comparatively few can possess the works of those worthies in bulk, and fewer could devote the time and attention necessary for a profitable perusal of such a mass. It was necessary that a competent judge should make selections and introduce the authors. This has been done by a master's hand, and it will probably be long ere his work be antiquated.

"LONDON, *Dec.* 25, 1856.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . By a letter from Claydon yesterday we find that Lady Verney is dying. She was at our November communion, and spent the interval with us, full of the happy death of her eldest daughter, who has only preceded her to heaven by two months. I have hardly ever known so much ability in a lady, yet thoroughly simple, feminine, and deeply pious."

FROM SIR HARRY VERNEY.

"WOODHALL PARK, WARE, *Jan.* 31, 1857.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—I know that you will pardon the long delay which has intervened since you wrote to me on the 6th. Few can understand better than yourself how deep is the affliction that has fallen upon me, for you are one of those who could appreciate the

remarkable and varied excellencies of her whom I have lost. If she was a delightful companion to her friends —a warm and able advocate of the cause that she believed to be right—a faithful and yet compassionate reprover of sin—a sympathizing friend of the distressed—a wise mistress to servants and dependants—a judicious and affectionate mother, what must she have been to her husband? Suffice it to say, that she was a tower of strength and safety on which I leaned for twenty years and a half of happy married life, and that it has been the will of God to strike down this support, in order that I should lean upon Him alone. You knew her well enough to be aware that that is what she did. After our beloved daughter's death she wrote to an intimate friend,—'I am unequal to the commonplaces of life, but alone with my Bible and my Saviour I enjoy perfect peace;' and in one of our last conversations, while she was in severe bodily suffering, and when her delicate and sensitive brain was beginning to be affected, she said to me,—'What would it be if I had now to recollect any works of my own, or anything belonging to myself or others, I cannot even think, but I can rest firmly on the Rock and be at peace.' I expect about ten days hence to be settled in London, in a small house that I have taken for my daughter and myself, 22 Rutland Gate, Hyde Park. She is something like her mother. I shall venture to take her to Euston Square some day, to introduce her to Mrs. Hamilton. Thanking you, my dear Dr. Hamilton, for your very kind recollection of me, and for your assurance of sympathy and condolence, I am, your very faithful and obliged, HARRY VERNEY."

Here occur two lively and characteristic letters—date of the first uncertain—from a Wesleyan minister, distinguished by his talents as well as by his name, the late Rev. William Bunting. Besides the objective interest of the subjects with which the letters deal, there is great subjective interest in observing the contact of two such minds in private, familiar, affectionate correspondence.

Incidentally, it appears from the second letter that the question of sacred songs for use in public worship had, at that date, already deeply engaged Dr. Hamilton's attention. Both his heart and his judgment are in this work. He laboured patiently in this cause amongst many difficulties, and was found still labouring in it when he was called hence.

"HIGHGATE RISE, *Dec.* 30.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. West, according to his and other people's wont in exigencies of this kind, asks me first to direct the enclosed note, and then to accompany it by a little impertinence of my own. Your direction I do not know, and therefore trouble Mr. Nisbet. In my own urgency I have no faith, and therefore forbear to put it forth. All I will say is, that were I the fabricator and proprietor of a little library of MS. sermons *such as yours*, I should pray for life and leave (out of my own pulpit, if not in it) to preach each of them at least six times over. My lips would 'rejoice' in the very utterance of my own mind, and my ear, like the harper's, lean enamoured on my instrument. If you wish, then, to renew your enjoyment, as well as to extend your usefulness (in God's own chosen and incomparable way of *preaching*), unchain and

liberate your gospel from yonder palatial court-yard in Regent Square, and let it fly in the midst of heaven, alighting, if you please, on our beautiful temple at Liverpool about the time of the Passover.

"I am, was, and am likely to be, and my wife the same, yours, Mrs. Hamilton's, and your dear old mother's, ever affectionately, W. M. BUNTING."

"*March* 16, 1857.

"Ever since Mr. Chalmers first mentioned to me the project of an enlarged supplement to your psalms, I have felt a deep interest in its success. I don't believe you yourselves (in consequence of venerable habits and prejudices) are yet fully alive to the necessity and blessedness of such a provision for your much-awakened congregations, as a vehicle of Evangelical 'confession with the mouth unto salvation,' and as in response to such *rock-smiting* ministrations as yours of yesterday morning. I could have loved to point out to you, before it was too late, a few of Charles Wesley's, nor of his alone, of the tender, penitential, petitionary, or promise-claiming, or Christ-embracing and exalting character I have in view.

"These uninvited hints and utterances—a sort of *umbrae* at your study table—may bore, but I can scarcely think will offend you. I hope they come of a sincere care for 'souls' (welcome poor Maurice's sarcasm and reproach), from daily and intimately communing with them up and down the country, and as much out of Methodism as within it, and from some emphatic experience of the blessing brought to afflicted or awakened souls by a judicious administration of God's *precious ordinance of psalm-singing.*

"I have left less room that I could have liked to thank you for *Excelsior*, and to express my regret, on almost every ground, that we are to have no more of it. I have heard it praised, sometimes before I have praised it myself, extensively among our people; and I have found no book, serial or otherwise, more handy or more useful for presentation to young friends of my own. Your own pulpit-contributions to it were, of course, always paramount in interest to us—pleasant as was the science, and truly eclectic the poetry.

"For *Richard Williams*, above all, I feel as if I never can appropriately thank you in time, but hope to glorify God in you and in him after a heavenly manner, and with a fervour more purely pious and adoring, if I should be permitted to meet you both in the better land. At present I cannot subdue a feeling of disappointment and pain (which I have expressed in many companies), that the Christian, and even the Wesleyan, public (as far as I can gather from curt reviews and from a flagging circulation) should have been so *inadequately* affected by that wonderful unfolding of the Holy Spirit's wisdom, graciousness, and energy, in the experience of a recent convert, literally 'beside himself unto God;' and by, secondly, that beautiful example, considering the country, connexions, and creed, of the biographer (I mean so different from those of the mystical English Methodist) of a truthful, tender, reverential, catholic, and wise spirit in dealing with these marvels of His grace. As uniting deep pathos with profound instruction in the things of God, I have placed Richard Williams along with Hewitson and the

Convict Ship, in the inner shrine of my heart. My father has much the same feeling of the rare value of that book.

"W. M. BUNTING."

FROM AMOS LAURENCE.

"BOSTON, UNITED STATES, *April* 4, 1857.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your last year's lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, entitled 'Literary Attractions of the Bible,' was handed over by me to the Rev. Seth Bliss, agent in this city for the American Tract Society, and through his kind attention the tract was republished, and is circulating through the length and breadth of our whole country, and is doing more, I think, to make the Bible common reading than anything lately published. Mr. Bliss visits Europe at this season, partly to recruit his health, and partly to impart information and obtain information of value to us all. May I ask for him your confidence, and thus make me your debtor still deeper than at present, AMOS LAURENCE."

FROM PAULINE WESLDAHL, A SWEDISH LADY.

"BIRMINGHAM, *May* 30, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Availing myself of your kind allowance, I feel most happy to take up my pen to ask you not only 'one important' question, but another and still another, till I am afraid their number will increase just in proportion to my confidence. When leaving my own dear country for another, of which the literature in general, and its sacred in particular, has become most dear to myself, I felt delighted in the prospect of meeting with

an author to whom I felt especially indebted; yet it was not only to gratify my own feelings, but still more for the benefit of my countrymen, that I ventured to intrude on his most precious time by calling and asking for his opinion as to the choice of religious writings most suitable to be introduced to the educated among them. Now, my dear sir, considering that question to be partly answered by *The Lamp and the Lantern* (for the translation of which I am just preparing), I next venture to ask for your highly-valued advice as to that plan of mine already hinted, to presenting to the 'nobles' and 'high cultivated' some substantial object to be considered in the very light of that *Lamp*, viz., short biographies of celebrated individuals, eminent not only for *piety*, but for uniting to it *science*, *talent*, and *taste*. Nothing, I am sure, can be more seriously wanted, where there is plenty of good work going on for the spiritual benefit of the people, but very little is found, indeed, to attract that 'nobility' and those 'high cultivated,' whose views in the light of the Bible are really most poor and wretched, and spiritually wanting. Having been myself brought up among them, I am able, I daresay, to judge of their state as a most pitiful one; and by the grace of the Lord my heart is burning within me to give to them just what they were not able to give to me! . . ."

"48 Euston Square, *Dec.* 1, 1857.

"My dear William,— . . . On Saturday I went down to Wigan to re-open our church there, and got through such a jolly lot of reading on the road, going and returning, and there, nearly the half of South's Sermons,

and no end of collections of proverbs. There were people in the train both ways with whom I might have been obliged to make or renew acquaintance, but I lay *perdu*. Next to the British Museum there is nothing comparable to these rotatory reading-rooms, which give you at once fresh air and uninvaded leisure."

The result of this reading in collections of proverbs was an interesting paper on the subject in the *North British Review*, February 1858.

CHAPTER XI.

1858-1863.

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *Jan.* 18, 1858.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . This week I am in deep but selfish sorrow, owing to the death of Mr. Pierce Seaman. A slight and painless illness ended in his exchanging this world for a better on Sabbath evening. He was in some respects my dearest and most congenial friend. Natural sciences, old books, the successive seasons, the shrines of our English worthies,—we went into everything much the same, and had many a delightful day together. With *Christian Classics* he helped me greatly, and I had always on hand a quantity of his rare old books. On Sabbath se'nnight I was at Rochester, preaching the funeral sermon of Dr. Jenkyn, late of Coward College, and last Sabbath I was at Glasgow, introducing to Free St. James's our late Chinese missionary, Mr. James Johnston. Last Saturday I spent at Woodville, Morningside, with Miss M. Wilson, and your old playfellow, her cousin, Henrietta. I have undertaken to compile a short memoir of Mr. James Wilson. He was a fine character, and I have got some nice materials. Preaching in Glasgow, some old Strathblanians came up to me after

the service,—Walter Buchanan, James Wingate, and 'Jimmy Graham,' the weaver. This last I had not seen for thirty years."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 22, 1858.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . I sympathize with your enjoyment of Motley. It is the last big book I read through. It was in May '56, when I had the luxury of a fortnight's invalidism. It is a great mercy that I have never once been unable to get ready my monthly quota for the printer during these four years and upwards. Beforehand I could not have counted on such unbroken health."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 25, 1858.

"To-day I have been writing articles for Prof. Fairbairn's *Biblical Dictionary*, beginning at the beginning, till now I have nothing in my head but almonds and apples, aloes and algum-trees. My heart rather fails when I think of going through the whole alphabet."

He contributed all the botanical articles in that important work.

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *May* 1, 1858.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,— . . . This winter has brought out a good many books, of which the rumour sometimes reaches me, but I have had no chance to read them—Froude's *History of Henry* VIII. (a vindication), Cardinal Wiseman's *Recollections of the last Four Popes*, Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, young Buckland's *Recreations in Natural History*. But even my old refuge, the omnibus, is no longer a reading-room. I have to take into it proof-sheets, or

old volumes of divinity, to read up for my *Christian Classics*. I have reached the silk-worm's spinning stage —sheer straightforward production, with a farewell to all the earlier joys of feasting and digesting. This 1st of May reminds me of it pathetically, when we used to get back to the green pastures. I usually read thirty or forty volumes every summer."

This season it became necessary that Mrs. Hamilton and one of the children should proceed to the baths at Spa for the benefit of their health, but his engagements at home rendered it impossible that he should accompany them. Mrs. Hamilton, in company with Mrs. M'Laren, a very affectionate friend, similarly situated with herself, accomplished the journey in safety, took the baths with much benefit, and in due time returned. In the meantime the absence of his wife became the occasion of a very lively correspondence:—

"CLEVEDON, *June* 9, 1858, 4 P.M.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—Here I am in safety, without any particular incident. Very warm ride, till Somersetshire, where it is both bright and breezy. I hope it will be as good a day to-morrow. I shall be anxious to hear of your voyage,—for that is to my imagination the only disagreeable feature of the journey. I look upon this opportunity for you as a most kind and happy Providence.

"As an additional therapeutic influence, I would gladly have superadded my agreeable society, but as that cannot be, I shall keep you company in thought and good wishes and prayers. I know that you would have liked to have

me to the bargain, but (with that exception) could there have been a nicer arrangement? Even the Passover was to be eaten with bitter herbs, and all our mercies here must have a small abatement; but our happiness, and a great deal of our duty to God—our piety—consists in being very thankful and hopeful and cheerful if, on the whole, we have more good than evil. There's a sermon without intending one.

"My beloved Annie, you will make me happy by enjoying yourself to the utmost. This is your business at Spa, to ride on donkeys, and drink iron, and wear a broad brim, and laugh as much as you can, and come back, you and Marisabel, as broad as you are long, and as brown as the iron baths themselves. The good Lord go with you, and keep you and your kind fellow-travellers in all your ways.—Your ever affectionate husband,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, LONDON,
June 15, 1858.

"Started on Friday morning at eight from Bristol for Edinburgh by way of Birmingham, and got to Alva Street at half-past ten. Nothing could exceed the radiance of summer life all along the route; white mounds and red of blossomed May; the golden laburnum lamps in their green pavilions. Then, close to the line a perfect snow of ox-eye daisies, or a long yellow flash of unbroken broom, with hay and bean-field whiffs ever and anon wafted in. Should this be my last summer on the earth, I think I could testify elsewhere that I had never in my day known it come so near to Paradise. On Saturday morning I

went out to Woodville, where Dr. Greville kindly came to meet me, and spent the day till lunch looking over dear James Wilson's papers, and talking with his niece and daughter. A very pleasant retreat is Woodville, with its shade and its singing birds,—a fit home for a naturalist."

"48 Euston Square, London,
June 23, 1858.

"Yesterday was Dr. Bunting's funeral. It took place in the City Road Chapel, beside the graves of Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, and all the renowned fathers of Wesleyan Methodism, among whom there was none greater than Jabez Bunting,—none who combined so well the preacher, the Christian statesman, and the man of God. It was a long service. One prayer occupied fifty minutes (even in Scotland I never knew anything to match it). But an address by Dr. Leifchild was very affecting. He is seventy-eight, and Dr. Bunting was eighty; and now the friendship of half a century is dissolved for a little while—but only for a little. The most impressive part of the service was the singing of these two verses,—

'O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy and sit down on My throne."'

I left this at half-past ten and was not home again till five. I should add that there was an excellent sketch of

the venerable worthy by Mr. Scott. The chapel was crowded. I hope William Bunting will write a life of his father. It would be a far worthier employment for a coming year or two, than those numberless good-natured services on which he disperses all his exquisite taste and great abilities. The writing long letters of comfort to inconsolable, because dyspeptic, correspondents; the editing of books for people who are anxious to publish without being able to write, inditing poems for albums, and all that sort of thing, by which the devil under false pretences cheats clever but kind-hearted men out of the time which was given them for serving God and their generation. I told him something of this yesterday, and he retorted by telling me that I was meant to be a preacher, and had gone aside into authorship. If I could persuade myself that I am as well adapted for speaking as writing, I would even yet abjure the press for the pulpit. But what with weakness, nervousness, an ungainly manner, and inability to rely on myself, I hardly think so."

Somewhere about this date, while assisting him for a week or two in his ministry, and enjoying the hospitality of his house, I incidentally learned that he had paid a fee of five guineas to an American Professor of Elocution, and was diligently submitting to drill with the view of improving his articulation, and the modulation of his voice. One evening while we were engaged in conversation, at the ringing of the door-bell he suddenly started to his feet, and delivering his apology with a combination of look and gesture altogether peculiar to himself,—an

earnest purpose underneath, and a child-like comic smile mantling over it,—tripped with a hop, step, and jump away to his lesson. Under cover of a lightsome, sparkling, humorous evolution he betook himself to serious work, that, if it were possible, he might acquire, on one side, additional power to serve the Lord and edify his congregation.

Alas! it was an unequal conflict against a defect that lay in his constitution. It was a spirit at once consecrated and buoyant, contending against the weakness of his physical frame. Nor was it the case of a man who was blind to his own deficiency, because it was his own; he was well aware of the physical feebleness, but he did not fold his hands and yield to it as inevitable. He never took refuge in the sluggard's plea. At a comparatively advanced age he went to school again with the humility as well as pliability of a little child, on the presentation of a dim possibility that his power of delivering a message to a large assembly might yet be somewhat increased.

In connexion with the lack of muscular power in those organs on which oratory mainly depends, it is interesting to notice his experience as recorded by himself, that he was always in a glow of happiness at his study on Saturday,—but that this brightness almost uniformly gave way to a measure of despondency during the actual ministrations of the Sabbath. In the one department, he was strong; and the strong man, as usual, rejoiced in his strength; in the other department he was comparatively weak, and consequently was grieved with what he ac-

counted partial failure. In mental resources and acquirements he was possessed of great wealth; but in the capacity to utter his thoughts, with all the variation of tone and key which their nature required, yet so as to be throughly heard in a great edifice, he was far less gifted. In this department, accordingly, he was always pained by a conscious shortcoming from his own ideal. It is certain that lack of vocal force, and ready control over his intonations, largely detracted from the power and popularity of his preaching. It is the belief of the most intelligent observers that if his enunciation had been in force and fineness equal to that of some who were confessedly far behind him in mental gifts, he would have been one of the most attractive preachers of the day. In delicacy of conception, in the happy choice of idioms, in the command of striking and original imagery, and in the glow of evangelical fervour that pervaded all, he had few equals. These rare qualities, however, were shorn of half their strength, in as far as his public preaching was concerned, by the necessity under which he constantly lay of straining to make himself audible, by standing on his tip-toes, and throwing out his words in handfuls, if so be they might reach the far-distant aisles. If the muscles of his chest had been such as to enable him to stand solidly at ease, while his lips performed the task of articulation without the aid of auxiliary blasts from over-inflated lungs, James Hamilton would certainly have been followed by greater crowds, and obtained access for his message to a wider and more varied circle. But we do not know what counter-balancing evil might have

come in along with such external success. Although with all his prayers and pains this thorn was still left in the flesh, the grand compensation remained: "My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is perfect in thy weakness." What talents the Lord saw meet to bestow, he laid out with marvellous skill and diligence in the Giver's service; and if some other talents were withheld, the Withholder knows why. He hath done all things well.

On the whole, James Hamilton, as a preacher, was to a large extent the reverse of the class whose delivery hides the defects and sets off the good qualities of commonplace thought; it was the thought, at once solid and sparkling, that caught and carried the audience away in a rush, in spite of a considerable tendency to jolting in the vocal vehicle that bore it.

TO HIS WIFE.

"48 Euston Square, *June* 15, 1858.

". . . . Coming in afterwards with Mr. Henderson of Claremont Chapel, he mentioned an instance of the usefulness of *Life in Earnest*, which I was very thankful to hear. When it first came out he was acquainted with a very clever young lady, a Miss G—, at K— in Ireland; but she was quite careless and thoughtless. She was a great reader of novels. Mr. Henderson asked her if she would not read a religious book, if he were to lend her one? She said, No, she could not read such books, they were so dull. He said that she was quite mistaken; that some of them contained a great deal of the poetry and description that she was so fond of; and he repeated

to her two passages which he had committed to memory out of the first lecture in *Life in Earnest*. She said at once that if he would lend it, she would read that book. She did read it, and from one thing to another there came an entire change over her pursuits. She became a decided Christian, and is now married to a husband like-minded; she has written a number of attractive papers in *Household Words* and other periodicals."

"4 Archery Villas, St. Leonard's,
Sept. 1858.

"I can recollect the summer of 1826, with its profusion of sunshine and its long, long weeks of cloudless weather, drying up at last the burn at Strathblane, and leaving the trout in isolated pools to the mercy of the crows and schoolboys. Night after night we lay down independent of blankets; and morning after morning rose up relying on the returning of the sunshine. That season has made an indelible impression on my memory, and promises to be 'a joy for ever.' It was amidst its light and heat that the poetic temperament of Robert Pollok culminated, and that, little suspected by his prosaic neighbours, he was completing the *Course of Time* on the hills of his native Renfrewshire. This season has not been less wonderful. In the end of May and beginning of June there was a profusion of blossom such as I have never witnessed; and since then, with the occasional interruption of a refreshful shower, there has been no break in the brightness of the atmosphere, but the evenings have been so enchanting that it was a hardship to go to bed, and the mornings so

dazzling that it seemed a sin to lie still. Even London felt the influence, and many a time I felt as if Euston Square were perfectly beautiful. But it was our happiness to spend six weeks at Hadleigh; from the 15th of June to the 25th of July, and the last fortnight here. Towards this place I have always a homeward feeling, and Hadleigh was made unusually pleasant by the society of Mr. and Mrs. M'Laren, who, in kindness, intelligence, and congeniality of taste, are all that I could wish friends to be. And now that the wonderful spring has rushed into an autumn of unwonted profusion, with wife and children well, with health better than it has been for many years, and with some indications of a blessing on the ministry, I feel that, if I were now called away, it would be from the very zenith of earthly happiness. I can never hope to see a lovelier season than the summer now ended. I dare not ask for greater mercies than the Giver of all good is at this moment bestowing.

"My holiday has lasted forty days. Besides writing two sermons, I have prepared for the press two numbers of *Christian Classics*, a series of papers on the Psalms for the *Sunday at Home*, and new editions of the *Royal Preacher* and *Emblems from Eden*. My reading has been of a very easy kind."

The course of the devoted Sandeman on the mission field was short. His spirit brought and kept earth near to heaven while life lasted, and it pleased the Lord soon to blot out the little interval that remained, and take him altogether home. Dr. Hamilton writes to his sister:—

"48 Euston Square, London,
Oct. 6, 1858.

"My dear Mrs. Barbour,—Your beloved brother was so much more a citizen of heaven than of earth, that I cannot think your feeling at his translation will be like the common kinds of sorrow. At least after the first consternation of the unlooked-for tidings, the prevailing feeling with myself was thankfulness for his abundant entrance into the glorious kingdom. I have hardly ever seen any one with whom it was more entirely 'to live is Christ.' Bright, happy, and full of love, his career seemed always to be 'from strength still forward unto strength;' and at the last stage of all it is delightful to know how entirely death was swallowed up in victory. No one could have his own affections less set on the things of earth, and yet no one drew more affection towards himself. In his short stay here he gained all hearts. On the day that he went away he went down to the kitchen and took leave of the servants, spoke to them a few kind and earnest words, and gave each of them a book. They are still with us; and when at family worship on Monday morning I read the letter from Amoy, they all were weeping—children, servants, and all. To the little Christina (whom he would *not* baptize) he left a beautiful Bible, which is now very sacred. Mrs. Hamilton keeps it as he left it, in the papers addressed by his own hand. I hope the prayers will be answered which he offered for her. I do not think we can call the dispensation a dark one. He wished to serve Christ, and he is promoted to higher service than he hoped for; and he

wished to benefit China; and the affecting circumstances of his death are likely to awaken more interest, and I would even expect are likely to draw out more missionaries, than any living appeal could have done. Even his dear and much-tried mother, towards whom so much sympathy now turns,—the Comforter will sustain her; and where the hope is so full of immortality, it is less of a separation than what took place when he set out from home two years ago. With affectionate regards to Mr. Barbour, and with many tender but pleasant memories of his last visit to London, I remain, dear Mrs. Barbour, most truly yours, JAMES HAMILTON."

TO HIS WIFE.

"COUNTY (*i.e.*, RAILWAY) HOTEL,
CARLISLE, *Jan.* 10, 1859.

"Yesterday morning I got up at six, and finished a sermon on 'Take no thought for the morrow.' Having a very deep root of melancholy in my nature, I am fond of such subjects, for then I preach sermons useful to myself. With a most clear and joyful confidence in the wisdom and love of Him who 'doeth all things well,' I am constantly haunted with special anxieties or obscure misgivings and depressions. And so I feel sometimes the better for such a sermon as yesterday's. Professor Leone Levi came to dinner (Mrs. Levi has lost her mother), and so did Dr. De la Porte from Swatow. After half-an-hour's sleep I went and saw Mr. Hill, who has rallied a little; then came home and finished my lecture for the evening on China. Delivered it; had supper with Annie and her

cousin; then to sleep. The incident of this day's journey was a wonderful sunset. We had reached Kendal when it began. The mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland were covered with clouds very solid and massive-looking; above was open sky, filmed over with flakes of vapour and fleecy stragglers. This upper portion was every tint of glory, from saffron to the rosiest red; below it looked as if immense piles of snow were drenched with port wine, or some rich empurpling colour, which intensified as it receded from the centre of beauty, and became inky black to the northward."

"WOODVILLE, EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 14, 1859.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—Yesterday I paid a good many visits, and heard Professor Aytoun give a lecture to his rhetoric class. The subject was 'Virgil,' and was one of the greatest treats I have ever enjoyed, reminding me, however, of 'departed joys, departed never to return.' But I need not grudge them. Classical enjoyments are not the greatest after all. In the evening there was a dinner-party here. Professor George Wilson, Professor Fraser and his wife, and a few others. But I had to leave them in the middle, and go and address a prayer-meeting on behalf of China at St. Luke's.

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *Jan.* 31, 1859.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,—My visit to Scotland was a short one. I left this on Monday, Jan. 10, spent Tuesday at Jardine Hall, Dumfries-shire (Sir Wm. Jardine's), and the three following days at Woodville.

"I have just finished off a variety of little literary jobs, and to-day I begin James Wilson in earnest. After that I fondly hope to escape from further work of the kind for a long time to come. I am tired of task-work. What with the *Presbyterian Messenger*, *Excelsior*, and *Christian Classics*, I have had a monthly periodical in hand for the last eight years, and, superadded to my weekly preparations, it leaves no leisure for my dearly loved Dutch, and for books which I am burning to read."

FROM DR. STEANE.

"CAMBERWELL, *July* 5, 1859.

"DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—What can I do to minister to your comfort next Lord's day, when you are to preach for my colleague? Will you come and dine with us? Will you come after dinner and take a cup of tea? Will you like a quiet hour in my library before going to the pulpit? Will you bring Mrs. Hamilton with you, and afford us the pleasure of her company as well as of your own? Will you come and take a turn in my garden after the services of the day are over, and then a family meal,—of all meals on the Sabbath to me the most enjoyable, with a friend? When, let me speak it reverently, 'the burden of the Lord' has been delivered, and the solemn responsibility has been discharged, however inadequately, the mind relaxes, and the heart dilates and becomes at once receptive and communicative, and so tries to give pleasure, and is sure to receive it. In short, only feel that for the occasion my house will be what my heart always is, ready and delighted to welcome you, and to render you any service

in its owner's power. We all unite in kindest regards to you both; and believe me, dear Dr. Hamilton, yours in Christian brotherhood, EDWARD STEANE.

"*P.S.*—Let me allure you by just adding that 'the Englishwoman in America' will be my guest, and that I should rejoice, if you do not know each other already, that you should meet here."

The project of acquiring and repairing Regent Square Church is ripening now:—

TO MR. WATSON.

"BARNARD'S GREEN, GREAT MALVERN,
Aug. 5, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for seeing Mr. Gibson on Monday, and bringing matters to a point. I was really coming to fear that we should need to spend another winter as we are; and it was with difficulty that I quelled an inward revolt and rebellion, and brought myself to feel that I could acquiesce, if needful, in that most undesirable alternative. Perhaps I am to blame in not doing more personally to accelerate matters; but besides an anxiety to keep step with others, and not seem to outrun more cautious and deliberate brethren, I have felt (not this summer only, but all these eight years) a delicacy in urging forward a consummation in which my own comfort and advantage were so much concerned."

"BARNARD'S GREEN, *August* 10, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Whether or not I entered into an actual covenant with the Session not to preach during this

holiday, I have erred on the safe side, and have refused very many applications. But there are two (or rather three) cases for which I incline to ask a dispensation :—

"1. Mr. Turner, whose little chapel we attend, a venerable man of God, who originated all the good that has been done in this neighbourhood,—his anniversary is in the end of this month, and he has begged a week-day sermon. Lady Pirie tells me his income is about £70 a year, and as a good deal of this depends on the anniversary, I would gladly help him if I could.

"2 and 3. Our friends the Gunns of Warminster (Mrs. Gunn was a Miss Wills) want us to visit them, and wish me to baptize a little Gunn, who is to be named after me. Now it would be very ungracious to refuse, and if I do this, I do not see how I can refuse a request from my old friends of the Bristol Tabernacle to preach the London Missionary Society sermon during that visit. I have a warm side to Bristol, where, in my early days, I met with much kindness, and where a goodly measure of the right spirit still survives from the days of Thorpe, Hall, and Ryland.

"Now you will see some of the fathers and brethren to-morrow evening. Beg of them to take the foregoing into their favourable consideration, and please to communicate the result, that I may relieve from their painful suspense my esteemed correspondents.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours, J. HAMILTON."

"BARNARD'S GREEN, GREAT MALVERN,
August 13, 1859.

"We usually draw off the water from the fish-tank with a syphon, which will be found under the tank. But if

Janet is not up to the manipulation of the syphon, it will be quite enough to ladle off with a cup or jug a pailful of water once a week, and replace it with fresh water. The carp and gold-fishes will eat fine crumbs of bread, but they will also make shift without them. The roach will be very thankful for a few flies. He is the only one who is afflicted with fierceness of appetite.

"Payson's works will be a great acquisition, and if you will kindly forward them to Euston Square, I shall carry them off on the next occasion. It is a book I should like to possess, for from the feelings with which I read his *Life* five-and-twenty years ago, there is an interest in all he wrote. But those sermons which I have read are not so striking as one would have expected."

"BARNARD'S GREEN, *August* 15, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Our poor boy's illness turns out (as I inwardly feared from the first) diphtheria of a very formidable kind. Yesterday we were obliged to remove the others to lodgings in the town, and although the fever is much abated, the state of the throat is very bad. We have a most kind medical attendant in Dr. Grindrod; it is a great comfort to have our own servants with us; another comfort to have Lady Pirie so near; but the greatest comfort of all is, that the dear child is in the hands of One who loves him better than ourselves. Although she has had nearly three days and nights of exertion without sleep, poor Annie holds out,—for she is held up. We have been enabled to give him completely up to God's own wise and holy will, and through His own great mercy have been

kept from rebellious thoughts. At a time like this, His consolations are unspeakably precious.

"I know how much your own and dear Mrs. Watson's hearts are with us, and that we shall have your prayers for help in time of need.—Your ever affectionate,

"J. HAMILTON."

To Mr. Arnot he writes on Sept. 16, 1859:—"Towards Palestine I have no propension. I have read about it so much, and have seen it through so many eyes better than my own, that I should hope nothing from actual survey."

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *Oct.* 21, 1859.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—To-day we have been three weeks at home. I have begun a course of lectures on Sabbath evening on the History of Moses. This necessitates me to prepare two discourses; and as the lecture on Moses takes me three days to study, I find myself up to the full-pressure point."

TO REV. H. M. GUNN.

"LONDON, *Nov.* 7, 1859.

"MY DEAR MR. GUNN,—Five weeks (including six Sabbaths) have fled away since we took leave of Wiltshire, with its breezy downs and its beloved friends. You will now have a little more leisure for your studies, without the daily interruption of your idle neighbours, and we try to console ourselves for our banishment back to town by thinking how the leaves will be falling on Coss-Heap, and how, by reason of these awful hurricanes, Shearwater will

have ceased to be navigable. We have never spent a month more purely in recreation, or more pleasantly, and we neither wish nor hope for anything more delightful than the holiday at Warminster.

"I have no doubt that your exegesis of 'poor in spirit' is right. What a boundless theme is that sermon! I remember in the Presbytery of Edinburgh some one objected to the discourse of a candidate for license that 'it did not contain the Gospel;' and old Dr. Gilchrist retorted, 'I believe that if the Sermon on the Mount had been preached as a trial sermon before this Presbytery, it would have been rejected.' But I suspect the real truth is that the Gospel was never absent when the Lord Jesus was present. We have *verbal* Gospels, like John iii. 16; and *dramatic* Gospels, like the Lord's Supper; and there once was a living Gospel, the good-will of God incarnate in the person of His Son (John i. 17, 12, etc.) In other words, with His manifestation of the Divine disposition towards sinners, the greatest of Gospels was the Lord Jesus Himself; or in other words still, to this and all His sermons there was an evangelical element superadded in the mien and bearing of the Divinely-commissioned and benevolent Speaker. JAMES HAMILTON."

"LONDON, *Feb.* 13, 1860.

"MY DEAR MR. GUNN,— . . . You need not look out for my 'reviews' in the *Patriot*. My literary eclipse is total. There is not even the faintest annulus of illuminated surface remaining; and I cannot tell what a luxury it is to relapse into this comparative leisure. To write two sermons a week I do not find oppressive, as I often

did when I had in hand *Excelsior* and *Christian Classics.* I have even bought *Opera Omnia Erasmi,* in eleven folios, and begun to read it through.

"Henry Wills was interested in our live stock. He will be happy to hear that the parrakeets are pretty well. The dormouse escaped on Saturday se'nnight, but was found in a trap which I set for him this morning, alive but very hungry. The lizard lived on till the first of December, by which time flies had become exorbitantly dear. That evening, as he was taking a walk in the library, some one trod on his head and he died on the spot."

"LONDON, *March* 5, 1860.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Reading together (Annie and I) *A Life for a Life,* we were so much pleased with it, that I wrote a note thanking the writer, a thing which I never remember to have done before. I had a nice hearty note in return from Miss Mulock, saying that she was once a Regent Square hearer. I once met her at Mrs. Oliphant's, but cannot recall her. I forget whether I told you that I had been guilty of the great extravagance of buying Erasmus (£7). But he is capital reading, and 'cut and come again.' The release from editorial labour makes me feel quite rich in leisure, and besides writing my two sermons a week (one always on the life and times of Moses), I do read a good deal."

The Synod assembles in Sunderland this year: in an interval of business a winged messenger is despatched to carry a pleasant thought home :—

"SUNDERLAND, *April* 18, 1860.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—After four hours' discussion, we have just got through the Foreign Mission Report, and so, being released for a few minutes, I devote them to you. Often, in the din of the debate, I take swifter wings than those of a dove, and find myself in my dear nest at home. I wish, too, that it were as natural to me to take these wings and fly away to another home, of which, although we have never yet been there, a good deal has been told us, and which will by and by be far dearer to us than Euston Square has ever been. We are getting on very pleasantly. There has been no outbreak of temper or bad feeling."

Early in 1860, measures were finally taken for bringing to an issue all questions relating to the tenure of the Church. At the period of the Disruption in 1843, a debt of £5000 was attached to the building. As a matter of course, the Session and Congregation made no effort to reduce this burden while any uncertainty remained regarding their title to the property. For a period of seventeen years this state of matters remained unchanged. At length, however, it became necessary to execute extensive repairs. But the same reason that withheld them from extinguishing the debt, withheld them also from repairing the fabric until it should be determined whether the property were legally their own. As the only method of solving the difficulty, the church was exposed to sale by the mortgagee, and bought for the congregation at a price not much greater than the amount of the encumbrance.[1]

[1] The conditions of the trust-deed were very carefully fulfilled. Besides ad-

Having secured an unchallengeable title, the congregation proceeded to repair and improve their much-loved church. On examination, it was found that, owing to defects in the original construction of the roof, and a tendency to decay in the external surface of the towers, a much larger sum would be required than was at first contemplated. After many delays, the work was at length executed in the autumn of 1860. The cost, including the mortgage, £5000, and a handsome lecture-hall, £1000, amounted, inclusive of interest, to £14,083, 5s. 2d. The bulk of this sum was subscribed at the time, and the balance, through sundry efforts of zealous members, was finally cleared off in the close of 1864.

While the church was undergoing these extensive repairs the minister obtained a holiday. By medical advice, he spent it chiefly at German baths.

TO MR. WATSON.

"HOMBURG, *August* 3, 1860.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—On Wednesday last, who should turn up at *table-d'hôte* but Professor Miller! He 'took stock' of me after dinner, and pronounced me ready for Schwalbach, and, what I was sorry to hear, in need of it. As this implies my not getting home till the end of the month, I was scarcely inclined to acquiesce, especially as we are most comfortably settled here, and had planned to

vertisements of the intended sale in the newspapers, notices were sent to the Moderator and Clerk of the General Assembly, and to Dr. John Cumming of London. The fullest opportunity was given to the authorities of the Established Church to come forward and pay the mortgagee. If they had chosen to do so, in all probability their claim to the property would not have been resisted.

return with my brother on this day fortnight. However, yesterday I went into Frankfort to consult Dr. Spiess, the most famous physician in Germany. I found him what I was prepared to expect, a solid and masterly man, with quick, keen insight, and great good sense; and in a few minutes he pronounced for Schwalbach. This is what Dr. Williams recommended before I came away; but I hoped that after this fortnight at Homburg I should need nothing else. Now, however, there seems no help for it. 'In for a penny, in for a pound.'

"Professor Miller's company is itself an immense attraction.

"As we were cheated out of Mr. Noel's services last Sabbath, we got up a sermon on Wednesday evening, his last evening here, and had an overflowing congregation. The address was delightful,—quiet, and conversational, on the woman with the alabaster box of ointment."

He was captivated by Professor Miller: they were kindred spirits. That beloved physician, too, has been early taken away from a world that seemed to need him. With Professor Miller and Baptist Noel and James Hamilton, besides "honourable women not a few," the English community at Homburg that season were favoured with some choice Christian society.

"LANGENSCHWALBACH,
Black Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1860.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Our own plan was to go on Monday next; but Professor Miller is so peremptory for another week, that I suppose we must remain till

Monday, Sept. 3. On Friday we forgathered with Professor Blackie, who had that day finished his translation of Homer. He took us up to his *sanctum*, and read a specimen, which I thought remarkably fine. It is in fourteen syllabic lines, a sort of ballad metre. Then leaving Andrew to be picked up by the Wiesbaden Diligence, we came home again.

"On Friday our colony received an accession in Mr. and Mrs. Main from Edinburgh. Yesterday we had a flying visit from your friend James Crawford and his wife, and yesterday I went with Lord Panmure and his ladies a picnic to Rauenthal, whence a magnificent view of the Rhine. These are nearly all the incidents since that saddest one of your own departure. We drink every morning, sleep every noon, *table-d'hôte* at the Allée Saal, —except to-day, when we made a capital dinner for 25 kreuzers apiece at the 'Restauration,' and this evening, as once before, we take tea with the Lady Emma. Cold and rainy as the weather is, I almost wish that I were again safe amongst the books and coals of London. And you are thankful to be again at Stonehouse."

The renovated church was opened on a week-day by Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. Hamilton preached on the following Sabbath, 21st October 1860. Before sermon, and in connexion with the text, Judges vii. 18, he delivered a stirring address. We give it in full from his manuscript:—

"There is great power in a battle-cry well chosen and well worded. 'Soldiers, from the top of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!' said Napoleon to his

troops on the eve of conflict in Egypt, and this appeal to a cloud of witnesses was the very thing to rouse the fiery and glory-loving sons of France. But not more powerful than the watchword which Gideon gave to his three hundred patriots, a band as devoted as the three hundred at Thermopylæ; and which, revived not long ago with its double element of patriotism and piety, thrilled the ironsides of Cromwell—'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!'

"In recent times no saying of the sort has been so successful as the last appeal of our great naval hero. It was on the 21st of October 1805 (fifty-five years ago this very day) that the battle of Trafalgar was fought. After a two years' hunt, Nelson that morning overtook the fleets of France and Spain, and, never thinking of his inferior numbers, hung out the watchword, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' The signal was answered with acclamations all along the line, and before the sun went down that enormous armament was annihilated, and it became no bootless boast, what another great sea-captain had said not long before in reply to the question, 'But will the French not come to England?' 'At all events they cannot come *by sea!*'

"Nelson's watchword was eminently successful; but it could not have succeeded unless there had been something responsive in the men to whom it spoke. Perhaps it would have failed with Napoleon's guards beneath the Pyramids; assuredly Napoleon's sentiment would have failed with Nelson's tars. But it is a fine thing to know that even in that rough and regardless time, in the days of press-gangs, and soon after a frightful mutiny, there was

love of country, there was fear of God sufficient to make a challenge like this the key-note of conquest. I say 'love of country,' for the first word was 'England;' and 'fear of God,' for the last word was 'duty.'

"On such an anniversary, and on the Sabbath after such a sermon as we heard last Wednesday, I hope it is not out of place to recall these memorable words. They are eminently Protestant and British. They recognise that great principle of individual responsibility which makes every man stand alone, and strictly accountable; they appeal to that Anglo-Saxon energy which performs its own part without looking round to see what others are doing. And although we devoutly pray that such scenes of carnage may never come again, long may such words convey the essence of the Englishman! Long may they resound in the bloodless battles which it is our lot to be daily fighting!

"Every man, every member of the Church, in our own case the twice three hundred who are enrolled beneath the banner of the Prince of Peace, the Church expects every one to do his duty, and so expects the Church's glorious Head. Do it in the way of preventing evil, as well as in the way of doing good. Do it by speaking the word in season to those who come near you. Do it by sending the missionary to those whom you yourselves cannot reach. Do it in ruling your own spirit, and spare a little to help those who are battling with the sins that beset them. Do it, scholar, in thy study; do it, preacher, in thy pulpit; do it, Martha, in the kitchen; do it, good work and honest, Simon in the tan-pit, Aquila in the tent-

maker's yard. Do it, even although there is no one to see. Do it, even although others should not do theirs. Do it, even although there be danger in the doing. Do it, for if there be danger in the doing, there is more danger in the neglect. Do it, though there is no one to see; for even when onlookers are most numerous, the chief spectator is invisible, and when no one else is visible, He still is present. Do it, even although others should not do theirs; for if at first it seems a hardship, it is the highest honour not only to fulfil your own, but to supply the lack of other's service."

"48 Euston Square, *Jan.* 3, 1861.

"My dear William,— . . . Your own is a cheering letter, with its accounts of yourselves and of the continued good work in Stonehouse. I am only sorry that blankets are not more abundant in the village. Please to lay out £2 of the enclosed on these 'compliments of the season,' and will you either give £1 to each of the children with my 'Happy New Year,' or expend it in a way that may approve itself to parental wisdom.

"The renovated church is a great success. Nothing can be more beautiful, and it is extremely comfortable, and quite as good for hearing as so large a place could be. The standing at Psalms has improved the singing. There is a great increase in the attendance, but the communion roll is almost the same as in '59,—being then 612, and now 617.

"Carlyle's biography is both amusing and horrible; but it lifts the veil, and will leave posterity in no manner of

doubt as to the intrinsic character of the moderate party during the last half of last century. George Wilson's life I have read with interest, from having known himself; but I fear it is too long for the general reader. My teeth now water for Motley's new volumes; but I must leave them over till next week. His daughters—the oldest, a fine intelligent girl—used to attend Regent Square last winter along with Miss Anderson's pupils. You perceive on what *recherché* paper I write. Having to inscribe the above some two or three thousand times a year, I thought it would be a great saving to have it printed. I begin the year with four reams or 1920 sheets of it, and will see how long it lasts. I am wonderfully diligent, entirely pastoral, seldom preaching week-day sermons, never out of my own pulpit since October, resolutely refusing all applications to write for the press, even your friend of Pilrig's entreaty to review Motley in the *North British*.

Dr. Wilson of the Free Church Mission Institute, Bombay, in a letter of date 14th August 1860, after commending to his notice a young Oriental about to settle in London, says, "When I was in Rajputana some months ago, I found on sale at the Government Education Depôt a tract in Urdu (Hindustani, as spoken by the Mussulmans), in which you may feel some interest, as it is a translation from *Life in Earnest*. I send a copy of it by Mr. Ryan." And here it is in characters very uncouth to occidental eyes, but with an alternative title, considerately given in English, "A Whip for the Indolent," extracted and translated from *Life in Earnest*, by Babu Siraprasad.

There must be something remarkable in that religious teaching which is originally addressed to a congregation in London, and is reproduced by one of themselves for the use of Mussulmans in the interior of India.

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *March* 15, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Yesterday Mr. Adams called and brought bad accounts from the African squadron, in which James (his cousin's son) of Beddington has been for two years. It seems that the Mandingoes—a set of warlike Africans—had been attacking our settlement on the Gambia, and the 'Arrogant,' with one or two other ships, sailed up the Gambia to put down the disturbance. 3000 Mandingoes with 900 Arab cavalry had entrenched themselves in stockades—a sort of rampart against which cannon are almost useless, being beams or trunks of trees driven into the ground, and wattled together with green branches, through which balls pass freely, and which cannot be burned. Against this stockade James was leading on a storming party of sixty sailors, waving his sword with one hand and holding a revolver in the other. They must have seen that he was an officer, and taken good aim, for he fell with three bullets through the heart. The stockade was taken with the destruction of some hundreds of its defenders, but poor James lies there in his soldier's grave beneath the tropic."

"LONDON, *June* 12, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . A few weeks ago Uncle Thomas called and gave me £1000 of Great Northern Preference Stock, which he intended for poor James; and he

said that he meant to give the same amount to you. The only sad thing about it is, that he for whom it was originally intended 'is not.' It is a wonderful accession of wealth, and will in many ways be useful."

"*Jan.* 1, 1862.—Of four reams of note-paper laid in on last New Year's Day, there now remains a single quire, indicating (official documents and foreign correspondence inclusive) about 2000 letters for the year. These letters take more time than all my sermons and lectures. Since I last wrote in this book, we have altered and re-opened Regent Square Church. The cost was more than £13,000, but both the congregation and friends contributed so largely that we are only £2000 in debt. Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Duncan gave £500 or upwards each, and very memorable have been the services of Mr. Petrie as treasurer, and Mr. Watson as secretary of the acting building committee. The new church was opened by Dr. Guthrie, October 1860; and, with its commodious pews and capital ventilation, is as comfortable as a large building can be. We have just revised our communion roll. Although we have added 108 members during the year, the increase is only eight actually, making our regular communicants 625 in all. During last year I officiated eighty-one times in Regent Square, and gave fifty sermons or lectures elsewhere."

In the congregational report, 1862, when a ministry of twenty-one years had been accomplished amongst them, the office-bearers introduced an affectionate tribute to his worth. Those annual reports are models of succinctness

and fulness. The compilers brought high business talent to the management of congregational affairs. They did not often or lightly scatter eulogies. When on this one occasion they broke through restraint, and praised him in his presence, it is due to all parties that some of the leading paragraphs should have a place in this record :—

"We have left until last, not because it is least, a point in our history the most interesting of the year. On the 25th of July last, our much-loving and much-beloved minister completed his ministerial majority in this place. On that day, twenty-one years ago, he preached his first sermon as our minister. Under his ministry, your gifts, in collections and through our congregational association, exclusive of the building fund, exceed in amount £27,000; the building fund sums to £12,000 more. Such an unbroken ministry is not a frequent occurrence, and the liberality which it has drawn forth may fairly compare with what has been seen in the most fruitful soils. The fruits that cannot be marshalled in arithmetical columns we must leave to be unfolded in the great day of account. We give thanks both for that ministry and for its fruits. But if you have given much, you have also received much. How shall we speak of such a ministry as we have had the rare privilege of enjoying for one-and-twenty years, in terms that shall be at once adequate and within bounds? Viewing the presidency under which we are convened this night, we are restrained, by obvious reasons, from saying all that we might say in other audience. But while restrained from saying all, shall we say nothing? . . .

"We must ask his loving nature to bear with us even in this. We honour ourselves by rendering appropriate homage to a mind so rarely endowed with gifts and graces; to a man pervaded by so excellent a spirit as is found in him; to a life so much in earnest, and so winsome, of which so large a part has been spent with ourselves; to so living and loving an epistle, so capable of wooing us to the Saviour; to a mind so fully furnished with knowledge, so capable of transmuting into gold—beyond the dreams of alchemy—whatsoever it touches; so capable of impressing every fact, and almost every fancy, into his Master's service. Let us rejoice that a mind so sanctified, and so fully charged with things new and old—so capable of compelling tributaries from almost every region to illustrate and enforce the truth, was led to devote itself to the ministry of the Gospel. Let our prayers for his continued health and success in his Master's work be unceasing. Let us rejoice in his ministrations here; and give thanks for the Christian authorship with which our language and the world is by him enriched. Ever drawing lessons for us from the Great Biography, he has this year added one more to the number, fitting sequence to the theme suggested by the night on the Mount of Olives—*A Morning by the Lake of Galilee.*"

"LONDON, *July* 7, 1862.

"MY DEAR MR. DAVIDSON,—Our friends in River Terrace Session are afraid that you have been somewhat discouraged by representations as to that field of labour, and have asked me to write to you my candid opinion regard-

ing it. Now I will not be so Quixotic as to say that I prefer River Terrace to all the Presbyterian localities in London, but as a locality I think it is next to Regent Square. Islington abounds in Scotchmen, and now that Dr. Edmond is moving off as far as Highbury, the field is left almost entirely to yourself. From what I know of the neighbourhood and of yourself, I know no reason why you should not have next year a large and flourishing congregation gathered round you. I own that the long vacancy has tended to scatter the people, but they are not far away, they are not alienated, and they will be easily brought back again. Then the church is free of debt. There is an excellent Sabbath-school; and altogether, unless you give it the *coup de grace* by declining this call, there are few of our churches which have better prospects than River Terrace. If you can keep up your own resolution, in the trying circumstances, of parting with your present flock, and so keep up the spirits of the people in Islington, you will find a great door and effectual open, and will, I am sure, have no reason to regret the translation.—Believe me, most truly yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

Mr. Davidson complied with this advice, and has never had any cause to regret it. His ministry at Islington is in the best sense successful.

"NORTHAW, *by* BARNET, *Aug.* 19, 1862.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Cases like —— are deplorable. There should be some self-acting machinery

for suppressing congregations or suspending ministers when they sink so low. We have such cases in England forced upon us by worthy men, sometimes wealthy, but they are at once the suckers of our substance and a scandal to our cause."

This short extract contains a very weighty thought. It behoves all self-supporting Presbyterian churches to ponder it well. A lack of power to deal authoritatively with cases of failure through some incapacitating peculiarity of the minister, threatens to check the progress of churches that are otherwise evangelical, vigorous, and free. A few examples of a ministry that is incapable, with possibly here and there one that is chronically discreditable, while the Church courts stand idly by, without the will or the power to remedy the wrong, do more to damage the Church at large than all the arguments of its adversaries. It is essential at this day to show before the world that Presbytery does not consist in allowing every man to do as he likes—to show that it is a real government.

FROM THE REV. J. D. BURNS.

"HAMPSTEAD, *Dec.* 18, 1862.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—Let me thank you very warmly for your kind and acceptable gift. For the donor's sake, as well as for its own, it will take its place, not only on my shelves, but in a more exclusive shrine, side by side with the *Mount of Olives*. And I believe that numberless hearts to whom that book has ministered help, guidance, and comfort will feel that you have hence-

forward thrown the same sweet and hallowed charm around the Lake of Galilee. It will always have to me a pleasant association of a personal kind with the first Sabbath service in our new church; nor could I have desired a better consecration of our sanctuary to the service of the Gospel than in words of the loving evangelist, or rather words of Him who loved him, so touchingly and wisely expounded. May that ever be the spirit of all the ministrations within its walls. You have given me a more selfish motive for liking the book, by honouring some poor verses of mine with a place in it. On the principle of *laudari a laudato*, I cannot but be gratified; and I assure you in all seriousness that I never admired the lines till I saw them so finely set,—preserved, too, for future times, like a fly in amber. Believe me, with heartfelt acknowledgments, yours most sincerely,

"JAMES D. BURNS."

Alas! in writing these familiar names the biographer feels as if he were walking through a churchyard and counting the tombstones! James Burns, a true poet and an able minister of Christ, writes a note of polished praise to his brother minister and brother author, James Hamilton. Burns is called away first; Hamilton survives him long enough to compose his Memoirs, portions written during the lassitude of his last illness; and himself called away before the book reaches the press. *The Memoir of Burns* by Hamilton is a posthumous publication; it appeared after the grave had closed on its author.

At Manchester, in 1863, the Synod adopted a general

scheme, suggested by Mr. Robert Lockhart of Liverpool, a zealous and liberal elder, for extinguishing the debt on existing ecclesiastical edifices, and of extending the Church in new fields. It was proposed to raise £25,000 by subscription, to be employed as a central fund, at once to aid individual congregations, and to stimulate their own liberality. Not long after its origin, Dr. Hamilton undertook the superintendence of this scheme, as convener of the committee, on condition that Mr. William Ferguson of Liverpool should consent to be treasurer. "Induced by the double motive, zeal for the cause and great personal affection for the convener, Mr. Ferguson undertook the task. Thus encouraged, and set free for a time by his Presbytery from his own pastoral work, Dr. Hamilton threw himself into the effort with all his heart. A series of sermons was preached, and a series of meetings held in Liverpool in June of the same year; and the Presbyterians of the great sea-port, aided by friends and neighbours, inaugurated the movement by a subscription of £7500.

It was an arduous undertaking, but it was successfully carried through. After the successful commencement in Liverpool, a meeting was held in London 15th March 1864, under the presidency of the Earl of Dalhousie, at which Dr. Hamilton gave an eloquent exposition of the plan. The conclusion of his address contained some most cheering announcements,—"Liverpool has already subscribed £7500, and in Sunderland, Newcastle, North and South Shields, at least £2500 more had been promised. They had hoped to have with them this evening Mr. H. M. Matheson, and they all lamented the cause of his absence,

whilst they rejoiced that he was already getting better. But he was prepared to give to the Synod's fund what the Prince of Wales had given to the Bishop of London's fund. Here is his promise of a thousand pounds. Failing Mr. Matheson, we asked Mr. Barbour of Bolesworth, who has long been himself a central fund to the Church, to come and support our noble chairman. Here is his letter, regretting that he cannot so soon return to town, but intimating his intention of also subscribing a thousand pounds."

The fund was so managed that in the course of the next four years it had drawn forth local contributions more than three times its own amount for the extinction of debt, and the erection of new churches. In this denominational effort the character of Dr. Hamilton was of great service to the Church at large. Among the members there were resources and zeal sufficient to make the needful contribution, but it was necessary that they should all unite; and in order to such union it was necessary that they should all have confidence; and in order to confidence it was necessary that there should be one at the head of the organization whom all could implicitly trust. His bright, hopeful way, too, in the actual conduct of affairs, went far to keep up the spirits of his coadjutors, and carry them through. In the conduct of this enterprise he showed himself as well qualified for practical business as for the departments of the scholar and the theologian. The sphere of his gifts was broad and varied.

CHAPTER XII.

1860-1865.

ON 7th April 1860 died James, only son of Mr. Thomas Hamilton of the Row. He was an accomplished man, a devoted Christian, and a faithful pastor in the Episcopal Church. He had been for many years Rector of Beddington, Surrey. Dr. Hamilton, at the request of his uncle, whose wish was law, prepared a memoir of his cousin, which was printed for private use, but not offered to the public. This course was considered more consonant with the gentle retirement of his character; but both the life delineated and the delineation of the life might have challenged the widest publicity.

The following affectionate note was addressed by the bereaved widow to the biographer:—

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *July* 16, 1863.

"MY DEAR COUSIN JAMES,—I have been wishing to write to you, to tell you how much satisfied I am with your lifelike sketch of my dear James; it comes out more and more as I read it over, till it gradually becomes a complete picture, growing upon one; so far more satisfactory than a mere formal stereotyped description of certain qualities and manner would have been. I have had many

most affectionate and satisfactory letters about it. I quite believe it will be a blessing and comfort to many, and I feel so very thankful that we thought of having it compiled, and so grateful to you, dear cousin James, for having done it. You must let me thank you for it, for I know it was carried on in the midst of many other calls upon your time. To my dear father I believe it will be a comfort and delight for the rest of his days, and *you* have made him know what his son was better than he ever did before. I am sure this will be a reward to you.—With our best love to you all, believe me, your affectionate cousin,

"MARIANNE HAMILTON."

In the autumn of 1863 a proposal was made by the late Mr. Henderson of Park, through Mr. Watson of Berners Street, that he should undertake the editorial charge of *Evangelical Christendom*, the organ of the Evangelical Alliance. In the first instance he declined, mainly on the ground that editorial work constituted in some measure a competing or secondary calling, and so became the rival of his pastorate.

At a later date, however, through the persuasion of friends, and the representation made of the necessity and usefulness of the Magazine for the objects of Christian union, which lay near his heart, his objections were overcome. He undertook the work, and carried it on without intermission till the close of his life. This serial, from 1864 to 1867, contains many papers by his hand of general and permanent interest on the various aspects of Christianity as it bears on the world and the age.

"LONDON, *Nov.* 20. 1863.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . You must exceedingly miss Jane and Willie. I am sure it is good for young people to get some of their education away from home; but I am very soft-hearted about sending any of ours away; on the other hand it is wonderful how little (here at least) one sees of them at home. Latterly I have allowed them to come more into the study, just as a means of keeping up the acquaintance; but, after all, it is bodily presence rather than actual intercourse. I am always trying to save time, and always falling again into some scrape. Just now I have agreed to edit *Evangelical Christendom* for 1864, which will pretty well swallow up the leisure of one year."

Thus he was enticed to undertake the work, as Parliament consents to pass the Mutiny Act, by the expedient of undertaking it only for one year.

TO MR. AND MRS. FERGUSON, BIRKENHEAD.

"LONDON, *Jan.* 2, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—What a bitter blow to you! but what a blessed New Year's Day to your beloved child! How well I remember the dear little fellow with his too good head, and his bright observant ways. I think the last I saw of him was when his mamma and his brother and he convoyed me to the tramway, and in a few days they were to set forth for Kinmundy and the holidays. And now he is beholding the face of his Father who is in Heaven, his thirst of knowledge will be abundantly grati-

fied, and all the traits which made him to you and your friends so endearing will be improved to the utmost, and features will be added which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

"Most deeply do we both feel for you in this great sorrow; but the Lord Himself will sustain you with His own strong consolation, and will make all grace abound towards you. With Mrs. Hamilton's sympathizing remembrance, and my own, to yourself and Mrs. Ferguson, —I remain, my dear friend, ever affectionately yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

The death of this child brought up a very interesting circumstance. In June of the preceding year, while Dr. Hamilton was residing with his friend Mr. Ferguson, prosecuting the Church Extension Fund, he occupied some spare hours in preparation for the following Sabbath in London. According to his wont, he dated the sermon, place and time, "St. Aidan's Terrace, Birkenhead, 19th June 1863;" its text was, "And he said unto his father, My head, my head," 2 Kings iv. 19. It was finished partly on the way and partly at home on the following day. The subject was the death of little children, and the consolations to Christian parents under bereavement. When, more than six months afterwards, he learned that his friend's bright boy had been suddenly removed, and that his only cry during the illness had been "My head, my head," he turned to the MS. of the sermon, and sent it for perusal, date and all, with an affectionate letter to the bereaved parents.

FROM DR. M'CRIE.

"23 ROCHESTER ROAD, *Feb.* 1, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—With the pleasant echoes of your morning discourse yesterday still sounding in my ears, will you permit me to make a humble, though very selfish, request. I spoke to you about giving these sermons to the public, but I 'earnestly covet' them for the *British and Foreign Evangelical* before they are framed into a volume. They would form an admirable sequel to the series on the 'Scottish Philosophy,' from the pen of our friend Dr. M'Cosh. They would furnish a most seasonable and effective antidote to the 'Philosophy,' falsely so called, now poisoning the minds of our young and ingenuous readers. Even as they stand, without putting you to any great trouble, the four discourses would make delightful reading as a series on the 'Grecian Philosophy.' I look to you to help me in establishing the *British and Foreign*.—Yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS M'CRIE."

These lectures on the sects and phases of the Greek Philosophy in contrast with Christianity, are all that Dr. M'Crie certifies them to be. They have not yet been published, but they ought to see the light.

"LONDON, *May* 17, 1864.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . The day after I returned, viz., last Thursday, Mrs. Strong left for Quarter, where she now is. We were quite sorry to part with her. Amidst much suffering, her unselfish, or rather self-con-

quering cheerfulness, renders her a delightful inmate, and both Annie and I miss her greatly."

Here we again obtain a glimpse of that friendship, more than romantic, having its root in a common relation to the same Redeemer, which was formed during his brief ministry at Abernyte, and endured without abatement to the end. We shall meet with the family very soon again in the course of our narrative, and learn the value of such sanctified attachments. The need will soon occur which requires and manifests the friend indeed.

During this summer an access of the Erasmus fever occurs. As usual in such cases, a small note-book is bought, and duly inaugurated. The great intention is announced, and entries bearing on it regularly begun. In this instance the record extends only over one week. The project, driven out by a whole army of assailing cares, goes out of sight for the time. After a few throbs, each feebler than its predecessor, the conception seems to expire. Some time afterwards, as we shall see, he returns to this fondly cherished scheme, not with the view of executing it, but in order to lay it tenderly in its grave, as a thing greatly desired, but impossible in a life so short and so full. We insert the whole of this record :—

"48 *Euston Square, London, June* 10, 1864.—Last week, a notion which I have long entertained revived on my mind so powerfully as to be for the moment a ruling passion. It is to write a popular sketch of the life and times of Erasmus—a subject of which I took partial possession in an Exeter Hall lecture four years ago. I have

got the books, and in my memory have some of the materials; but I must go about it honestly, and not give to it the time which anterior duties claim. The amount of this is small indeed. I have got this book in order to mark down for a time how the days are filled up, and see by actual experience how far I am likely to succeed.

"On Monday, six hours were consumed by visitors, one and a half hours by a meeting of our district visitors, and then a meeting of Session nearly three hours long left me no energy remaining.

"On Tuesday, I started at eight to baptize the child of a good man who had come up for the purpose from Ipswich. Then went to Blackheath, and then to Stratford, to see an invalid old lady who had sent a message saying that she would like to see me, and only got back in time to attend two committees, and finish the day of fourteen hours by speaking at a public meeting.

"*Wednesday the 8th.*—Started at nine for the marriage of Mary Gillespie, and before I returned from that and two visits of friendship at Clapham it was ten at night.

"*Thursday the 9th.*—Worked—interrupted by visitors, for six hours writing letters and documents connected with our Foreign Missions, the Presbyterian Mission question, the supply of vacant churches, etc. Then three and a half hours calling on Madame Jerichau, Lord Rollo, Mrs. Patison, etc.—not one of them belonging to the congregation, and finished off with the prayer-meeting.

"*Friday the 10th.*—Spent three hours laying the foundations of a sermon on 'The Spirit of Christ,' John vi. 63, and gave four hours to visits. In the evening an hour of Erasmus.

"11*th, Saturday.*—Began my sermon *de novo*, and, interrupted only by one needful visit and a funeral, proceeded prosperously for eight hours.

"12*th, Sunday.*—Preached twice.

"13*th.*—Usual Monday *levée*. Nine letters, four hours of visiting, and the evening closed with a friend at supper.

"14*th.*—Four hours Erasmus. Visit to Horticultural Gardens. Presbytery. A committee two and a half hours. Three letters. Ten visitors.

"15*th.*—Twelve letters, which, with visitors, occupied from breakfast till our one o'clock dinner. Then till tea visited. Thereafter Erasmus three and a half hours, and finished the Colloquies.

"16*th.*—Visits to the sick two hours; visitors two and a half hours. Prayer-meeting and committee three hours. Read a hundred pages *Letters of Miss Cornwallis.*

"17*th.*—Prepared a paper for *Evangelical Christendom.*"

Alas! at this rate, when will the eleven Latin folios of Erasmus be read and digested!

When Dr. Guthrie was compelled by infirm health to retire from the conspicuous and honourable position which he had long held in Edinburgh, the eyes of Dr. Hanna, his colleague, and the congregation were first turned towards Dr. Hamilton as the most suitable successor. A correspondence accordingly took place, with the view of ascertaining, in the first instance privately, whether he was disposed to entertain the proposal. His judgment as to duty was from the first clear, and therefore he wisely gave a decisive answer at once, so that the matter was carried

no further. Dr. Hamilton had consecrated his life to the ministry in London, and he would not permit any consideration of relief to his wearied spirit, or leisure for literary work, to turn him aside from his purpose. The correspondence between him and Dr. Hanna on that occasion need not now be considered private; and on the principle of enabling the reader to consider for his own profit "whatsoever things are lovely" in the intercourse of fellow-disciples, we transcribe it here entire:—

FROM DR. HANNA.

"EDINBURGH, *July* 14, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—You are aware, perhaps, that in consequence of Dr. Guthrie's being permanently laid aside, we are anxious to find some one to fill his place in St. John's. The position is one of such importance that you will excuse my writing to you about it. We have difficulty in finding in Scotland the man we want, and it has occurred to me that there might be some one in England who might do. Do you know of any such? Some of our members were so presumptuous as to cherish the fond imagination that the comparative relief from labour and return to your native land might induce even you to entertain the idea of it. It is too much to hope for, but I could state many things about the position you would occupy here which would make it not so utopian as at first sight it seems; but I presume that I need not do more than simply hint at it. You will pardon my doing so much, as it springs from the earnest desire I have to see Dr. Guthrie's place occupied by one worthy to be his

successor. It will be my effort to make the position as agreeable in every way to his successor as I have striven to make it to him.—I am ever, dear Dr. Hamilton, very truly yours, WM. HANNA."

FROM DR. HAMILTON.

"LONDON, *July* 23, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. HANNA,—You are one of the earliest and dearest of my friends, and in Edinburgh every time I revisit it I feel something of the olden spell, and I am alive, perhaps too keenly, to the consideration which you urged,—the hope of doing some things in a sphere of comparative leisure which it is very certain will never be done in London.

"But the reasons against leaving Regent Square seem conclusive. I cannot suppose that there ever was a minister happier in his people and in his sessional colleagues than I have been, and the thought of parting is what I cannot face; even to meditate it as a thing possible seems little short of treason. And now it would be more ungrateful than ever, for it is my present flock which has just expended an enormous sum in the purchase and improvement of our church, and which has done more than enough to make me, as to worldly things, free from carefulness. The effect, too, on our Presbyterianism generally might be very injurious. To personal friends who have made great and noble sacrifices for church extension and for missions, I am sure it would be discouraging. Here we are all needful to one another, and although my successor might be far more suitable, that would hardly

make amends for my going away. With a wonderful dislike to ecclesiastical affairs and to business generally, the course of events, and the misjudging kindness of my brethren, have compelled me to take more than a proportional share of our Church's work; and, although it were for nothing else but the fear of weakening others' hands, I must abide at my post. I assure you it costs me a pang. Fully the half of my time is occupied in doing things which many men could do far better, and which are to me unspeakably irksome. I try to accept them as 'the burden of the Lord,' but often I inwardly rebel, and your proposal revived for an instant the dreams of other days. The right hand which, if I had not cut off, I had at least tied up many years ago, seemed as if it might yet regain its cunning; and now I feel more effort than I ought in removing a tempting opportunity and returning to the life of a Presbyterian factotum. However, I believe that it is right, and with so many compensations, with congenial friends, an affectionate people, and an abundance of all earthly blessings, it would be ridiculous as well as sinful to talk of sacrifice.

"Let me in conclusion thank you and those other friends who have thought of me so kindly. In one thing, I am sure, you have judged aright, we should have gone on famously together; and, although I must not accept your invitation, I shall always remember it as the crowning act in a friendship which began more than thirty years ago, and which I rejoice to believe is unending.

"J. H."

"LONDON, *July* 25, 1864.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Ten days ago, Dr. Hanna wrote asking me how I would like to be Dr. Guthrie's successor. This, of course, is what no one can be; but for some reasons I might have liked very well to be Dr. Hanna's colleague: the one sermon weekly, the leisurely life of Edinburgh, the idea of doing some things which I used to dream of, but which it is very certain I can never do in London. All this, however, is countervailed by the necessities of my position. I cannot abandon the cause of Presbyterianism in England, nor can I leave a people who have done what the people of Regent Square have done within the last four years; so to-day I sent off my refusal. Although, like Issachar, I see that rest is good, I have again put my shoulder to the burden."

Most touching words, when read in the light of subsequent events. Alas! the burden was more than he could bear; and, accordingly, he sank soon under its weight. He would not accept comparative rest in Edinburgh; he would labour on till he should reach the perfect rest.

"LONDON, *July* 27, 1864.

"MY DEAR MARY ISABELLA,—My last was to Annie, and this is to you. You have both been good correspondents.

"Yesterday I went down to Tiverton in Devonshire, to give my lecture on 'Books and Readers.' Devonshire is a beautiful county, abounding in corn and apple-trees, and the green fields all studded with cows of a tawny-red

colour, as if they had been dipped in treacle,—and very nice cows they are, for it is their milk which yields the Devonshire cream. Tiverton is a pretty little town, with a bright stream of water running down every street, like the New Jerusalem, with a river of water clear as crystal on either side of the street. I slept in the hotel, and, by way of distinction, they gave me the rooms which Lord Palmerston occupies when he comes down to be elected Member of Parliament. J. H."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *August* 15, 1864.

"A man came in to tune the piano, an upright one. When the front was removed it revealed several rows of dirty cobwebs, which gave rise to the following colloquy. I give it as nearly as possible, word for word. I believe that the tuner now sells pianos as well as makes them; but he did not profess to be more than a working man, and spoke like one.

"'*D.D.* What an odd place for spiders to build in!

"'*Musician.* But not so bad either, considering their dangers from housemaids' brooms.

"'*D.D.* But if it is flies they want, they will have long to wait.

"'*M.* When the weather grows cold the flies will go in.

"'*D.D.* No doubt; and if he is sure of a good feast in October, a spider will submit to a two months' fast quite patiently.

"'*M.* Is that really the case?

"'*D.D.* I remember reading of a gentleman who shut up in a pill-box a field-spider and threw it into a drawer.

He thought no more about it till half a year afterwards, when he opened the drawer, and, taking off the lid of the box, the spider sprang out as lively as ever, though not quite so jolly. His body had shrunk from the bulk of a pea to the size of a pin's head. It is the same with all creatures who subsist by catching others. A North American Indian can exist without food much longer than an Englishman, who knows that he has only to step into an eating-house when he wants his dinner. And it is the same with all hunters. A horse or cow would die if left two or three days without food, but a lion or tiger would feel it no hardship! and a spider who lives by his wits, has been constructed so as to survive a period of hunger which would kill off all the leaf-browsing grubs on the face of creation.

"'*M.* Is it not wonderful how the Almighty fits every creature for the life it has got to lead? Don't you think, sir, it would be nice if clergymen like you were sometimes explaining these things in their sermons?

"'*D.D.* Well, it is hardly to hear about these things that people come to church. It is the Gospel, or God's merciful message to sinners, that Christian congregations wish to hear. The works of God are a very proper subject for popular lectures and mechanics' institutes, but people come to church to hear the Word of God explained.

"'*M.* I may as well be candid, and it is not very often that I have been to church, but it is not because I am against religion. It is because at church I either cannot understand, or else it is not the thing that my mind craves for. It is all either denunciation, or doctrines, or phrases

that I do not know the meaning of. And I think it is the same with a great many working men. I have been among pianoforte-makers in different factories off and on for eighteen years, mostly in London, and although there are some wild fellows enough, I do not think their minds are set against religion. It is different in Paris, where I worked for two years. There they would laugh at the whole thing. They leave religion to the women, but the men themselves don't really seem to feel to want it. It is different in England. An Englishman is made for religion, and however bad he be, there is always something in him that tells him it is right. In France, the priests keep hold of the people, because they have got hold of the women; but in England the clergy have not got hold of the working people, either men or women. We never feel as if a clergyman could understand or enter into us. In any trouble, when wanting advice or comfort, it never occurs to us to go to a minister.

"'*D.D.* Neither the English nor French artisan goes to Church, and so they are practically alike in dispensing with religion. Did you find much difference between them otherwise?

"'*M.* The French operative has much more taste than the English. Perhaps it is natural to him; but in Paris everything is so beautiful, and people are so much in the way of going out and in places like the Louvre, and making remarks on what they see, that it forms their taste and gives them a delicate judgment about their work.'

"He then told me what a nice collection of the mosses and ferns of the neighbourhood his own boy had formed."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Aug.* 16, 1864.

"DEAREST ANNIE,[1]—Your letter of Saturday and Monday—for which a special deputation, consisting of Bell and Tina and cousin Maggie, went to the post-office—was read to an eager auditory, and it was a great joy to us all to hear thus far of your welfare. At first there will be some long days, and now and then some dull ones; but happily our minds have been so made that anything to which we apply them at last becomes pleasant, and though a little irksome at first, we get inured to system and routine. The *habit* is invaluable. People who are prompt, punctual, orderly, methodical, get through their work in the world so quietly and comfortably, and, with least fatigue to themselves, do the most service to others. For the sake of these habits alone, it is worth while to be at school for a time. And now, my dear daughter, I commend you to the care and keeping of your Heavenly Father. It is our great happiness to know that He is ever near you. May He enable you to gain the love of those around you, and give you health and happiness. I am sure you will find Miss Fox good and kind.

"J. H."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Aug.* 20, 1864.

"MY DEAR SISSIE,[2]—This day will finish your first and longest week of school. Mamma and I miss you very much, but are reconciled—at least try to reconcile ourselves—to your absence by the hope of the advantage you will derive from it. Most of the week I have spent in reading the Latin letters of Erasmus. They are very

[1] His daughter at school. [2] Familiar name for Annie.

amusing. One I read to-day describes a lively tourist on board a vessel on the Rhine, attended by a monkey, with a musket slung to his side, and an itinerary (Murray's *Guide*) in his hand, in which he was constantly jotting down the names of the places as they passed,—all so like travellers now-a-days, all except the monkey.

"The Lord bless you and keep you.—Ever your affectionate father, JAMES HAMILTON."

"*Brighton, Sept.* 1864.—I would like to recall where and how the August recess of these London years has been spent.

"1842.—At Tunbridge Wells, Rock Lodge, now a tumble-down old house on the ascent to Mount Ephraim, with my dear mother and brothers and Jane. Four weeks of wonderful sunshine. Lay most of the time under the trees, and read (among many other books) Hetherington's *History of the Church of Scotland*, and Haldane *On the Romans*, and Hodge; laying the plan of a course of lectures on Romans, which filled up the Sabbath mornings of nearly three years, with much enjoyment to myself, and I hope not without some benefit to the people. Here also I prepared for the press a tract, *The Dew of Hermon*. We used to worship with the warm-hearted Wesleyans, and I preached twice in their neat little chapel, and have still a handsome copy of their hymn-book, which they gave me as a remembrance, along with a specimen of their Tunbridge ware.

"*August*, 1843.—Was in Scotland, still tumultuating with all the excitement of the recent Disruption. Partly

at Stonehouse, preaching to the Free Church adherents in a grassy dell by the burn-side, near the village; partly at Gourock with Mr. William Buchanan, and finally with the Gillespies at Dalblair House, near Ayr. One excursion I remember with much pleasure to the ruins of Crossraguel Abbey, and to Culzean Castle, as well as an evening amidst the woods and waters round the Castle of Montgomery.

"1844.—Was at Worthing gathering mushrooms with the Gillespies on Chantonbury Ring; going picnics to Bramber; reading *Ernest Maltravers*.

"1845.—Along with Jane and Andrew, joined William and his bride in a trip to Paris. We had pleasant apartments in a quiet hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and were the most industrious of sightseers, feeling strong, elastic, and happy. Every morning after breakfast, on the freshest of eggs and finest of bread, we sallied forth, and kept dutifully moving through galleries and gardens until it was time to return to our five o'clock dinner. Then, when the lamps were being lighted, we started anew, revolving round the Boulevards, turning in for an ice at Tortoni's or a cup of coffee in the Palais Royal. With William's funny stories, and perpetual flow of spirits, or with fits of remorse at his own extravagance, which were still more diverting, it was a joyful time, and, as we drifted along, as gay as the Parisians."

"48 Euston Square, *Nov.* 25, 1864.

"My dear Sissie,—Bell has been a prisoner with cold all this week, and has improved her leisure in writing a

letter which, no doubt, contains all the news; so what am I to do? For you don't want a dissertation; and what you do want is forestalled. But let me see. Has Bell told you how a tortoise-shell pussy came to the kitchen window, and was taken in? and how mamma, justly fearing for the birds, ordered it away; and it is gone? And how the parakeets and cockatoos have been brought up-stairs for fear of the cat, which has gone away? And has Bell told you how, on Friday, Mr. Fossett sent two pheasants and a hare? and how, on Monday, Mrs. Rippon brought two more pheasants? and how, on Wednesday, Mr. Gillespie sent a barrel of flour; and how, this very day, Mr. Thomson sent a goose,—a sister of the one he sent last Michaelmas? Then has she told you how this week I have been reading my old friend Homer, and like him better than ever? and how I have edited the December number of *Evangelical Christendom*, and written the preface to the volume for 1864? And how Sabbath next will be my birthday, when I shall be fifty years old? If she has not mentioned these things, I can't think what she can have put in her letter; and if she has told you all these things, you see how nothing is left for me.

"A fortnight after this you will be coming home, and the Square, which you left so beautiful, will be dark and sombre, unless the fairies should come and cover it with their frosty filagree; and Miss Smith, whom you left 'a free and fetterless thing,' you will find a poor, bird-limed canary, just ready to be put into the cage; and myself, whom you left rejoicing in the year of jubilee, you will

find a staid old gentleman on the shady side of fifty; and Bertie you will find at school in knickerbockers. But we shall all be glad to see you, even though you should be as tall as the lamp-post, and so learned that we must all speak in unknown tongues.—Till then, I remain, your affectionate father, JAMES HAMILTON."

TO HIS WIFE.

"LONDON, *Feb.* 6, 1865.

"Last night I *did* preach for Mr. Chalmers; and Arnot had a fine congregation in Regent Square. On my return from Marylebone, one of the office-bearers, a fine, intelligent man, about six-and-thirty, told me that he was one of a dozen of the older boys in the Caledonian Asylum whom I used to have at tea in Lansdowne Place; and mentioned that the first serious impressions he had were when I visited the school and gave addresses to the boys. These produced no seeming effect at the moment, but he and two or three others would go away afterwards and weep bitterly. They joined together as a little band for prayer and reading the Bible, and most of them have turned out well. This is 'bread on the waters' found twenty-two years afterwards."

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *Feb.* 17, 1865.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—Yesterday afternoon, entertained at tea the Rev. R. M'All of Leicester, who had come up to be introduced as a F.L.S., along with James Smith and your friend Carruthers. Took the cab-full down to Burlington House, where we had a paper on 'Vegetable Monstrosities;' then went from the Linnæan to the Royal

Society; where a paper was read on the funny behaviour of atoms in leucate of zinc, and certain compounds whose very names I never 'heard tell of;' then came out and took a second tea with the Fellows, including Dr. Baird, Joseph Hooker, and other friends, old and new. Thence to Arthur Kinnaird's 'to meet Lord Dalhousie'—tea the third."

"48 EUSTON SQUARE, *March* 10, 1865.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . Your dear good Jane is with us again, having returned on Tuesday. She is a bright and pleasant inmate, but I fear will find it much duller than it was at Christmas, when all the children had their holidays. I am never much in the way of company to any one, and the last few weeks, betwixt writing papers for *Macmillan* on Erasmus, and a set of lectures on hymnology, my thoughts have been for the most part inside the foolscap. . . .

"Like ourselves, you have had a severe and trying winter, with much sickness among your people. In four weeks we lost five elderly members, all mothers in Israel. The only one whom you would know was Mrs. Johnstone, of Gower Street.

"This is the anniversary of the death of little James Walker, fifteen years ago. Dear child! I like to look at his bust, there is in it so much of Jane, and so much of those 'whose angels do always behold the face of your Father.'"

These papers for *Macmillan* were only certain feelers put forth in the direction of a great design, to ascertain

for himself whether it might be possible. The desire to write the life and times of Erasmus was a passion, cherished long and cherished deeply. With a view to it, he accomplished a great amount of congenial reading. The accumulations of material for this work are greater than for any other, whether actually accomplished or only projected. Besides many items in the ordinary stores of Bibline, a substantial book is dedicated exclusively to this subject, and is, to a large extent, filled with extracts, jottings, thoughts, and references. It is a curious receptacle: it is touching to peep into the workshop, now that the ingenious and busy worker is gone. His net had been spread out in all directions, and frequently drawn: the miscellaneous heaps that it brought up at successive throws are carefully stowed away; each atom in its own place. The bones piled up in this apartment are very many, and, to the casual observer, they seem very dry; but if the hand that gathered them had, for a few years longer, retained its cunning, the whole might have been compacted into one symmetric organism, covered with flesh, and heaving with the breath of life.

With James Hamilton, however, this passion for a great literary achievement was the strong man overcome and dispossessed by a stronger. The ministry of the Gospel, and such literature as directly sprang from it, dominated, and held other aspirations down. It was "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and such other things as the literature of the Reformation period were compelled to take a secondary place.

In these papers for *Macmillan*, and in a lecture before

the Young Men's Christian Association, he laid down some lines, and noted some facts; but the great design died with himself.

His own journal, however, which is on this point explicit and full, will tell how fondly the scheme was cherished, and how reluctantly it was abandoned at last.

"*May* 17, 1865.—For a good many years I have cherished a hope of doing something towards the Life and Times of Erasmus. The subject is very attractive, and with translations of some of his livelier letters and the more amusing passages in his colloquies, I fancy it might have been made entertaining. At all events, I should have liked to point out his special position and service. He not only did more than any other man towards the revival of letters, but he has left both religion and philosophy under endless obligations as the *restorer of good sense.* The 'sound mind,' the love of the practical, the true, and the useful, was his distinguishing characteristic, and it was this, as much as the love of the beautiful, which carried him with such ardour into the study of classical antiquity. His first great book was the *Adages*, an effort to bring together the sagacity and experimental wisdom of all ages; and his first theological treatise, the *Enchiridion*, is an admirable attempt to exhibit and enforce practical Christianity, distinct from trivial observances and superstitious adhesions. The same good sense runs through his *Paraphrase*, and, blended with exquisite humour, gives enduring value to his letters and more sprightly effusions.

"For this very cause, some do not like him. They call him a rationalist, and the father of them. But if they

mean that he was an unbeliever, they are utterly wrong. He lackëd moral courage, and his nature was not very emotional; but within the limits of his pretty large and comprehensive creed, he seems to have had as few doubts as other men. The greater part of Popery he tacitly let go, but this only enabled him to retain with more unquestioning confidence the common Christianity.

"From Rationalism, in the sense of an irreverent ignoring of the supernatural, I revolt with all my heart and soul; but I long to see more reasonableness in the spiritual and ecclesiastical domain. Some hints regarding the λογικὴ λατρεία might have been given in connexion with Erasmus and the early Reformers.

"Besides, it would have been very pleasant to revise that prodigious range of literature, patristic and classical, of which Erasmus was the editor. Owing to a secluded boyhood, and unlimited youthful leisure, without ever attaining accurate scholarship, I have read in these departments more than most people; and, after an abstinence of a quarter of a century, a strange longing for these books returns. Like the daisies and dandelions that come up in October, it is the feeble revival of an impossible spring. For after giving to the work the spare hours and the autumn holiday of the last two or three years, I am constrained to abandon the task. This last winter had no leisure, and in the congregation a childish feud about the hymn-book was so conducted as to rob me of rest by night and peace by day; and, perhaps as a consequence of this, I find my elasticity a good deal impaired. So this day, with a certain touch of tenderness, I restored the eleven

tall folios to the shelf, and tied up my memoranda, and took leave of a project which has sometimes cheered the hours of exhaustion, and the mere thought of which has always been enough to overcome my natural indolence. It is well; if a favourite play, it was also a great temptation. It was a chance, the only one I ever had, of attaining a small measure of literary distinction; and where there is so much 'pride and haughtiness of heart,' it is better to be unknown. Like the congregation of the Gascon preacher who had forgotten his discourse, the world will never know what a treat it has lost; and not having this absorbent for spare hours, it is possible that to wife and children, and people, there may be a gain in the abandonment of the *magnum opus*."

In all his papers I have not met with anything more affecting than this farewell. It is a right arm he is cutting off: he is wrung to the heart by the deed, and yet with his own hand he deliberately performs it. How sad and tender, in the light of subsequent events, is his allusion to the feeble efforts of the flowers to reproduce in October "an impossible spring." Already he felt the vital energies beginning to ebb. Yet, sad though this renunciation was, his obituary notice of the *magnum opus* concludes with a playful allusion—a smile is on his countenance as he announces its decease.

FROM THE REV. DR. M'CRIE.

"23 ROCHESTER ROAD, *March* 13, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—The Church of Scotland contemplated from the beginning the addition to her

psalmody of 'other scriptural songs.' The proposal was revived in 1645-1648, after the Solemn League had been sworn, showing that they did not consider such an addition would be any infringement of her 'covenanted uniformity.' The proposal, though interrupted by the persecution, was renewed as soon as the Church obtained peace at the Revolution, and its stoppage then may be traced to the decline of public and personal piety in Scotland. Meanwhile the people, accustomed only to the Psalms, acquired for our Psalter that veneration with which they regarded all that had been practised by their persecuted ancestors; and the Seceders in particular regarded adherence to it as part of the 'covenanted uniformity,' which was a great mistake. Hence 'the conscientious attachment to the Psalms'—an attachment which none of our fathers in the Scottish Church, at any period of her history, till the middle of last century, would ever have dreamed inconsistent with the introduction of other Scripture songs.—Ever yours truly,

"THOMAS M'CRIE."

The testimony of Dr. M'Crie, with the grounds on which his judgment rests, should settle and set at rest the specific question on which it bears. Our Presbyterian ancestors did not consider the use of sacred songs in public worship, in addition to the Psalms, any dereliction of duty, or any contravention of Scripture.

"SUNNYSIDE, LIVERPOOL, *April* 18, 1865.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—There were five of us—Messrs. Watson, Duncan, Lewis, General Shortrede, and myself,

besides a gentleman unknown, but who—as he was reading Stirling's account of Hegel's philosophy, and gave me a very intelligible account of it—must have been a metaphysician. We arrived at half-past eight, in time for half an hour of the Synod; then here to a hearty supper; and now, after a famous sleep, the like of which I trust you also had, I am tipping off this telegram at half-past eight, and when they are already waiting for me down-stairs. Adieu. Love to all. Be good (children), be happy (wife), and believe me, your ever affectionate husband,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

"BURN BANK ROAD, HAMILTON,
June 21, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,— . . . We shall come to London about the middle of next week. I am much obliged by your very kind offer, but I am doubtful if I would not be doing you a great injury. I am so irregular in my hours that your house might get a bad name. Agnes and I were out too often past elders' hours, and we finished up at the hotel by getting Punch and Judy exhibited before three black boys brought home by Colonel Rigby. Mrs. Storey knew not we were going off next day, or I believe we should have had notice to 'send ourselves.' I shall be delighted to meet Dr. Duff and Lady Pirie, but you must take the matter into consideration. I don't know that we shall misbehave, but you have full warning as to what we are capable of.—With kind regards to Mrs. Hamilton, yours, etc., D. L."

Dr. Livingstone accomplished his visit. It was a great enjoyment to both, and resulted in a fast friendship. One sees at a glance, on the face of this familiar note, that the great explorer enjoyed a buoyant, playful, youthful spirit, —indeed, if he had not possessed such a measure of *lightness* (which is all the heavens different from *levity*), he would not have been a great explorer. Sprightliness in conversation is often the external expression of the spring within which constitutes the strength of a strong man. Livingstone and Hamilton laboured in very different spheres, but were congenial spirits.

FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

"ON BOARD S.S. 'MASSILIA,' *Aug.* 25, 1865.

"MY DEAR DR. HAMILTON,—I enclose some stuff in accordance with your suggestion, and I fear that you will feel that you have made a bad bargain. It will require no end of polishing, erasure, and transformation, and when you have done all to it that it needs you will say—'Bless the fellow, it would have been better to have written it all myself.' I am trusting that my friend, Mrs. Hamilton, will interjaculate—'Serves you right.'

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

"P. & O. S.S. 'MASSILIA,' *Aug.* 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sent you from Malta, or rather sent ashore at Malta, twenty-eight pages intended for you. I could not pay the postage, for we were treated like a lot of unclean beasts. The Maltese would not take anything from us except at the end of long poles, and

tongs were used to open the boxes at the end of the same. Nobody durst touch anything belonging to us. . . . Ten days' quarantine. Cholera was in Marseilles, and we were supposed to be infected. We had a line of boats round us all night and day. The only chance of getting the letters home was by putting them into the ship's boats unstamped; so I hope my letter reached you, if not, it may still be in quarantine in Malta. We shall reach Alexandria this day, Saturday, about three P.M., and go through to Suez to-night. Cholera was bad there; sixteen engineers died on the line of railway, but it is said to be over now, and we go from the steamer into the railway cars, and off soon after we land,—Yours affectionately,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

The intrepid traveller was then starting on the journey which has not ended yet. Hope of his ultimate return has now revived after it had been almost extinguished. In the middle of 1868 he had been two years in the heart of Africa without a word from home. Of the many tidings that will reach his ear, when at last his relations with home are renewed, not the least sad will be the removal of that like-minded brother to whom he sent back these letters from Malta and Egypt.

Dr. Hamilton's holiday this autumn was interrupted by a great sorrow, a severe and dangerous accident to his eldest son, a boy about fourteen years of age. One signal providential alleviation he gladly and thankfully recognised,—that the injury, which was critical and painful, and needed much patient watching, was received while they sojourned under

the roof of Mrs. Strong, who with her sister, Miss Margaret Jaffray, contributed from an old deep fund of love such nursing as the wealth of a kingdom could not have bought. The friendship had its root in spiritual instruction imparted and received during that brief but precious ministry at Abernyte. The reciprocal affection that subsisted between the members of that family and Dr. Hamilton was altogether paternal; for him it lasted a lifetime, for his widow and children it survives unimpaired to this hour.

Mrs. Strong, with her daughter, and occasionally her sister, occupied the manor-house of Quarter, Stirlingshire, as a country residence.

"*Quarter House, Denny, Oct. 10th*, 1865.—We left London on the 14th of August. Never was there a more perfect holiday. Except two or three trifling engagements there was nothing to invade the leisure here, and at Tighnabruaich and Stonehouse we were perfectly at home; the weather was wonderful, and morning by morning the children woke up to the sunshine and spent in the open air the livelong day; and many a time had we repeated to one another our amazement at such unbroken health and happiness. We had arranged to return on Friday, September 29th, and on the afternoon of the previous day we dissuaded the boys (James and his cousin) from going to fish in the Carron, lest they should get damp feet and catch cold on the eve of our home-going. Instead of the river they went to the wood, and at dusk James was carried in by the coachman death-like and pale. He had been climbing the highest of the beech trees, and had fallen from a height of sixty-two feet. His descent had

been interrupted by only one small branch, which broke away with him, but which so far turned him from the headlong direction that he alighted on the breadth of his back. The preservation of his life is an interposition of Providence to be held by us in perpetual remembrance, and what is still more wonderful no bone has been broken—unless it should prove that one of the vertebræ is fractured. He now lies on his back, with the motor nerves of one side paralysed, and I fear not yet out of danger. As regards plans, our position is one of blank uncertainty. Even should all proceed favourably it must be a long time before the poor invalid can be moved, and a long time of watching and nursing awaits his dear mother. Even in this trial mercies abound. There is no friend under whose roof we could have rather chosen to be. The house is now more ours than Mrs. Strong's; that good angel, Miss Margaret, is the best of nurses, and servants and all forget fatigue, and I never before felt so deeply the sustaining power there is in sympathy. As regards the sufferer himself, I trust this will also prove for the best."

"QUARTER, *Oct.* 2, 1865.

"MY DEAR MINNIE,[1]—This morning James is greatly better. At this moment (10 A.M.) I am writing beside him, whilst he is reading his book, and whilst mamma, who, along with Miss Margaret Jaffray, watched him during the night, is getting some sleep. He has made more progress than I could have hoped after such a fall; but the bruises on his legs require some one to be always at hand to rub

[1] Annie.

them or change their position, or do whatever the feeling of the moment requires. It is very interesting to watch the waking of the creatures—a sight which now-a-days I seldom see; but yesterday I rose at five, so as to give mamma some sleep. It was a dull, mild Sabbath morning, the trees somewhat tinted, as befits the first of October, but not a leaf stirring in the dim calm air. The oxen in the park were the first to rise, and very diligently did they mouth up the plentiful grass, which was all the welcomer for being wet with dew, as the early night had been clear, and this season the cattle can scarcely get a drop to drink. It grew a little clearer, and as I looked out at the open window there was a sudden flutter of a sweet-chestnut branch, and a low 'tchuk, tchuk,' as a squirrel jumped out of bed, and called his neighbour, another squirrel, who came slowly and rather sleepily down a tall larch. They soon began to gambol and play Blondin from branch to branch and from tree to tree, scattering leaves and drops of dew, and awakening finches, blackcaps, linnets, thrushes, and no end of little birds, who, although some of them looked a little surprised for the moment, soon commenced twittering and congratulating one another on the new day, and then began to look after their breakfasts. But the post has just come in, bringing me twenty-two letters. If you do not hear till you get mamma's Friday epistle, you may conclude that we are going on favourably. Here, as you know, we have all that kindness can provide, and we have only goodness and mercy to sing of.—Ever your affectionate father, JAMES HAMILTON.

"We do not hope to get home this week."

It became now a severe aggravation of the father's trial that his child lay in a critical condition in Scotland, while he could not long be absent from his ministry in London. His plan, to some extent actually executed, was to spend part of each week in London and part in Scotland,—more than 400 miles away.

TO MR. WATSON.

"QUARTER, *Oct.* 18, 1865.

"James I found looking better. He gave an eager welcome to the grapes which I brought from Mrs. Watson, and as I had also some from Mrs. Marshall, he is now plentifully supplied. They had got on pretty well during my absence, but on Saturday night violent palpitation came on, and at last they all got so anxious that they sent for the doctor. It has twice returned, but yielded to the prescription. There is yet no restoration of nervous activity.

"For the remainder of the year I think I must count on mine being mainly a preaching ministry,—that is, after the Communion, for a month or two, I would like to be here as much as possible. I foresee nothing to hinder my going up on the Friday evening or Saturday, preaching on Sabbath, and returning on Monday morning or night, thus spending one or two working days each week besides the Sabbath in town, as the case might require.

TO HIS WIFE.

"*October* 28, 1865, *in the train.*

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—I hope that you and Aunt Maggie got no cold from standing so long in the shrubbery, and

waving your *envoi*. I was surprised to find the roads hard-frozen except in the shade, but passing through Denny there were not a few bare little feet toddling on the icy path. Nearly opposite Dunipace House were six oxen lying dead in a field, and with their drooped heads neither browsing nor ruminating,—most of the survivors looked sickly. I am here all alone in a second class carriage, and hope to post my letter at Carlisle or Preston. It is a lovely day, and I feel so much the better of the journey that I hope Mrs. Strong as well as you will arrange to get an airing. In your sermon on well-being and well-doing you must have a paragraph on this. It is not only the open air—the oxygen—which is exhilarating and strengthening, but the large space gives an amplification to our existence; and, like a collier coming up from his mine, it is good to quit the work-room or sick-room for the garden or the public road. It seems to bring us at once nearer our neighbours and nearer God. Your task just now is peculiar and trying; but if we are enabled to wait the Lord's leisure, I have no doubt that some great enlargement will follow. My love abides with all at Quarter. Mrs. Strong's kindness and Miss Margaret's are something that should never be forgotten in the history of Christian friendship. Like the Ochils, the hills of Lanarkshire and Dumfries are all powdered with snow. And now, my only darling, the God of love be with you. Eat well, and sleep well, and keep well. When I get to town I must make inquiry as to the means of transport for invalids, so that when the time—God's good time—comes, we may know how to proceed.—Your ever affectionate husband, JAMES HAMILTON."

"*Nov.* 18, 1865, *in the train.*

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—We are nearing Preston, and having had a basin of soup at Carlisle, I am preparing to attack the sandwiches. My neighbour with the broken arm is quiet and peaceable, and does not interrupt me, and there are no more of us. I have finished my sermon with nearly five hours' writing, and think I shall bring out as 'Words on Wheels' a volume of sermons railway-written. The first of this kind which I did was on a very sad day—the Saturday that I left dear Jane dying at Carnwath under the care of mamma, and the then as ever tender and true Aunt Margaret. It is also twenty-five years to-day, or yesterday, since leaving Abernyte. I returned to Edinburgh with the purpose of never more leaving that beautiful city. A short-sighted and short-lived purpose! Had it been adhered to, I should have missed the great long happiness of the last nineteen years. You too would have missed nursing a broken-backed laddie, and would not have been bothered with a husband running up and down to town to preach and attend Church Extension meetings. I hope you will make up to-night for your early rising. It is not nice in winter. Since leaving Lanarkshire the day proves mild and softly bright, and I am very comfortable. And now, with much love to all around you, and praying that the God of peace and love may be with you, I remain, dearest, your ever affectionate husband,

"J. HAMILTON."

"*Quarter, Nov.* 29, 1865.—On Monday I entered my fifty-second year, $3 \times 17 = 51$; other seventeen years would

bring me on to sixty-eight, and I fancy that this is pretty nearly what an actuary would assign as my 'expectation of life.' Even this I cannot say that I expect, and it is solemn and somewhat mournful to think that three-fourths of existence are past already. Within the last few months I have got a pair of spectacles, and the smaller kinds of print I cannot read without them. Other tokens of on-coming old age will follow; indeed, they have come already. The figurative language I was once so fond of, I have nearly lost all liking for, and if I were following my own bent in preaching, it would be sober, explanatory, unimpassioned. Ambition has given place to indolence, and the grand projects with which I used to cheat myself I have ceased to cherish. Sydney Smith beguiled his lazy horse into a quicker pace by fastening a sieve of oats to a pole a little in advance of the creature's nose; and through many a dreary day of calls and committees, and dry as dust documents, have I been carried by the hope that if I could only get through them, I might lawfully commence the *Magnum Opus, Christian Ethics, The Life of Erasmus, A Mind, and what to make of it.* But now the corn and beans are rattled in vain, and there is no make-believe in the wisp of clover. Reports, circulars, business letters, forty or fifty a week, I write resignedly, and in the usual dull decent fashion in which such things should be done, and so shall continue till this hand forgets its cunning.

"As far as extensive or abiding service goes, and as regards any fitting memorial of my own tastes and pursuits, the opportunity is gone, and in the regrets of this moment I fear there is quite as much of mortified vanity as of

the more appropriate feeling. But when I advert to that work of the ministry, which was my calling, and such a high one, and when I think of my own walk through the midst of men, I see that my life has been a continual shortcoming. No worthy motive, no deed out-and-out well done, recurs to my comfort; and were it not that the possibility of these lines being read by others is a temptation to voluntary humility, I might enumerate many sins which did easily beset me, some of which seem only to have strengthened with the years. But whosoever may read these lines, I desire to record as my only comfort the truth which I have proclaimed to others. I believe in the forgiveness of sins. I believe in the mercy of God, and in the exhaustless efficacy of the great Atonement; and although it is difficult to understand how such earthliness can be made at home in heaven, yet moments of a happier experience sometimes enable me to hope for a sphere where God's service will be the true self-indulgence—when in God's purest light there will be nothing to conceal; where, in the superiority of others to one's-self, will be nothing to awaken detraction or envy; where love will be pure and gratitude permanent, and amidst just men made perfect, virtues may evolve of which at present I do not see so much as the germ, and evils pass away so old and inveterate that I do not remember their beginning.

"Life has been full of God's goodness. A kinder mother, a father of loftier worth and nobler ways of thinking, no one ever had. The first years at college were desultory, but the whole were happy. Coming to Regent Square, if it was an empty church, it was a noble building, and one known

by name to Scotchmen and others; and there were rare men in its Session. Mr. Nisbet's ardour was very animating; there never was a man at once so sagacious and so tender-hearted as William Hamilton; Mr. Gillespie and others were men of large intelligence and public spirit; and without much shrewdness of my own, I have usually been able to see what is wrong and right when propounded by others. A congregation has gathered round me, not such as frequent the popular preacher, but one which I prefer, comprising many interesting and right-hearted young men, many serious and attentive hearers, and not a few of the most delightful and congenial friends. To crown all, I have such a home as I scarcely thought could be realized in a world of sin and sorrow. Children of various dispositions, but only made more interesting by their distinct individuality, all loving and all promising; and a dear partner, God's best earthly gift, whose only fault is that excessive affection which may lead to overmuch sorrow."

"48 Euston Square, *Dec.* 9, 1865.

"After ten weeks' nursing we obtained a hesitating authorisation from the doctor, and determined to try the removal home of our patient. With the spinal injuries he has sustained, the prospect was very formidable; but through the kindness of Mr. Russell everything was done to complete and make comfortable the invalid carriage, which we had ordered from Euston Square, and, over and above, Mr. Johnstone had constructed a spring mattress, which could be also used as a litter or stretcher in carrying him from the house to the train. It was on Wednesday

morning, the 6th, that the experiment was to be made. Everybody was early astir, and in the lobby and all the rooms of Quarter, the fires had been kept on all night. At seven, when we set forth, the short mid-winter day had not begun to dawn. Mrs. Strong and the servants, all wishing us good speed, yet looking very sad, stood outside the door, and were soon lost in the darkness: and as the porters carried their living freight down the avenue, and Miss Margaret and William Crombie walked on either side, I could not help feeling what a much sadder procession it might have been. Great heaps of fallen leaves lay rotting on the path, which, when we first arrived, was sultry with sunshine; and from the grass fields the picturesque oxen, black, brown, dun, and dappled had been removed for fear of the rinderpest. It was a strange sight when we opened the Ingleston station—a passenger carriage, where none such had ever been before, an omnibus in the field beside it, both made visible by their own lamps, and the furnace light of the neighbouring colliery, and a few scarcely discernible figures awaiting our approach in silence. A grimy collier, who, without speaking a word, came forward to help into the carriage our mysterious burden, asked in a whisper, 'How long has he been dead?' This most difficult part of the transit was safely effected, and in sixteen hours we were home. Blessings on the dear friends who have done all that the most devoted kindness could do to brighten this sojourn. And blessed be the Lord who has brought back the exiles, and who keeps our company still unbroken. What a strange thing is emotion, and how little we can count

upon ourselves! After having had to face the possibility of leaving James and his mother, and the whole household, the entire winter in Scotland, not to speak of a sadder alternative to which we could not shut our eyes, I should have expected that Wednesday would have been a day of great elation and excitement; but beyond the sober certainty, and a quiet thankfulness, there was nothing of that restless joy or overflowing gratitude which ought to have been. And when, at the Euston terminus, the Watsons, and Mr. Johnstone, and Mr. Hill, and others, came round us on the platform, instead of falling on their necks and weeping, I do believe it was less ardent than our usual meeting. Fatigue might have something to do with it, but it looks as if, after a long pressure or weight —a ten weeks' tension—the mind lost something of its spring; and even when the burden is taken off, it does not necessarily rebound at once to its former level. Indeed, acute feeling or excited emotion of any kind is seldom of long continuance."

CHAPTER XIII.

LATEST YEARS.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Hamilton's memory had nothing of the prodigious in its character, he was able, through a very vivid association of ideas, to recall events and circumstances from a deep past, and make them march in line under the light of the present for the purpose of being reviewed and re-judged. These reminiscences, when some current fact called them up, were always lively and picturesque, and always turned to some practical account.

When an effort was made, a few years ago, by the leading men of Glasgow to collect money for the erection of that superb palace which now crowns an eminence on the western margin of the city, nearly ready to receive from the old dingy tenement in the High Street the whole living corporation of the College, a circular soliciting subscriptions was addressed, among others, to the minister of Regent Square. This was precisely the kind of circumstance that was fitted to touch the wire, and call forth, as if by telegraphic despatch, all his own experience as a student at Glasgow. The result was a paper, in the form of a leader in a London weekly, commending heartily the

scheme, but also throwing out some caustic hints regarding past delinquencies and future reforms.

The panorama of the past, which rises here as by the touch of a magician's wand, is an almost startling spectacle. This inexorable conjuror compels the spirits to come from the vasty deep, each in the costume and character he was wont to wear. The brilliant and the dull, the more and the less respectable, must march past in this royal review, and each must be valued at what he is worth.

Believing that this paper is of very great historical and critical value, we subjoin all the more important portions of it, omitting only one or two pungent allusions, and some unimportant details at the close. It is valuable equally in a subjective and an objective point of view: in sketching the College he incidentally exhibits himself:—

"*Oct.* 28, 1865.

"Thirty years have passed away since we put off the red robe of the Glasgow student, and took a regretful leave of the quaint old quadrangles, where every form was familiar. It was a cosy, warm-hearted College. The students were very clannish. They drew close together, and, amidst all their rivalries, they were proud of one another; and like most other coteries, had great confidence in their collective destiny. It was the period of the Reform Bill, and whilst some foresaw that henceforward patronage would avail little without personal merit, a larger number felt the exhilarating, animating influence which attends a great epoch, and burned their midnight oil, or declaimed in their mimic parliament, like men on the threshold of a new and brilliant dispensation.

"But youthful hopes and sanguine prophecies are not always fulfilled. Over several of the most talented and ardent the grave was soon to close—Perrot and Lamont, Colquhoun

and Halley, Blackburn and Morell Mackenzie; and amongst those who survived some lost their health, others missed their opportunity, and a few, it is to be feared, grew lazy, or wrong-headed, or careless about their character, and are now somewhere or other buried alive. But Archibald Smith went to Cambridge and became senior wrangler; Tait went to Oxford and became a first-class man and a bishop; Joseph Hooker went to the South Pole, or pretty near it, and became the foremost man among British botanists; Richardson, of Newcastle, went to Giessen, and became the favourite pupil of Liebig, and the most comprehensive and encyclopædic of our chemists; Cotton Mather went to India, and became one of the most accurate of modern Orientalists; and Philip Bailey went back to England, and although he might have written something better than *Festus*, we do not think that he became by any means the worst of our poets.

"Looking over lists, medical, clerical, civic, it is still flattering, amidst our own obscurity, to mark amid the lights of the nation many who were our contemporaries in those distant days at Glasgow College. They were eager, high-hearted students, and on the whole had excellent instructors. True, Dr. James Couper was the Professor of Astronomy, and if he had any acquaintance with the heavenly bodies, it was quite unknown to earthly observers; but as he never attempted to lecture, he was saved from those outbursts of juvenile mischief which converted the class-room of Jamie Miller into a perfect pandemonium. A droning sound from overhead, where M'Turk was maundering through a dreary abridgment of Mosheim, gave the impression that life was rather hum-drum in the garret devoted to divinity. But these were exceptions. Most of the professors were learned men, many of them successful teachers. Walker loved Latin much and English more; and, set agoing by a picturesque description in Virgil, or a happy allusion in Horace, it was delightful to listen to the parallels which he rejoiced to accumulate from Dryden and Shenstone, from Pope and Cowper and Campbell. If Sandford was too rhetorical for Parliament, and too pedantic for popular authorship, he was a paragon of academic eloquence; and stirred by those brilliant orations which opened

each session, led into the heart of Homer and Æschylus by the rich and magnificent music which opened every door and recess, many of the students became enthusiasts for both the teacher and his topic; and had he remained true to his first love, it almost looked as if a passion for ancient literature would have been revived in Scotland, and assuredly a large pervasion of scholarship would by this time have graced and ennobled the wealth of its western metropolis.

"With admirable clearness, and affecting no needless originality, Buchanan set forth the elements of psychology, and, treading in the steps of Jardine, his illustrious predecessor, he so conducted his logic class as to make it not only an intellectual palæstra, but an excellent school for the neglected art of English composition. As soon as Dr. James Thomson was brought over from Belfast, Euclid found an interpreter, and the chair of Robert Simson was rescued from its long disgrace. A more gentle, anxious, painstaking teacher could nowhere be found. Any solemn Highlander who appeared deeply exercised about surds and unknown quantities, was sure to enlist his sympathy; and a well-timed question at the close of the hour could scarcely fail to obtain an invitation to breakfast, and an explanation of the binomial theorem. And although 'old sensation,' the sobriquet which irreverent affection had fixed on the Rev. James Milne, was too feeble to throw any life into his ingenious lectures, he was regarded as no unworthy successor to Hutcheson and Reid; and well aware of what was destined to come after him, the students sent a round-robin, begging that, old as he was, he would never think of resigning; for, whether right or wrong, they preferred the last gleanings of Milne to the first-fruits of Fleming. By the medical students Dr. Harry Rainy was held in high honour, as well as the great oculist, Mackenzie; but the pride of Glasgow College and the names of European renown were Dr. Thomas Thomson and Sir William Jackson Hooker—the former as gruff and ungainly in the lecture-hall as the other was graceful and polished, but each a mighty master in his own sphere, and consequently enkindling in many a susceptible spirit a kindred enthusiasm.

"The very building had its charms. Half-way between

the Cross and the grand old Cathedral, its dim class-rooms and dusky porticoes, reminiscent of Wodrow and Baillie, Zachary Boyd and Andrew Melville, to us it was no drawback that it lay far to the east, in the depths of old Glasgow. Even the Molendinar, painted many colours by the dye-works which it passed, was not without its charms; for we were young, and in fancy could recall the time when it flowed through daisied meadows, and gave drink to St. Mungo and his flock before 'Glass-go' began to flourish. Still, it must be owned that the New Vennel is not a charming neighbourhood; and as few students now lodge in the Saltmarket or Gallowgate, it is natural that the College should wish to follow the town to the banks of the Kelvin.

"A favourable opportunity has occurred. Some railway, or other company, has given a hundred thousand pounds for the existing site and premises, and on a commanding site it is proposed to build—from plans by Scott, and at an outlay of over £300,000—the new Glasgow College. To carry out the scheme, subscriptions are invited; and, with such a spirited chief-magistrate as Provost Blackie, with Mr. Orr Ewing for Dean of Guild, and with a representative of the city so eloquent and popular as Mr. William Graham, himself an alumnus of the University, and with the well-known munificence of Glasgow merchants, we should not wonder though this large contribution were obtained, and a structure reared fit for the palatial home of learning, and the crowning ornament of Scotland's largest city.

"To a share in this subscription it seems that we southerners are to be invited. We feared that *Alma Mater* had forgotten us. Since we paid our last guineas, and gained our last prizes, we have been toiling on in our various departments, serving our generation to the best of our ability, and trying to do no discredit to the seminary where we studied, any more than to the land which gave us birth. And to all of us, it would have been pleasant to find that a few at least were remembered and recognised. But although the shower of honorary degrees has been copious and incessant, and although it happens that the largest Presbyterian congregations in Liverpool, Manchester, and London are presided over by ministers from

Glasgow College, by a curious coincidence they have all escaped. In the same way, in the list, for the last ten years, of those whom the Senate has delighted to honour with 'LL.D.,' we look in vain for such men of European renown as Hooker of Kew, Richardson of Newcastle, Thomson, late of Calcutta, and the Master of the Mint, Professor Graham. But now that money is wanted, it is not unlikely that the Senate may call to remembrance 'distinguished alumni' in England.[1]

"Every seventh year, at least, the member of Parliament must come to his constituents; but it is at remoter intervals that a college faculty is called upon to give an account of its stewardship. The present is one of those rare occasions. The Glasgow Professors want money; they appeal to the public; and the public may tell them a little of their mind, and even try to obtain a pledge or two for the future. And, first of all, whilst we hope that Glasgow will now do a great deal for the College, we deem it a great disgrace that the College has hitherto done so little for Glasgow. There is no city in the empire where a band of enlightened and public-spirited residents might do more to diffuse a taste for scholarship and science than in the great western capital, where there are thousands of young men available for evening classes, and hundreds of citizens ready to subscribe largely to every scheme of rational improvement. On the other hand, here are more than twenty professors, most of them undistracted by other occupations, in the enjoyment of a handsome income, with a holiday which lasts half the year; and what have they done for the intellectual improvement of the community?—for its elevation, social, moral, spiritual? The colleges of London have their evening classes, where hard-wrought professors, returning from their brief recess, when the toils of the day are ended, resume by night, and, to a crowded concourse,

[1] Through excess of affection for the historic colleges of Scotland, Dr. Hamilton, we think, errs by overrating the importance of their procedure on this head. The question has fallen into such a position that the discussion of it seems altogether profitless. Through the profuseness and lack of discrimination which have characterized the dispensation of honorary academic degrees for a generation, both at home and abroad, their value has long been *nil*.

communicate those truths and principles which go far to expand the minds of their hearers, and make them not sciolists, but enlightened and observant citizens. Which of the Glasgow professors have gone and done likewise? And both in London and in Manchester a chief element in every effort at general progress, and a vital element in society, are the men who adorn their academic institutions; but among all the monks of the Molendinar, which are the men who take the place in Young Men's Christian Associations and Colleges for the Working Classes, in town libraries and institutions for popularizing science, which has so long been taken elsewhere by Principal Scott and Dr. Leone Levi, by Professor Masson and Professor Maurice? Looking over, in the Almanac, the directorate of the literary and philosophical institutions in Glasgow, the College is conspicuous for its absence; and, whatever may be the merits of individual professors, we believe that as far as any express effort is concerned, as much might have been done for the elevation and refinement of Glasgow society had the University seat been Iona.

"There is one other point on which we think the millionnaires now subscribing to the College should try to get pledges —we mean the College Museum. All the world knows what a noble collection John Hunter's Museum has become under the management of the College of Surgeons in London; we doubt if any one can conceive the state of dowdyism and neglect into which Dr. William Hunter's bequest has subsided under the management of the Principal and Professors of Glasgow. Last August we paid our shilling, and were admitted by a boy, who appeared as the sole representative of keeper and sub-keeper, to rooms resplendent with Titians, Correggios, and Raffaelles, and at the same time ridiculous with trumpery curiosities, and with specimens of natural history named after the style of a penny peep-show. In the lower apartments the odour of dank neglect and incipient decomposition made us tremble for the fate of anatomical preparations which we had used to regard as priceless; and, ascending to the summit, we found ourselves surrounded by dusty piles of books, a moment's glance at which revealed Schweynheims and Caxtons sufficient to drive a book-worm distracted. It was

in vain that we endeavoured to obtain a nearer view of those treasures. There was no catalogue; a disconsolate-looking foreigner, who sat transcribing a manuscript, could give us no access; and the boy, who represented the Professor of Natural History and his deputy, could only take the shilling; he could not open the presses. But if the merchants of Glasgow build a palace for the College, we trust that they will take care that Dr. Hunter's design is carried out, and that, relieved from rubbishy accompaniments, and no longer a light under a bushel, when residents or strangers go to visit the Museum, they shall see not only a few stuffed skins, and a series of anatomical preparations, but a fine picture gallery, a rare series of typographical *incunabula* and first editions, and a cabinet of coins matchless in Britain, and only surpassed by one Continental collection.

"Of the existing professors few are yet known to fame; but if Drs. William Thomson and Macquorn Rankine, Mr. Veitch, and the Rev. Dr. Caird, may be accepted as representatives, there is in the academic staff no lack of acquirement or intellectual power; and, for willingness to accept or initiate improvements, Principal Barclay is surely a great advance on that 'tough old Tory' his obstructive predecessor. On such a body, if public opinion is brought to bear at this juncture, we are not without hope that a new era may commence in its history. Instead of receiving only a third of its students from Glasgow itself, and emerging from its habitual obscurity only once a year, when a stranger comes to be installed as rector, let us hope that, in its migration to a new locality, it may become so attractive to the youth of the city, and so aggressive on the surrounding society, as to be the light of the Lowlands, and the great source of mental invigoration and æsthetic refinement to the vast population rising round it."

In March 1866, Dr. Hamilton visited Scotland, in the interests of Church Extension in England. From Edinburgh he writes to his wife:—

"It is such a blessing to get good accounts from home,

and none but good. I suppose you filter or strain the news, and keep the bad to yourself. The congregations yesterday were tremendous, both in St. George's and St. Mary's, but I do not know about the collections. Saw numberless friends,—Mrs. Alex. Hamilton and her daughters, James Marshall, jun., from Hampstead (who sent his love to James), Lord Cowan, Lord Ardmillan, Sir D. Brewster, Professor Blackie, etc. The singing in St. George's is very fine."

"EDINBURGH, *Saturday, March* 17, 1866.

"Went into the West Kirk Burying-ground, the little side avenue next to Princes Street, where lie the remains of my gentle sister Mary, and of our faithful old Susan. At the further end was a lady, and, not to disturb her, I lingered near the entrance. I soon saw, however, that it was Mary's grave which she was looking at, and, going forward, my tread on the ground made her turn round. It was Miss Jessie Cameron. She was very much surprised. 'Yes, very often on a Saturday, I pay a visit to those blessed ones; to Mr. Wilkie, and my father in the Greyfriars, and to your sweet sister here. Nor has there been a night these eight-and-twenty years, when I have not named in prayer all that are left of your dear family.' Such a holy love, such truth and tenderness of affection, are unspeakably precious, and I am glad that I can understand them. A rare and pleasant home it was in 50 George Square, under my mother's endearing presidency; ourselves still ignorant of the evil in the world, and rich in delightful friends: Mr. Wilkie (minister of Greyfriars), Dr. Huie, James Halley, Braidwood, Smeaton, Arnot, and

our own and our sisters' contemporaries,—an atmosphere of perfect sincerity and openness, animated by sufficient vivacity and intelligence, and shone through by light from heaven.

"My interruption sent Miss C. away, and I copied the inscription:—'The burying-ground of the family of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Strathblane.' 'Mary Hamilton, his second daughter, born 12th April 1820: died 5th Nov. 1838.' 'Susan Macfarlane, an attached servant, died 11th May 1842, aged 45 years.'

"'Mrs. Lilias Craig, relict of Lieut.-Col. Kernan, died Dec. 1845; and her sister, Marion Craig, died 8th June 1849: both of Strathblane, who requested to be buried here.'"

"QUARTER, *March* 20, 1866.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—Accompanied by Miss Jaffray, I arrived safely here at two. It was very interesting to draw near Larbert, Denny, and other places so familiar, and really it was touching to find at the stations every body asking so kindly for 'the son.'

"Thank James for his letter. I am delighted to hear of his exploits in the way of sitting up. I went out and visited the wood, saw the now celebrated tree; called on the Crombies and their seven children."

"2 SANDYFORD PLACE, GLASGOW,
March 22, 1866.

"MY DEAREST ANNIE,—Yesterday the Union Committee ended at one; so I had time to go and see the Edinburgh Academy Exhibition. It has many nice landscapes, and

J. Napier's 'Edith.' After that went to Blair's for lunch, where I showed the two divines your eight-page letter, taking care, however, not to let them read it, and telling them that I had one every other day, so that they were filled with admiration and envy. Came here with Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Duncan in time for dinner, and then had a capital meeting in the Queen's Rooms in the evening. A good sleep followed, and now a most lovely morning. Am going to hear the Inaugural Address of the Lord Rector Inglis."

To Mr. George Duncan, an elder of Regent Square, in a time of family affliction, he writes :—

"48 Euston Square, *May* 2, 1866.

"With two such precious ones invalids under your roof, most deeply do we feel for you, and often do our prayers arise for you and dear Mrs. Duncan; nor can we cease to hope that He who has so often been the present help will yet in His wonderful goodness interpose and turn this captivity. 'All His saints are in His hand,' and it is a joy unspeakable to think that in any alternative it must be well with herself; but it is sad to think of such pain and helplessness,—sad, too, to think of the lengthened trial to yourself and her fond mother, and all the affectionate watchers beside her. A few grants were made by the committee yesterday, but there was no business of any difficulty. I am sure that it is far better that Mrs. Duncan should be kept perfectly quiet and uninterrupted, and all those who are around her whom it is best for her to see. But if she were any day fancying a five minutes'

visit from her minister, I need not say how gladly I would run down any morning or afternoon. J. H."

From time to time I have admitted illustrations, from private letters, of the great affection and esteem with which Dr. Hamilton was regarded by Christians in the United States. I have omitted altogether the eulogiums that I have found scattered throughout the periodical literature of America, in the form of spontaneous reviews, as well as letters from correspondents travelling in England. It is due, however, both to the memory of the departed, and to the many warm-hearted Americans who loved him, to intimate that they did him justice in public as well as in private. In the present day nothing can be more delightful than to observe the readiness and generosity with which Christian men on the other side of the Atlantic observe and acknowledge whatever is lovely and of good report on this side.

From one letter more let an extract be given; in this case from a gentleman who resided in the Southern States:—

"New Orleans, *June* 25, 1866.

"Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., London.

"Dear Sir,—While travelling in England with my family, during the year 1858, I had the pleasure of forming your acquaintance, through the intervention of a gentleman who was then, I believe, a Member of Parliament from Edinburgh. The event has, doubtless, escaped your memory, or been crowded out by more important matters. I also attended your ministry. Since then it has been one

of the dreams of my life to return to England, and spend the remnant of my days there.

"The convulsion through which this unfortunate country has so lately passed, and the sufferings consequent upon it, have greatly increased my desire to leave it. But this will be attended with expense, and I have only a limited fortune left.

"That you may form an opinion of the sort of society likely to suit me, I would take the liberty of stating that I am a member of the bar, have been for some years a judge in one of the high courts of the State of Louisiana, fond of books, and of the society of literary men. As, however, my fortune is much reduced, I cannot, even were I so disposed, indulge in fashionable life. What I need most now is calmness and quiet, and intercourse and communion with cultivated and religious society.

"I believe I can find all this in London, and would prefer it among the members of your congregation.

"Permit me to say, in conclusion, that you still preach on the banks of the Mississippi, through the precious volumes you have given to the world, and that life has been a more earnest thing to many of us by their perusal.

"Earnestly invoking the richest blessing of our common Father upon yourself and your labours,—I am, very truly yours, JNO. M'VEA."

"*Oct.* 26, 1866.—Yesterday I sent the printer the last sheet of *The Parable of the Prodigal Son.* It contains the essence of a dozen sermons preached during this month and at midsummer last. Much of it was written in the

early morning before breakfast,—a time which I would not choose for study, because it makes the latter part of the day dull and stupid, but I frequently have no other time available. To visitors I always try to be polite and affable, and they are apt to conclude that I have abundance of leisure. And visitors are very numerous. One Monday lately Ann counted the number of times that the door-bell rang, and it was forty-five times before twelve o'clock. In this way, for four or five of the working days, the golden hours from nine to half-past one are frittered away. At two, after a hasty dinner, I go out to visit, and the evenings are almost invariably bespoken. So I envy the like of my late friend Dr. Morrison, Mr. Jay, Adam Gib, and old Dean Milman, who are or have been early risers.

"A curious accident befell the first section of the Prodigal. I had preached it on the first Sabbath morning of July, and, coming home, laid it on the study table beside another manuscript containing an outline of the intended course, with various topics I meant to touch upon. I suspect it must have been poor little Ada, who, in arranging the study table, thought it best to transfer all such litter to the waste-paper basket; for two days after I missed the two manuscripts, and asked the servants if they had seen them anywhere. Isabella said she had seen two sermons in the waste-paper basket when she took it down-stairs the day before, and as she had not rescued them, she supposed they had been used to light the kitchen or nursery fire. Next Sabbath I asked for notes, if such there might be. A good many were sent, and with their

help I re-wrote the *Fatherland*, as now it is printed, but the 'outline' was beyond recall."

On this occasion a member of the congregation taught himself shorthand in order that he might be able to report the sermons.

The discourses on the Prodigal were first published in a handsome illustrated volume, and afterwards in a smaller and cheaper form.

To his brother, on March 12th, he writes :—"We have been greatly saddened by the rumoured death of Dr. Livingstone. As once before, it may turn out unfounded, but I fear. Our people know him so well, that I could not avoid making his life and labours the main subject on Sabbath evening, with the needful caveat, that we may venture to hope his life and labours are not ended yet."

A letter to the Rev. H. M. Gunn very pleasantly introduces a new member into the family circle. The marriage of his eldest daughter contributed to cheer his heart under his own increasing infirmity, and lighten materially, in prospect of his own departure, his solicitude for those that were left behind :—

"LONDON, *Feb.* 27, 1867.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I liked Frederick Wills from the first, and now I like him more: indeed, it has got beyond *liking*. Since his declaration he is more free, elastic, and open, and I feel as if I understood him fully. He is thoroughly noble and unaffected and true, and there is such a fine music in his manners, such a nice way of saying the right thing, as well as of parrying awkward things, that even outsiders are at once taken with him.

Now that the first flutter is over, they both seem profoundly happy, and I trust that in the loving-kindness of the Lord they may have many useful, joyful years together."

As Dr. Hamilton took a leading part in the preparation and introduction of the Book of Psalms and Hymns, which was finally adopted by his Church, it becomes necessary to submit some notices of its rise and progress.

A small collection of hymns had been introduced as early as 1857; but it failed to give satisfaction. The demand for a larger and more varied selection increased and prevailed.

After several unsuccessful attempts to accomplish the object by the direct action of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court, the promoters constituted themselves into an informal committee, and took the matter into their own hands. This was done, however, with the full knowledge, and even with the tacit consent, of the members, but without the formal sanction of the Synod.

With unflagging zeal and perseverance this voluntary brotherhood prosecuted their chosen task. In a spirit of prayer and love and patience, they persevered until all difficulties were surmounted, and a manual of praise was produced, which is in some respects unique and unrivalled. It contains, first, all the Psalms, according to the version used in the Scottish Churches, and then a collection of five hundred hymns, with appropriate music for each printed at the top of the page. No pains were spared. Nothing was omitted that diligence and skill, and the collision of many competent and independent minds, could achieve. In Dr. Hamilton's correspondence I find letters sent

out in all directions, asking suggestions regarding the value of tunes as well as hymns, and permission, where there was copyright, to use them.

Several members of that happy band have expressed to me, with enthusiasm, that the time spent in the work, while it was a period of anxious labour, was also a period of rare enjoyment and privilege. As iron sharpeneth iron, these men were quickened and edified by interchange of sentiment on the deep and tender themes with which they were so long and so minutely occupied.

The account of their operations submitted to the ministers and elders of the Church is couched in these terms:— "Chiefly owing to its limited range, the small collection of hymns supplemental to the Psalmody of the Church of Scotland, which received the sanction of the Synod in 1856, has failed to give general satisfaction, and there is a growing desire within our bounds for a larger command of that sacred minstrelsy which has done so much to enliven the worship of the various evangelical communions in England. Sharing that feeling, and believing that a good manual of psalmody might do much for the extension of our Church, as well as for the elevation of Christian sentiment and affection within it, various ministers and elders combined their labours in the summer of 1865." The first draft was sent in the autumn to all the ministers, and many of the elders. Having considered, and to some extent adopted, the emendations suggested, the compilers presented their revised draft to the Synod in April 1866. The Synod gave it a general approval, and appointed a committee to revise it finally, with authority to publish it

when completed for the use of the congregations. The same persons who had prepared the book, with three additional names, constituted the Synod's committee.[1] Dr. Hamilton was convener both of the voluntary and the authorized committees. Both before the Synod's act and after it, he devoted himself to this compilation with patriotic zeal. His love of hymns was an early love, and it had grown with his growth. With this department of sacred literature, as with others, he was minutely acquainted.

But the hardest part of his task was the necessity of defending the work, in its principle as well as its details, from the persevering opposition of brethren within the Church. He and his fellow-labourers were precisely in the position of Nehemiah and the returned captives while they were rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem: they found it necessary to hold the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other. At one and the same time they constructed their hymn-book and defended their work against brethren who contended against the use of hymns in public worship altogether. It was a conscientious opposition, conducted by conscientious men, and therefore it was all the more difficult to meet and overcome it.

This was not a matter in which he could consent to be

[1] Dr. Hamilton.
Dr. Munro.
Dr. M'Crie.
Mr. Chalmers.
Mr. Ballantyne.
Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Saphir.
Mr. Watson.
Mr. H. M. Matheson.
Mr. M'Lagan.
Dr. Lorimer.
Mr. Thomson.
Mr. J. T. Davidson.
Mr. J. C. Paterson.
Mr. Lundie.
Mr. Dinwiddie.
Mr. Keedy.
Mr. J. Matheson.
Mr. W. Bonar.

silent for the sake of peace. Duty and Christian liberty were, in his judgment, directly involved in it, and at all hazards he must go forward. His old weapon still lay at hand, and he was still able to wield it. He will again appeal to reason through the press. As a part of his argument was, in the first instance, addressed to his own congregation, the whole assumed the form of lectures. In the "*Psalter and Hymn Book*, three lectures," he spoke out frankly his whole mind on the subject. An extract from the Preface will explain the occasion and the circumstances:—

"Like all representative government, Presbyterianism offers good security against rash legislation as well as against needless and empirical changes; but it is quite possible that conservatism may be carried too far, and that, ignoring the signs of the times, or laying undue stress on old custom and personal preference, rulers of the Church may resist improvements till the demand shall cease, because the worshippers have gone elsewhere. And admirable as is that principle of mutual concession, which is needful to the harmonious working of any system, it is not always possible to wait till every one gives his cordial consent. If we do not march till all are ready, we may lose the campaign; and, whilst the Greeks are coaxing Achilles, the Trojans may be winning the battle.

"In the congregation of which the author is minister, the session lately agreed to superadd to the Psalms and Paraphrases of the Church of Scotland a small collection of hymns authorized by the English Synod. In taking this step, the session believed that they were meeting the wishes of their fellow-members and making a welcome addition to our psalmody. As, however, some remonstrated against any addition to the 'time-honoured paraphrases,' and a few expressed conscientious objections against using in the worship of God anything except the Psalms of David, a discourse was delivered in vindication of the session's procedure, and two further

lectures on the subject generally of Christian psalmody,—the substance of which afterwards appeared in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* for April 1865. Nevertheless, as it was still maintained that the session had acted in ignorance of the mind of the people, the minister, on his own responsibility, invited the members of the church to express their preference. Of five hundred and fifty-four who sent in their names, five hundred and three were in favour of the hymn-book, and fifty-one against it. Like good Presbyterians, most of the minority have since acquiesced, and, before long, we have little doubt that some of the recent opponents of hymns will be among their warmest admirers. Nay, we venture a little further; and just as to 'them that are without' we have found it difficult to make intelligible the point presently at issue, so to a following age we believe that it will be matter of mere amazement that the self-same persons who subscribed for the evangelization of the Jews, should have earnestly contended against the Christianization of the only part of worship in which a voice is permitted to the Christian people."

Some earnest men in the Presbyterian Churches of this country take the ground maintained by one or two of the smaller communities in America, of opposition to the use of hymns in the public worship of God. They differ a good deal however among themselves, both as to the extent and the grounds of their opposition. Some think it wrong to sing in public worship anything except the *Psalter*, while others would admit in addition to the Psalms, translations of other portions of Scripture. There is another section who count themselves somehow bound to sit while they sing, and some of these felt constrained to sever their connexion with Regent Square Church because the congregation in singing praise substituted the standing for the sitting posture.

This simple statement will show to the general Christian

community the necessity which Dr. Hamilton's position imposed upon him, of contending not only for freedom of expression in praise, as in prayer, against those who would limit it to the express words of Scripture, but of contending for liberty to sing praise in the very words of the Bible against some who pretend to exclude all but one book of it. The creed which threw itself across his path is a remarkable phenomenon. Because the book of Psalms is a divine supply of matter for praise, you are prohibited from using any other; but although it is also and as completely a divine supply of matter for prayer, you may employ human language in public prayer to any extent, provided always that the sentiment be scriptural. Again, it holds that you may add in human language as much as you please to the Psalms in praising God, as long as you only say it; but the moment you presume to sing it you sin. Further, it holds that in private worship you may sing hymns freely as praise to God, but that in public worship you may not; but it fails to draw a dividing line between what is private and what is public worship for the instruction of the simple.

He was distracted between contempt for this narrow and inconsistent creed, and respect for the good men who held it. Through the difficulties he vigorously pushed his way, until his views gained the ascendant in the Church; but he did not survive to see the improved and enlarged Psalmody actually introduced. The book, however, remains as his testimony to the Church. Every line of it passed under his eye. He accorded to it his hearty approval. It has already been the means of enlivening the

praise in many a sanctuary. It has been adopted by the Presbyterian Churches in New South Wales, in Victoria, and New Zealand. It is used by congregations in Ireland, at the Cape, and in India. The *Book of Psalms and Hymns* survives as the building on which, along with kindred spirits, he laboured in his latest years; and his three lectures on Psalmody, separately published, remain as the argument by which he justified and defended his course.

In view of the great importance he attached to this subject, and the long labour he bestowed upon it, it is interesting to learn that a lecture on psalms and hymns was the latest public act of his life outside the walls of his own church. On Wednesday, 22d May 1867, in connexion with the adoption of the Synod's Hymn Book, he lectured with all his accustomed felicity and power in Islington Presbyterian Church. Mr. Davidson, the minister, testifies that he exhibited on that occasion even "more than his usual vivacity and humour. It was listened to by a large audience, who were beyond measure delighted. The effort seemed to tell upon his then declining strength; for I was much struck with his worn-out appearance in the vestry afterwards, and his expressed longing for *rest*."

On the succeeding Sabbath, 26th May, he preached forenoon and evening in Regent Square. The sermon in the evening was on the Tree of Life, Rev. xxii. 2; and therewith his public ministry was closed. He did not put his hand again to the work he loved so well. It was the Father's will, though not at that time revealed to his servant, that, after a few weeks of waiting, he should obtain the *Rest* he longed for, and find it a rest for ever.

On the first three working days of the week he attended to his ordinary duties. On Thursday he "struggled with a sermon for the following Sabbath," but was frequently obliged to desist, and throw himself on the sofa for rest. In the afternoon he went out to Hampstead, to visit Mr. James Anderson, and remained there about three weeks.

The last official act of his ministry was to preside at a meeting of Session in his own house on the evening of Monday 3d May.

During this time preparations were going on for the marriage of his daughter; and as he contemplated a journey to the Highlands of Scotland, to visit his friend Mr. Hugh Matheson, he greatly desired to have the union completed before his departure for the North. To Mr. John Grant, one of the deacons, who, living near, and being both loving and alert, was hand and foot to him in everything he needed concerning the church during the anxious months of his final illness, he writes :—

"*June* 14, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. GRANT,—For both your letters many thanks. The first was very cheering to a disconsolate invalid, with its Regent Square news, and its chapters of Christian philosophy. If it is the will of God that I should ever return to my post, I own I should like to be released from a portion of my present responsibility; but there is no plan to which I am wedded. Whatever is best for Regent Square, and for the cause of the Gospel and our Church in London, will be to me the most satisfactory; but the first requisite is a general and hearty agreement amongst ourselves. I saw Mr. Watson and Mr. Petrie on

Wednesday evening, and told them, much to the above effect, my views. Perhaps the brethren may not be able all at once to decide what is best; but to any scheme which generally commends itself, it is not likely that I shall be any obstruction; and I do feel deeply grateful to those who, like yourself, have so much at heart my own comfort and the welfare of the flock. J. HAMILTON."

Believing from the first that this illness "was unto death," he urged his friends to take immediate measures for obtaining a colleague who might also be successor.[1]

About the middle of June he removed from Hampstead and went to reside at Eltham, in Kent, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Boyd; but no permanent benefit was derived from the change. A turn in the garden, or a short drive in the evening, measured the extent of his exertion. He was languid; did not like to be looked at; pointed sometimes feebly to the setting sun, seemed sad, and unable to enjoy anything; unlike himself. On the 27th of June, a sudden increase of his ailment greatly alarmed his friends, by showing what seemed symptoms of paralysis; but this feature soon disappeared again. To such an ex-

[1] He continued to interest himself in the efforts made by the congregation to obtain a suitable colleague, but his friends, though they greatly desired it, were never able to cheer his heart by an announcement of success. The plan of Providence, as interpreted by events, was to give, not a colleague to their beloved pastor in his lifetime, but a successor to take up and carry on his work. When this volume entered the press, a little more than two months ago, the prolonged vacancy was trying their faith and patience; but before its issue, we are enabled to *intimate* that such an appointment has been made and consummated as would have lightened the burden of James Hamilton's latest care, if he could have foreseen the event. The congregation have obtained as pastor the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, who was formerly the colleague of Dr. Candlish in Edinburgh, and a ministry of very great promise has already begun.

tent at this time had the disease overcome his powers, that he failed to recognise his host Mr. Boyd when he returned after a few days' absence from home. Letters regarding the church were sometimes read to him; of these he would listen to a small portion, and then say, "It is enough, I can bear no more."

A letter written at this time by Mrs. Hamilton to Mr. Matheson, who expected them in the Highlands, sets the scene before us with simplicity and fulness :—

"AVERY HILL, ELTHAM, KENT, *June* 29, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. MATHESON,—Your kind note was brought out to me yesterday. You and Mrs. Matheson will be deeply grieved to hear the turn that my precious husband's illness has assumed—paralysis of the brain,—which has been threatening all these weeks, and the first signs of which positively showed themselves on Wednesday night. When giving him beef-tea, I found he could not hold the cup, and a few hours after sickness came on, and after that power of speech failed. He said to me, 'Oh, Annie, how curious I should be like this! I cannot tell you, dear, what I wish to say.' He said it quite calmly and smilingly, and with a look of such pity, added, 'Poor lambie.' I was quite alone with him, and for some time could not leave or move from his side to ring the bell. We remained at Hampstead with our dear friends at Frognall until Thursday of last week, when we went to Euston Square for one night to receive our friend Mrs. Strong, who came up to be at Euston Square to help me, and enable me the more easily to remain here with my husband until the wedding-day. He seemed to feel the

air of London very withering, and was very anxious to come away as soon as possible. On Friday we came here, and we thought the quiet and pure air would soon show their reviving effect, and he certainly seemed more comfortable, but so weak and exhausted as to be obliged to lie constantly on the sofa, and doze away, taking no interest in anything, and being 'quite unable to get up enjoyment for anything.' This he said himself.

"We were much pleased with Dr. Kidd, and at once commenced his plan for invigorating him, but the being out so constantly as was wished, the driving, etc., were most wearying to him, and he seemed very desirous still to continue it if possible; but the pain in the back, and then the pain in the head, and almost constant nausea, tried him terribly. And on Dr. Kidd's coming on Thursday morning, he told me the sad state the poor brain was in from over work. All yesterday and the day before he was quite conscious when spoken to, but could not put a sentence together, although he evidently understood all that was said, and quite knew those about him.

"Yesterday afternoon he became much more tranquil, —for the constant restlessness, whether asleep or not, has been very terrible all along,—and really slept quietly and more naturally, and the same through the night, which are very favourable signs; though he is, I think, not quite so able to reply to any question asked. On the whole, Dr. Kidd is pleased with the progress made so far, especially as the liver is now acting, and he really looks better than I have seen him for weeks, if not months. He has also great muscular strength. The doctor fears he may become

liable to such attacks even should he rally from this one. All this we know is in higher hands, and our Heavenly Father gives us grace and strength according to our need; and, having through all this sore trial been personally kept so calm and made willing to submit to my God and Father, I do acknowledge and praise Him for all He has done and is doing for me. Nothing but His love and power could make me feel as I do, and I believe He is hearing the many earnest heart-pleadings that are ascending so constantly for us, and He will do whatever is best for us, and make us see it in that light. I have written thus fully, as I well know there are no friends who will be more grieved or are more sympathizingly loving than your dear selves, and because you are so far away and cannot hear often. Your kind, kind wish to have him with you we both felt more deeply than we could at all express. You will be glad to know that here our kind friends do everything in every way for us both. Our God is indeed very good to us, leading us so gently and tenderly even in the midst of this sorest trial; and what comfort I have in knowing that it has been in his Heavenly Father's work that my beloved husband has become thus worn out, mentally and bodily; and He may yet give restoring power, and give him back to us. We must trust Him, and leave all in His hands. With many, many thanks for all your love and kindness, and my true love to you and dear Mrs. Matheson, believe me, my dear friend, ever yours affectionately,

"ANNIE H. HAMILTON."

The marriage of his daughter had been appointed to take place at London on July 3d, and he would not permit

it to be postponed on his account. Two brief notes, one to the bride and another to the guests, were dictated to Mrs. Hamilton, and signed by his own hand.

It was soothing to his spirit in that hour of weariness to know that his wife had obtained a son, and his younger children a brother, whose arm might support their weakness when his own should be paralysed or altogether withdrawn.

TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

"*July* 3, 1867.

"I send my affectionate regards to the bride and bridegroom. I pray for them that they may live in love and in every virtue; that they may live long, and live *for ever*. (As a friend said to *me* the other day), there is nothing before them but goodness and mercy and love.

"JAMES HAMILTON."

TO THE GUESTS.

"I return my grateful thanks to Mr. Gunn and my brother, Rev. W. K. Hamilton. I send my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Wills, and my cordial salutations to all the dear friends now assembled. I would fain have been with you myself, but I trust that, beyond all the welcome guests, the Lord Jesus Himself has been present.

"JAMES HAMILTON."

FROM MRS. HAMILTON.

"AVERY HILL, ELTHAM, KENT,
July 8, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. MATHESON,—I am so thankful to be able still to give you good news of him. The doctor

thinks he is making daily progress. He himself counted the days to the wedding, and as after Sabbath he felt himself getting better, he thought he would be spared; and as each day showed some improvement, he was well enough to spare me by Wednesday, and at his own especial wish I went to be present at the marriage. This, of course, was a great joy to all in the midst of the dark cloud which hung so sadly over all for days before. He dictated a message of love and blessing to the bride and bridegroom, as well as a message to the dear friends who were there assembled, and signed his name to each. We have, indeed, felt God's goodness, mercy, and love in very large measure; and our hearts would be ever filled with deepest gratitude, and love and praise. The true kind love and sympathy of friends, far and near, has been quite overwhelming, and a source of such comfort. I do believe it is an answer to the many prayers which his people have offered, that our God has sent such an abundant blessing on the means used, and thus far restored him, and given good hope that our worst fears regarding his illness will not be realized. Of course, it will be very long before the effects of such a serious attack will wear away, and his weakness is very great, and must be, for the remedies have been very severe, and he was so thin and weak before; but his appetite is returning, and quiet sleep, less restlessness, and, as he says himself, 'the brain seems to be quieting down,' getting into a more natural state. Oh, how thankful I am for all this I cannot say. He has been able to go into the garden each day since Tuesday, and twice been out for an hour's drive."

On the 12th of July he was removed to the hydropathic establishment at Godalming, Surrey. Shortly after his removal to this place, he suffered a relapse so severe that, both to himself and his family, the hour of his departure seemed at hand. Under this conviction he dictated a solemn farewell to his congregation and his friends. After giving messages of love to all, he added, "If any inquire the ground of my confidence, it is not that I have been a minister of the Gospel, or have been kept from some sins, for I feel utterly unworthy. My hope is in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and I wish to go into God's presence as the rest have gone,—a sinner saved by grace,—a sinner saved by grace."

His brother William, who visited him at this time, received the impression, "from what he said, as well as from the peculiarly loving and earnest way in which he spoke," that they should not meet in this life again. When his brother expressed a fond desire that, if it should please God, he might be spared a few years for the sake of his young children, he replied, "Yes, William, they are, some of them, very young; but it is not needful. I feel as if I had reached the evening of the week; and on Saturday night it is far better to have all the work ended,—no sermon to write, no lecture to prepare, and to wait for the Sabbath; and I am waiting. My work to me seems done. You are going back to Clapham: give my kind love to our dear good uncle. His kindness has been unceasing, and is among the most precious of our many mercies. Dear, kind old man! His letters are very full of tender-

ness, and the fragrance of his sympathy will remain so long as the paper retains the ink." This was a steadfast love; as far back as the year 1849, I find in a letter addressed to Mr. Walker, this confession :—"You will be expecting a visit of Uncle Thomas; dear uncle, I feel more and more drawn to him for his own sake, and also for the more and more of my father which seems to shine out of him as he grows older."

On the 27th of July, and in answer to a resolution of sympathy adopted at a meeting of the congregation, he indited and signed the following reply :—

"HILLSIDE, GODALMING, SURREY,
27th July 1867.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Although almost daily desiring to thank you for your friendly inquiries and affectionate prayers, to which I owe so much, such has been my state of prostration, that even by the hand of another I have not been able to write.

"Now, however, your message in the Congregational Minute, which I have received through Mr. Blyth, compels me to make the effort. Yet what can I say? I can only say that my heart is like to be broken by your loving-kindness.

"Twenty-six years have passed this week since my ministry in Regent Square began: it has been full of imperfections; but your kindness to me and mine has made it full of happiness; and I trust it has not been without tokens of God's blessing.

"Should any measure of strength be restored, it is a great joy to me to think that such services as I may be able to render will still be welcomed; should it be otherwise, good is the will of the Lord: that will be done!

"There is room for us all in the grace of God, and in the provisions of the great Atonement. To that grace I commend you and myself; and if not in the dear sanctuary where

we have so often worshipped together, may we meet in that better world,

'Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.'

—I remain, your affectionate pastor,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

"HILL SIDE, GODALMING, *July* 28, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. WATSON,—Many thanks for your most kind letter received this morning, and its enclosed cheque, as well as for all the kind thought you and dear Mrs. Watson have given us, in doing so much to save us thought and anxiety just now. On Monday I received from Mr. Blyth a most kind letter, and the congregational minute of the meeting held on Monday week. These I ventured to tell my husband of on Thursday, when I hoped he might be able to bear it. He asked me to read them to him, and it was quite too much for him; he wept in a way I never saw before. And after a little he wished to dictate a reply, which I felt it best he should be allowed to do, and so set his mind free; this he did, and signed, lying in his bed (which must account for the sad shakiness of the signature and his want of sight). This you will see and hear to-morrow, so I need only now give you to-day's report, which is very good, after a night of *very good* sleep —I think the best there has been yet. The terrible boil which has caused so much suffering and feverishness is beginning to subside and heal, so we are now hoping to see the nourishment which he now takes with relish going to cover the poor emaciated frame. It would be a great trial to you and other dear friends to see how sadly altered

he is in body, but the mind is quite as clear and bright as ever. We do not let it give out much of its brightness just now. He heard your letter, and desires me to give you his 'kind love and best thanks for all his benefactions; the payment on account of authorship is a perfect windfall.' With our united warmest love to Mrs. Watson and yourself, and loving remembrances to inquiring friends and our dear people,—I remain, my dear Mr. Watson, ever yours affectionately, ANNIE H. HAMILTON."

Having remained under the care of Mr. Maberly for more than a month, on the 26th of August, under the direction of his physician, the invalid was removed from Godalming to lodgings on the sea-side at Margate, where he remained three weeks. At first some symptoms of improvement appeared. Writing to Mr. Grant on September 1st, Mrs. Hamilton says, "This morning my husband came in to breakfast with us, and after it we had family worship together! It is now more than two months since we met together as a family. Yesterday afternoon, quite unexpectedly, Fred. and Sissie came down, and Andrew is still with us, so we make a good party. Our hearts overflow with joy and thankfulness for the goodness and mercy our gracious God has showered on us. I believe you will know better than I can tell how we felt,—what I felt, as I again heard his voice at our family altar. He is very much better on the whole."

As the season advanced, however, without any decisive gain, about the middle of the month he conceived suddenly

a strong longing for home. To Mr. Grant, who had sent weekly reports from London during the whole period of his absence, and otherwise shown a manifold and inventive kindness, he addressed the following note:—

"5 FORT PARAGON, MARGATE,
Sept. 17, 1867. 3 P.M.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Cold blustery weather has so thrown back the cure, and so aggravated the home-sickness, that we are coming to town on Friday or Saturday, with the doctor's full permission. One advantage will be the nearness to the best skill; another will be the comforts of our own abode, and, perhaps the most influential of all, nearness to our dearest friends. I find that affection does not lessen by lapse of years, and it is with deepening gratitude that I read what the dear Redeemer says about the many mansions and the society in the Father's house. For your most interesting, and sometimes entertaining—often tenderly sympathetic—letters, I can return no equivalent. I must leave that to my better-half. The receiving of your and Mrs. Grant's letters has done much to sweeten the long solitude, and I cannot tell how grateful I am, especially on her behalf. It is hard to say which of us is the most to be envied; hasn't the Lord been very kind to *all* of us? Let us magnify His holy name together. Let us trust Him, and thank Him, and try to get others to come under the shadow of His wings. I felt it a very great kindness your going to Helensburgh to see James. Give my kind love to Mrs. Grant. The Parisian dressing-case stands

on the mantelpiece, in curious contrast to present circumstances, but a precious keepsake from dear friends, and a souvenir of the last happy holiday. Wishing for one and all of the Quaternion growth in grace and love and all goodness,—I remain, ever affectionately yours,

"JAMES HAMILTON."

His son, by this time pretty well restored to health, had been placed in a boarding-school at Helensburgh, on the Clyde.

On the 19th of September, in compliance with his own earnest desire, he was removed to London, and took possession once more of his own house in Euston Square.

In his suffering and weakness he remained the same man that he had been in periods of health and activity. Except in pain and sickness, the latest days of his life were in no way different from its earlier days. It is true he was ready to depart—willing rather to depart and to be with Christ; but this was not a new and peculiar experience imparted to him on his deathbed; it was an experience that he enjoyed to the full in periods of highest health and prosperity. When his cup was at the fullest, he was wont to entertain, not only with composure, but with delight, the prospect of departing.

On his deathbed, no feature of his character was in any way changed, except in as far as physical debility impeded its outward manifestation. Through the weary days and nights of his suffering many touching expressions fell from his lips regarding his trust in God and his love for men. But these appeared as in the days of his health, naturally

mingled with a cheerful interest in all that surrounded him. Even the humour that characterized him in his busy days was not extinguished by the languor of his disease. When, by the substitution of a water-bed, he found that instead of being confined to one position he could turn to any side, he expressed his satisfaction at having attained "unlimited liability." In his living years and in his dying days he was all the same man.

Being in London towards the close of September, I was permitted to have one brief interview with the patient. There was less change in his appearance and his look than I had expected to find; there was full activity of mind, and calm confidence of spirit, but great physical lassitude. I intimated, when about to take leave, that we were all praying that he might be spared and restored to us. Indicating by look and gesture that he dissented from my judgment in that matter, he whispered, as I bent my ear to receive his word, "Pray for an abundant entrance." This was the attitude of his spirit throughout his illness. His own judgment, after the first stages, never varied. He believed that his work was accomplished, and his outlook now was for rest. At Godalming, in the early autumn, when he was so prostrated that he could not interest himself in anything, Mrs. Hamilton tells us that when he had made no sign throughout the day, he pointed with marks of interest towards the setting sun at night. When he could not muster up strength enough to utter a sentence, the great natural symbol was by a gesture, commissioned to express his expectation and desire.

By a secret and sure premonition, he knew and an-

nounced at an early stage that the end was coming. Thenceforth he waited with lamp well-trimmed by the wayside, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear, while loving friends still hoped to enjoy his company for many days. Those who lie in watch for an approaching procession, and especially if they desire its approach as the fulfilling of their own joy, will hear the expected tramp from afar, as the practised African warrior discerns mysteriously the distant footfall of friends or foes, by laying his ear to the ground; while others whose senses are unexercised, or otherwise occupied, detect no sign. "These are the Bridegroom's footsteps," persisted the ready expectant watcher; and his eyes strained eagerly forward into the darkness, while friends and family, believing what they wished, endeavoured to persuade him that it was only a rustling among the leaves. His instincts were true; they did not miss the mark. According to his own glad divining, the sound he heard proved to be the Lord's coming; parting willingly from its tabernacle, the emancipated spirit joined the procession, and entered with it into the marriage. The door was shut—shutting the ransomed into rest, and shutting out our view of his subsequent experience. Eye hath not seen—cannot see, what the Lord, after due preparation on earth, has done within the veil for that disciple who loved Jesus—whom Jesus loved.

A brief but clear and thoroughly authentic narrative of the closing scene was drawn up at the time by members of that inner circle who watched most closely over it. The document is subjoined entire.

"Once more in his own home, and surrounded by his family and the familiar objects which his presence had always lighted up as by a sunbeam, he felt greatly comforted; but no abatement of his symptoms could be perceived. Subject to the almost hourly alternations of nervous prostration, and severe and protracted hepatic disease, he lingered on, greatly emaciated and exhausted, but patient and submissive; his mind clear and beautiful as ever it had been, while his hope and confidence were without a cloud.

"During his long and trying illness, those who had the privilege of being much with him could not fail to remark how sickness and suffering deepened into prominent relief the features of his beautiful character. Towards his Divine Master there could be no change: his faith and confidence in Him did not for a moment waver. As he had delighted to render Him loving service while in health, in sickness he was content obediently to suffer; having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, yet leaving without question the issue of his illness in the Lord's hands. If it was His will, for the sake of his beloved wife and their little ones, to whom his care seemed so needful, he would patiently wait; but for himself he had no such wish. 'The sweetest sound I could hear,' he said to a friend, 'would be the Master's voice calling me home.' And to another, 'Do not ask life for me, but pray for an abundant entrance.'

"Nor could there be any change in his loving affection for the dear flock the Chief Shepherd had given him to feed. He had devoted himself to that blessed work in the prime of his early manhood; and when, after twenty-six years of earnest service, sickness and disease were sent, they did not—for they could not—separate his people from his love. Often during the night, and when unaware that wakeful ears were near him, he would be heard asking for his 'dear people' the blessings of God's grace. And when the conversation would revert, at other times, to Regent Square, it was touching to recognise how true to its gracious instinct was the affection of the absent pastor. No subject, however unimportant, was a matter of indifference to him, while even to the last he maintained the same loving interest in each member of his

flock that he had manifested while able to mix freely with them. 'My preaching-days are over,' he said to a friend; 'but, if it be God's will to prolong my life, I would like to be, for the rest of my days, where I could go in and out among my dear people.' And he was without carefulness. 'I am not anxious about Regent Square,' he said to one of the elders; 'God will surely send them a man after His own heart.'

"To those who had the pleasure of ministering to him in his sickness, he was peculiarly grateful. To Mr. Anderson, Mr. Boyd, and the members of their families, with whom he had spent some of the earlier days of his illness, and to Mr. Hugh Matheson, to whom he had intended to pay a lengthened visit in the autumn, at his house in Ross-shire, he was especially grateful; while no kindness, however minute, shown to himself or to any member of his family, was overlooked, or failed to receive a cordial acknowledgment.

"Though suffering from a disease peculiarly depressing, his bright cheerfulness rarely forsook him. With a mind filled with the peace and love of God, there could be no room for despondency or gloom. Even to the last, he maintained his characteristic genial equanimity; while his radiant, loving smile, in recognition of the smallest attention, made the work of those who waited on him not a task, but a service of love. And in nothing was he more remarkable than for his delicate consideration for the comfort and the feelings of others. During the whole of his illness, his anxious care that his beloved wife and family should be spared the painful anticipation of their impending bereavement, was very marked. While to others he spoke without reserve of his conviction of the unfavourable issue of his illness, that apparently from the beginning had filled his mind, and not unfrequently gave utterance to his longing desire to be at rest, to his wife and family he either avoided the subject, or, recognising their efforts to cheer him, he would himself suggest hopeful considerations, or acquiesce in theirs. Even a few days before his death, he begged that his illness should not deprive the dear little ones of the family of any opportunity of childish mirthfulness or recreation; so anxious was he to the last that

his home should be a happy one, and his presence impart to all who came within its influence, not gloom and sadness, but happiness and joy.

"Early in the week preceding the Sabbath morning on which he died, he requested that at the next consultation he might see the physicians alone. Although—doubtless, for wise professional reasons—the decided information he desired was not fully afforded, he was evidently convinced that he would not much longer be denied the change he longed for. Next morning, to his dear wife he spoke out all his loving heart, comforting her with the assurance that they would be parted only for a little time, while the same dear Saviour that he was so soon to see face to face, would remain to be her gracious Protector and loving Friend. On being told that during all these weary months, though they had not spoken to each other of the parting, now apparently so near, God had been gradually preparing her, making her willing to resign him, he exclaimed, 'Oh, praise the Lord! praise the Lord! that He has made you willing.' This gave him great relief, and from that time to the end he spoke freely and frequently of the future, always importing into a subject, otherwise sorrowful and sad, his own bright hopefulness and joy.

"On Wednesday, and again later in the week, to his brother, Mr. Andrew Hamilton, who, from the time of his removal to Margate, had been constantly with him, he gave directions respecting his funeral, expressing a wish, that should a service be thought useful or desirable, a minister of some denomination other than his own should take part; 'I have always,' he said, 'loved those who love the Lord Jesus.' And thus in death, as in life, he testified that his affection for the followers of Jesus was broader than the limits of his own denomination.

"On the evening of Thursday, he took leave of his son-in-law. About seven o'clock, the hour of the weekly prayer-meeting, after speaking tenderly to his daughter, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. Hamilton read to him the paraphrase—

'Where high the heavenly temple stands;'

and afterwards, at his request, they sang Mrs. Cousins' beauti-

ful paraphrase of the dying words of Samuel Rutherford. When they reached the last verse, as if the words had touched a chord to which he must respond, he joined, in a voice weak indeed, and feeble, yet distinct—

'I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand;
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.'

" On Friday, he spoke little. His symptoms were evidently aggravated; and, though he still wore the same placid, patient aspect, it was plain that he was much distressed. In the evening, and, indeed, throughout the day, he had become so prostrate, that even the exertion of speaking for a few moments was almost more than he could bear.

" Next day, Saturday, was to be his last on earth. In the morning, after an affectionate reference to his son James, then absent at school in Scotland, and who had been sent for, he reverted to the directions he had given earlier in the week, respecting his funeral. On his brother inquiring if he had any other wish that he desired to express, he said, 'I have not an earthly desire; my only desire is soon to be gratified.' Later in the morning his brother, the Rev. W. Hamilton, arrived from Stonehouse. He was able to receive him with all his old affection, and to converse with him at intervals during the day. Towards the evening he said to him, 'There is one line in that hymn which begins with "The hour of my departure 's come!" which exactly describes my feelings at this time,—

'I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I love so dear.'

On his brother reminding him of his father's favourite verse which he frequently repeated in the pulpit,—

'Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
I scarce would feel Death's cold embrace,
If thou wert in mine arms!'

he replied, 'No, I had forgotten it; but there is no cold embrace, William; there is no cold embrace.'

" About ten o'clock, he grew rapidly worse, again complain-

ing of oppressive tightness in his chest. To his brother William he said, 'Would you feel my pulse and tell me if it has stopped, for I feel that I am sinking very fast; perhaps, as it is getting late, it might be well to send for Dr. Williams, for I should not like to disturb him if he were once in bed.'

"A little after this he took an affectionate farewell of his dear wife, adding, 'The Lord bless you and keep you, and be ever with you!' to which she replied, 'As He is with you.' A sweet smile of assent lighted up his features as he said, 'And with you!' After a short interval he clasped his hands upon his breast, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, COME QUICKLY.'

"After this he spoke little, save to recognise gratefully the little attentions rendered to him in his extreme weakness, and to express his anxiety that his dear wife should not suffer through her loving care of him. By-and-by the shadows gathered; but with them came the Master, and carried away His dear servant to his rest and his reward.

"He fell asleep in Jesus on Sabbath morning, Nov. 24th, at a quarter past three."[1]

As the living was greatly beloved, the memory of the dead was greatly honoured. All sections of Protestants conspired to bear affectionate testimony that the Church of Christ had gained much by his life, and had lost much by his removal. From many countries and from all ranks, some earlier, some later, reduplicated expressions of reverential grief came rolling in like the varied and successive echoes of thunder among the hills. I bear witness briefly of the fact in not exaggerated terms; for, besides the honour conferred on the memory of the deceased brother, a glory thence accrues to the Lord who combined so many gifts in one life, and lent that life a while to the world. It is due to the Christian community to acknowledge and record here that they intelligently appreciated the worth

[1] Extracted from "*In Memoriam*," a small volume printed for private distribution.

of the "pastor and teacher" whom the Head had bestowed upon the Church. While in some respects our own day is evil, in others it is better than any of the past; herein especially appears a favourable feature of the age, that such gifts and graces as were combined in the life of James Hamilton, are frankly and affectionately recognised by the whole Christian brotherhood.

A great company of "devout men" assembled to commit the dust reverently to the dust. Among other appropriate devotional exercises, a simple hymn was sung, translated by himself from the German, as he had heard it sung at a peasant's funeral in the Black Forest. Thus—

"Neighbour, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no place of permanence.

The bread, by turns of mirth or tears,
Was thine these chequer'd pilgrim years;
Now, Landlord World, shut-to the door,
Thy guest is gone for evermore—

Gone to a realm of sweet repose,
Our convoy follows as he goes;
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now!—the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring, softly ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring,
Which, from the weary work-day tryst,
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

And open wide, thou Gate of Peace,
And let this other journey cease;
Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbours,
For slumbers won by life-long labours.

Beneath these sods, how close ye lie,
But many a mansion 's in yon sky;

E'en now, beneath the sapphire throne,
Is his prepared through God's dear Son.

'I quickly come!' that Saviour cries;
Yea, quickly come! this churchyard sighs.
Come, Jesus, come! we wait for thee—
Thine now and ever let us be."

Funeral sermons were preached in the church on the following Lord's Day, in the forenoon by the Rev. Dr. Candlish, and in the evening by the Rev. Henry Allon.

A monument, consisting of a marble medallion likeness, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected in the interior of Regent Square Church.

Besides his widow, Dr. Hamilton's family consists of—Anne, born 12th March 1849, married, 3d July 1867, to Frederick, fourth son of H. O. Wills, Esq. of Cotham, Bristol; James, born 20th October 1850, now restored to health, and employed in a house of business in London; Mary Isabella, born 5th August 1853; Christina Jean, born 11th July 1856; Herbert William, born 1st February 1861; and Ada Frances, born 25th February 1864.

Grace, like sunlight, though in its nature and source the same for all, becomes of various hues, bright or sombre, according to the mental medium through which it shines. In some it is grave, careful, pensive, sad. This species is precious to the possessor, but not radiant and hopeful for the benefit of a neighbourhood. In Dr. Hamilton the hope of the Gospel appeared in a peculiarly bright and lively colour. There was nothing in his faith to repel a child; and there was much in it to conciliate the worldly, and gain their ear for his message.

Nor let any brother who indulges in peevish ways,

BORN
27TH NOVEMBER
1814.
JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.
26 YEARS MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH.
DIED
24TH NOVEMBER
1867.

comfort himself with the thought that James Hamilton's cheerfulness flowed from a spring of constitutional hilarity. The reverse was in a great measure the truth. It was the result of prayers and pains. He perceived that cheerfulness and affability in a Christian pastor are eminently fitted to commend Christ to men; and he strove for these graces accordingly. Some evidence has been submitted to the reader, and more has met the editor's eye, proving that, instead of merely following nature in this matter, he was engaged in a life-long conflict to overcome obstacles which lay in his constitution, and to attain the habit which became a second nature, of being all things to all men, that he might gain some.

According to the best judgment I am able to form, after a friendship long and intimate, I should be disposed to arrange the three instruments with which he served the Lord,—his preaching, his books, and his life,—in the relations of good, better, best. Owing to a constitutional weakness in some of the organs on which the voice depends, his spoken instructions, in the very large church where he ministered, lost a portion of their power; hence his books have been, perhaps, more highly valued than his preaching. Again, owing to the peculiar depth and consistency and uniformity of his character, his life, as far as it came into contact with others, was fitted to exert a more powerful influence for good than either his printed works or his spoken discourse.

James Hamilton was one of the few good men of whom I should venture to say clearly and advisedly, that I was more sharply reproved, more deeply impressed, and more

powerfully drawn to good by intimate contact with the man in private, than by any form of his public ministry. I know not a severer test of character than this; and I know not a greater triumph of grace than is implied in passing successfully through it. A life more solemnizing and more winsome under the microscope than at a distance is peculiarly valuable.

These memorials of a precious life are now submitted to the Christian community at large, with the prayer that through means of them the dead may yet speak instruction and reproof to some whom his living voice never reached. All is not lost to the world when a good man dies: his character remains behind to enrich the community, as certainly as the rich man's wealth remains behind to increase the estate of his heir. We watch with expectant interest the swelling of a rose-bud in the spring; we luxuriate in the possession of the full-blown flower while it lasts, and we sigh in sadness when its glory departs. But, moved by a prophetic instinct, we gravely gather the shed leaves from the ground, and deposit them in a place of safety; and soon we make the glad discovery that in these leaves, even when withered, we retain for enjoyment the fragrance of the rose in the dull winter days that follow, when we can no longer look upon the living flower, fresh and dewy on its leafy stem.

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